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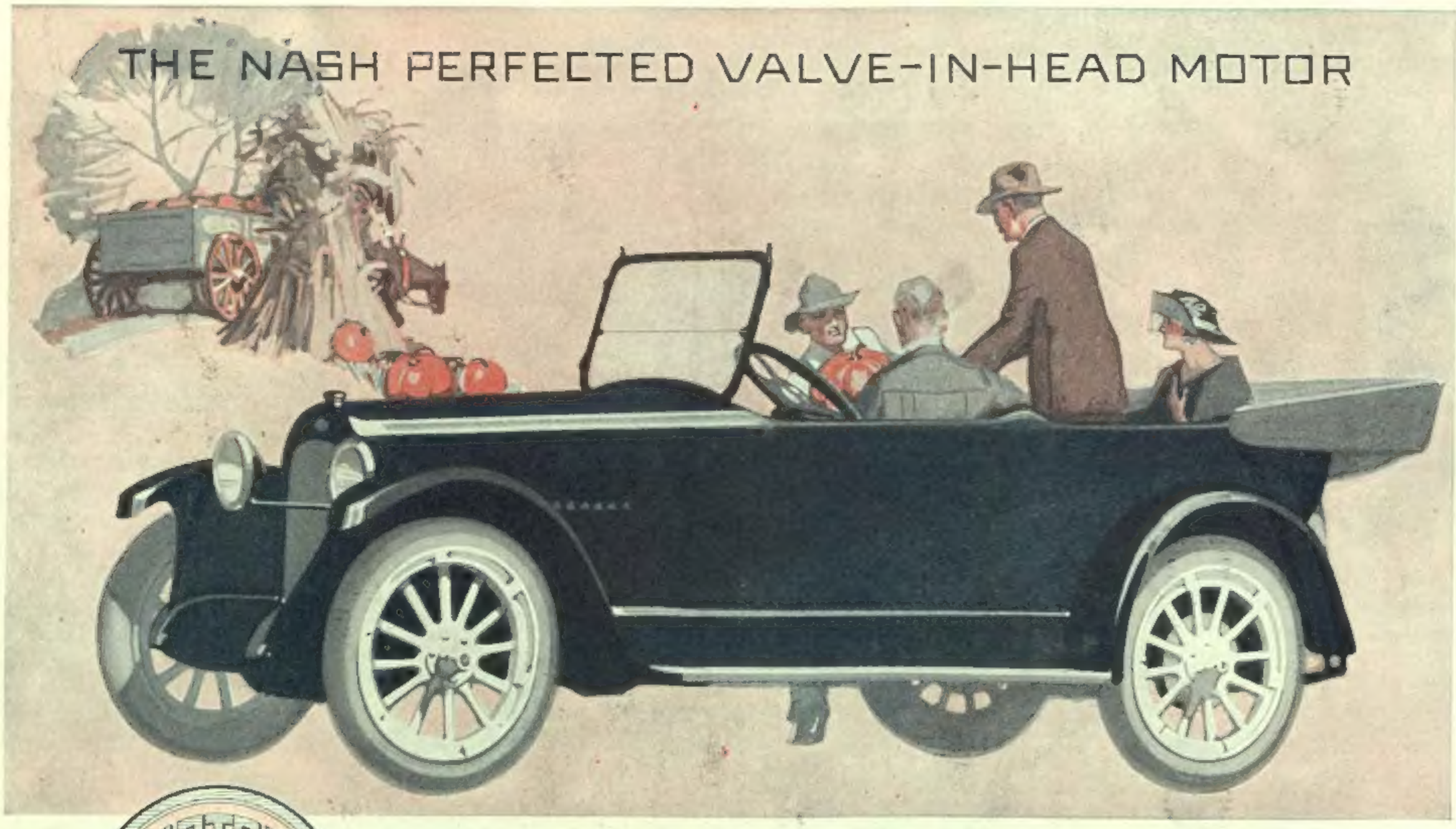
Norman Rockwell

According to His Lights—By Kennett Harris



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ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"SO THIS is Pactola!" Rose drew rein to survey the scene of desolation, and her willing horse stopped before what had been Bolsovar's bar-room and disdainfully nosed the sprays of wild raspberry that banked the bleached and rotting remains of a plank sidewalk. Stephen halted his steed, likewise, and availed himself of the young woman's abstraction to survey her. She was worth looking at. Well worth the while, and as long a while as decency might permit. Decidedly so! The scene itself, ruinous as it was, deserved more than a casual glance or two. A deserted mining camp.

Not an altogether melancholy prospect; for where the sun shines and water runs and the two combine to bring forth herbage and flowers and leafy trees, no place can be utterly mournful, and Pactola had all these, and no depressing history to evoke pensive sighs from the beholders of its blessed decay. It was a smiling prospect, in fact; triumphantly smiling. Man had come to this Eden of the hills and had done his ugly worst with ax and saw and pick and shovel to mar and blemish it. Nature had suffered the invasion of her solitude, borne with patience mutilation and disfigurement, and yielded her golden tribute easily. Then the invaders had departed, leaving her to nurse her wounds and restore her wonted comeliness with moss and vine and the soft-hued pigments of wind and weather.

Not much more than a straggling broken line of a single street along the course of a mountain stream; sagging roofs and walls of pine logs from which the bark was stripped in patches; rudely chinked and daubed log cabins, with here and there a sign whose faded lettering set forth some pretentious legend of business enterprise. The glass had disappeared from window frames, doorways gaped doorless or crazily ajar, and floors within were covered with litter of wind-blown leaves and weeds. Between the houses and the creek ran long trenches and uneven, grass-grown ridges, the work of the placer moles, and at one point in the burrowed hillside opposite, a cluster of dilapidated frame shacks surrounded two taller wooden structures from which extended a trestle leading to a pyramid of broken ore, and above which were some fallen sections of a flume.

"So this is Pactola!"

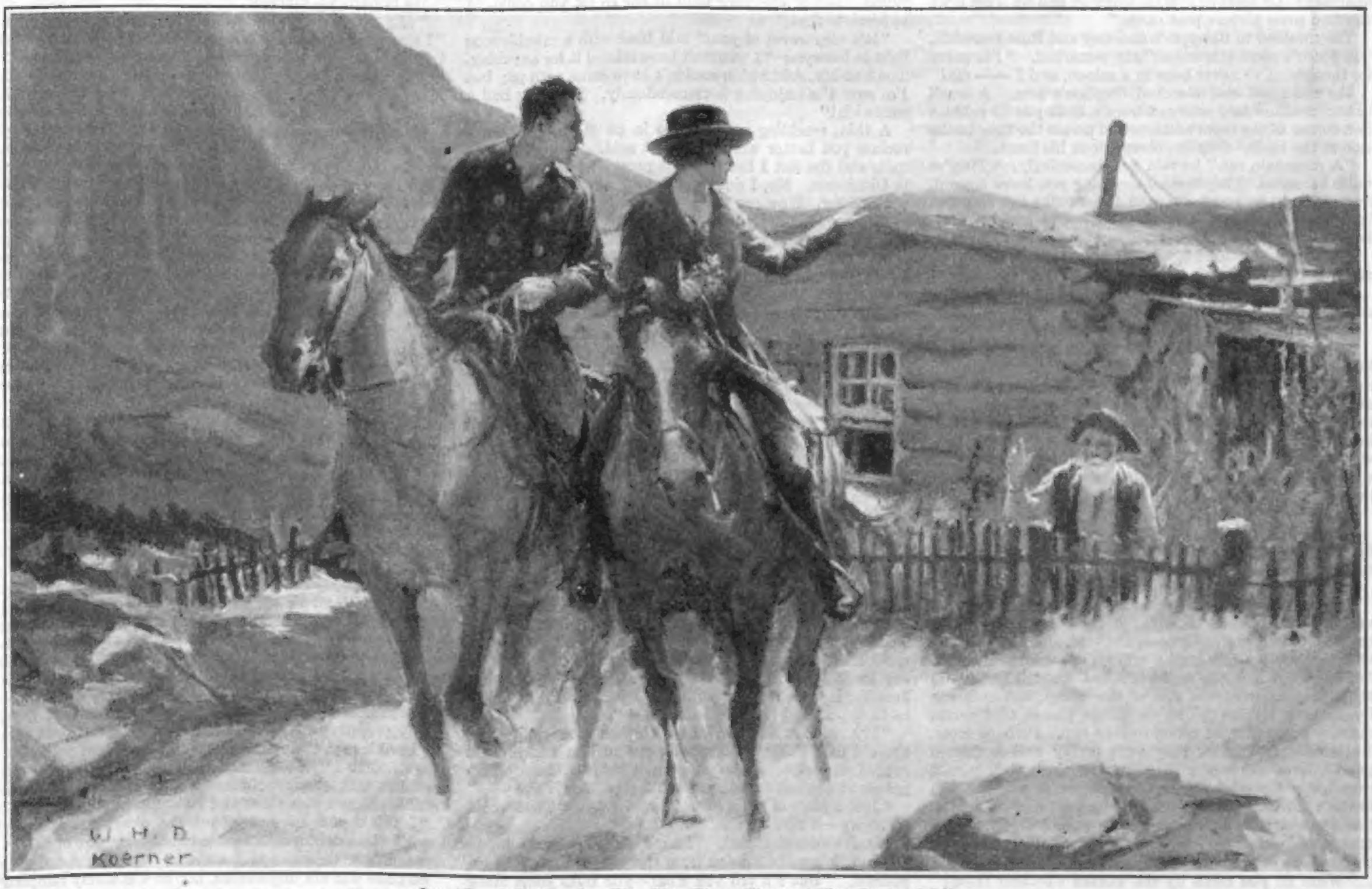
"This is Pactola," Stephen echoed. "There's Pactolus," he continued, waving to the creek, "and there Jamshid gloried and drank deep," he continued, indicating Mr. Bolsovar's once popular resort.

"It's weird!" said the girl. "To think of all that must have happened here, and now—the lion and the lizard. Are there any lions, do you think?"

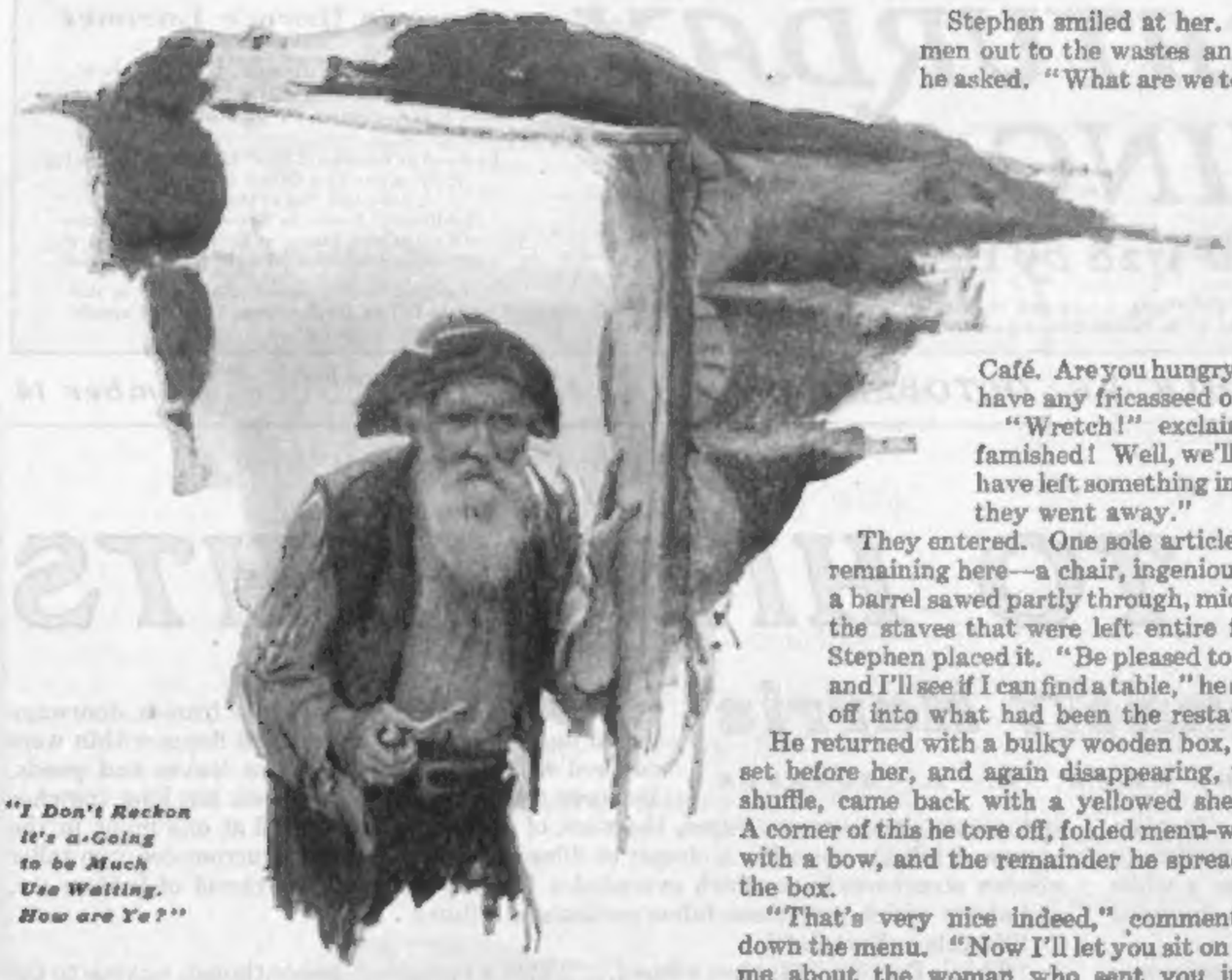
"The mountain variety, I suppose," answered Stephen. "They won't be prowling at this time of day, though. Would you like to get down and stroll around the town?"

She dismounted lightly and he swung from his saddle and led his horse with hers to the part of Bolsovar's hitching rack still standing and tied them there, after testing the strength of the post. Then he waited while she flicked the dust from the skirts of her modish riding coat with an incongruous quirt of braided horsehair and then, tossing her gloves to him, reclaimed some straggling brown locks of hair with slender white fingers.

"No telling whom we may meet," she laughed.



Rose Waved Her Hand to Him, Blew Him a Kiss, and They Cantered Off



"I Don't Reckon It's a-Going to be Much Use Waiting. How are Ye?"

"How about me?" asked the young man mock ruefully.

"Oh, you'll do." She looked at him not disapprovingly. He was wearing a shocking bad hat, a double-breasted blue-flannel shirt with impossible pearl buttons, and clay-stained overalls tucked into the high tops of hobnailed, laced boots; but he was certainly personable. A lithe, athletic figure and a brown, clear-skinned, smooth-shaven face of a handsome aquiline cast, whose severity of outline was relieved by a mouth accustomed to smiling. He was smiling now, and showed teeth strong, white and even.

"You fit in," the girl added. "Anybody would know you were a mining engineer. A combination of the out-door and the intellectual types. You don't mind being analyzed? Or assayed? Well, come on and we'll see if we can find some picture post cards."

They walked to Bolsovar's doorway and Rose peered in. "It doesn't seem attractive," she remarked. "I'm going in, though. I've never been in a saloon, and I —— Oh!"

She screamed and clutched Stephen's arm. A small brown creature had emerged from a drift pile of rubbish in a corner of the room and scurried across the floor to the exit at the back. Stephen blessed it in his heart.

"A mountain rat," he told her reassuringly. "They're quite harmless. They'll steal anything you leave around, from tobacco to teaspoons, and I don't like thieves; but it's just kleptomania with them. They're amiable little beasts, otherwise—and pretty."

"It scared me," said Rose. "I hope I didn't hurt your arm."

"Not seriously," said Stephen with praiseworthy reticence.

"Where did Jamshid drink?" she asked.

Stephen traced on the floor the markings of the vanished bar. "And behind, on the wall, there was probably a mirror," he explained. "That was for the miners to shoot at. Over by the wall they dealt faro, and the roulette table was about here. The poker tables were situated behind the partition, for greater privacy. On the spot where you are now standing Arapaho Al breathed his last with five aces gripped in his stiffening fingers and a bullet in his black heart."

"Horrors! I can just see him!"

"And on a limb of yon blasted elm the murderer met his doom," said Stephen in a sepulchral bass as they turned to go.

"But things like that may really have happened."

"Might have. I haven't heard of any tragedies connected with Pactola, though. A good deal of gold was taken out along the creek here, I'm told, and I understand that there was a four-stamp mill. That would be on the hill there. I suppose somebody lost a small fortune in that, judging from the size of the dump, unless it ran longer than I think it did. With the placer, that would mean a population of a hundred or two. Perhaps more. But so far as I know they were pretty well-conducted people, for a camp of men. First and last, they turned over quite a pile of dirt, and when you're working you haven't much time to be bad. Things happened, of course. Some would make a strike and some wouldn't. The lucky ones would either blow their wealth or take it back to the woman who sent them for it, and the unlucky ——"

"What do you mean by the woman who sent them?" Rose interrupted.

Stephen smiled at her. "What brings us men out to the wastes and wildernesses?" he asked. "What are we toiling for and suffering and fighting and bleeding and dying for? Whether we know it or not? The woman who sent us. Hello! Here's the Delmonico Café. Are you hungry? Let's see if they have any fricasseed ortolans or such?"

"Wretch!" exclaimed Rose. "I'm famished! Well, we'll go in. They may have left something in the ice box when they went away."

They entered. One sole article of furniture was remaining here—a chair, ingeniously adapted from a barrel sawed partly through, midway, and seated; the staves that were left entire forming its back. Stephen placed it. "Be pleased to sit down, ma'am, and I'll see if I can find a table," he said, and clumped off into what had been the restaurant kitchen.

He returned with a bulky wooden box, which he gravely set before her, and again disappearing, with a waiterlike shuffle, came back with a yellowed sheet of newspaper. A corner of this he tore off, folded menu-wise and presented with a bow, and the remainder he spread over the top of the box.

"That's very nice indeed," commented Rose, laying down the menu. "Now I'll let you sit on the table and tell me about the woman who sent you into the Western wilderness to toil and suffer. What sort of a girl is she?"

"I'm trying to find out," replied Stephen, frowning reflectively. "You see, I didn't know her when I left, or, rather, I only knew her as the not impossible she. I've identified her since, but I'm worrying now because I'm afraid she isn't possible. There's no icebox in the kitchen, but there's a cookstove."

"How lovely and how mysterious! Why do you suppose they left it?"

"Perhaps it was too hot to handle; or they might have stayed until after the Carbonate wagon trail was washed away. There's lots of plunder that might be salvaged if there was a road in here. Too bad that there isn't, so that we could have driven your mother out with us, instead of riding. But it was very kind of her to let you come. I appreciate that."

"It's very sweet of you," said Rose with a mischievous light in her eyes; "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Too bad Mr. Addington couldn't have come with us; but I'm sure I'm enjoying it tremendously. If I only had a sandwich!"

A thin, crackling voice broke in on them. "I don't reckon you better wait for it," it said. "The help's all quit, and the last I heard of the proprietor he was in jail in Oklahoma. No, I don't reckon it's a-going to be much use waiting. How are ye?"

A strange figure stood in the doorway. An old man with a face brown and wrinkled as a walnut where it was not concealed by a ragged growth of white beard. He grinned; a grin that might have seemed benevolent with more front teeth to help the effect. His eyes, too, had a pronounced cast, so that he seemed to be inspecting the ceiling of the room at the same time that he was looking at Rose with a regard that was fixed and admiring. Not insignificant in size, he gave the impression that he was shrunken from a far greater bulk; but his rudely patched clothes, which hung very loosely upon him, may have accounted for that. He was wearing an old slouched felt hat the brim of which was stiffened by a piece of wire passed through its edge and turned up in front with a Rembrandtesque rakishness. He removed it with something of an air, revealing a shining bald pate of startling whiteness.

"How do you do?" said Rose, recovering a little from the first shock of his appearance and favoring him with a charmingly friendly smile. Stephen barely vouchsafed a nod. "So you think we can't get anything to eat here?" continued the young woman brightly.

"Not here—unless you wanted to wait for Brady to get back from Oklahoma," replied the old man. "But if a snack would do you, you can get it at Jennifer's, up the creek a little ways. Jennifer ain't much for style, but I'll say he ain't no slouch of a cook when he gets started. Jennifer is my name, ma'am. Joe Jennifer. I'd be proud to have you and this gentleman ——"

"My name is Trainor," said Stephen more politely as the old man shifted his reliable eye to him and lifted a ragged eyebrow. "I'm staying with the Garvey-Diss people at Carbonate. If you could give Miss Blake ——"

"Just a glass of milk, please," said Rose. "That would be lovely—if you have it."

Mr. Jennifer chuckled. "I have milk, but, according to the can, it's quite a ways from the cow, ma'am," he explained. "But I'll tell you what—you folks come along o' me and we'll see what we can scare up."

He resumed his hat and stood aside from the doorway. Stephen was about to decline his invitation, but Rose frowned him into acquiescence and they followed the old man, who led the way upcreek, walking with a spring and lightness unusual in a person of his apparent age. As the path widened he waited a moment for them to overtake him.

"I've got a surprise for you," he told Rose amiably.

"You've given us one already," she laughed. "We thought the place was deserted. Are you really living here?"

"If you can show me a better place to live I'll pull up stakes and go there," said Jennifer. "Just around the bend now, and there we are. What do you think of that?"

"That" was an old log cabin rather larger than any of the rest, and different, inasmuch as it was inclosed within a rustic palisade and embellished by a latticed porch to which ascent was made by a flight of steps of rough limestone. A flowering vine climbed one corner of the cabin and massed picturesquely along the porch roof. The lattice and the door of plank had at one time been painted a staring green, but time had mellowed both to a pale tint restful to the eyes. But the striking thing about the place was a profusion of old-fashioned flowers in beds along the fence and on either side of the limestone walk leading from the gate. Roses were there, and borders of mignonette and snapdragons and Canterbury bells, and hollyhocks reared splendidly against the porch.

"Oh!" cried Rose delightedly.

And she was off, darting here and there among the blooms, uttering little rapturous cries, bending to inhale their fragrance. The two men watched her. It is a hard thing for a woman to look graceful and move gracefully in riding attire of the modern fashion, when dismounted. Volumes could not say more for Rose's supple elegance and indestructible charm than the fact that she stood the acid test of equestrian boots and breeches.

"Ain't that a pretty sight?" said Jennifer.

For the life of him Stephen could not refrain from returning the old scarecrow's smile, and nodding assent. Then Rose came up to them, her face aglow and her eyes wide and shining.

"Could anything be more fascinating!" she exclaimed. "How did you come to do such a beautiful thing, Mr. Jennifer?"

"Told ye I had a surprise," chuckled the old man, beaming at her. "You shall have a nosegay of them before you go."

He hesitated a moment.

"My woman she planted and tended them," he said. "I ain't no such hand as she was for flowers, but I kind of try to keep them up—now she's—gone on. But let's go in."

The interior of the cabin was interesting but not inviting. A cookstove, a table, a Boston rocking-chair with a soiled and matted cushion, whose original cane seat had been replaced with rawhide; two other chairs roughly carpentered from unplaned boards, another table, on which stood a cedar bucket of water with a submerged tin dipper; some corner shelves draped with faded calico, and a cupboard with panels of perforated zinc and drawers for cutlery. These constituted the furniture. The only picture was a crayon enlargement of a wooden-faced young woman in the dress and with the *chignon* and bang of the early '70's. A rolling-pin covered with tarnished gold paint and decorated with a landscape in primary colors was suspended by ribbons below the picture; near it two steel-pointed miners' candlesticks, with guttered candle ends in their sockets, were driven into the logs of the wall. A pistol belt filled with cartridges, with the scabbarded pistol attached, a magazine rifle of obsolete pattern, some harness straps and a gaudily colored calendar were other mural ornaments. But the glass of the two windows was almost obscured by dirt and the floor seemed to have known no other cleansing agency than a broom, and that not recently. A row of grimy black pots and a frying pan hung on nails at the back of the stove, on which a good-sized kettle was bubbling and emitting spurts of steam that certainly had a savory smell.

Jennifer picked up the cushion from the rocker and brushed it with his horny hand before replacing it.

"Set down, my dear," he said to Rose, and then watched her do it with an air of solicitous interest.

Then, as if suddenly remembering Stephen, he waved him to a chair and approached the cupboard, which he opened and inspected meditatively.

"You mustn't go to the least trouble for us, Mr. Jennifer," Rose protested.

He turned on her quickly with his snag-toothed grin, nearly dropping one of the plates that he had taken out.

"Lord love ye!" he exclaimed. "Trouble? If you knew how tickled I am this minute to have you here you wouldn't talk about trouble. Trouble? You could pile trouble on me a foot thick and I wouldn't ask no better."

"I think you are just about the nicest man I ever knew," Rose declared; and if ever sincerity was apparent it was in her tone and in her eyes.

Stephen was not ungenerous, but he was sorely tempted to snort. He thought that Miss Blake was just a trifle

too responsive to their host's blandishments. But when she looked at him, twinkling, he managed to grin, although painfully.

Mr. Jennifer laid the table with mismated silverware—it was already spread with a turkey-red-and-white cloth, the sole thing of absolute and immaculate cleanliness in the room—and then Mr. Jennifer fed them. The bubbling pot contained venison; it contained bacon and onions and potatoes new and small; it contained young carrots in golden disks, and seasoning and thickening in judicious proportions, and the combination was one that proved Mr. Jennifer no vain boaster when he praised his own culinary ability. True, he boiled his tea, but criticism would have been dumb, with a filled mouth and satisfied soul, in the presence of his biscuits, "twice het" as they were. There was butter too. He said he had it from his neighbor, Pete Ekdal, a former resident of Pactola who was spending his declining years raising garden truck where Ruby Creek came down from the cañon springs. Finally there was a sorghum sirup, with the real wild tang, from a jug left by a passing emigrant out of Missouri. Their host refused to seat himself with them. He had had his dinner just before his guests arrived, he told them—which was how-come the stew was all ready for them. So he stood and served and talked much, with his steadfast eye ever on Rose and giving only such attention to Stephen as politeness dictated. He received Rose's unstinted praise of the stew and its concomitants with obvious pleasure, and scornfully scouted the idea of her assistance with the dishes.

"I've been forgetting the horses," said Stephen suddenly.

"Go down and bring them up here," suggested the old man. "We can give them a drink and a feed of corn."

"But ——" Stephen looked inquiringly at Rose.

"Please do, Mr. Trainor," she said. "Mr. Jennifer and I will sit out on the porch and wait for you."

"There's a sack of corn in the shed behind the house," Jennifer called to him as he reached the gate.

"Much obliged," returned Stephen as he strode off.

But he wasn't. This ride, diplomatically contrived, had been his first and only chance to be really alone with Miss Blake, and he grudged every moment of it that was taken from him. Bad eye, that old duffer had too. Made a corking good ragout, it was to be admitted; but not a pleasing personality.

"It's perfectly wonderful here!" said Rose, seating herself comfortably in the Boston rocker, which Jennifer had dragged out on the porch. "I adore it all. But why do you live here all alone? I should think you'd get horribly lonely."

"A rich man's fancy, my dear," replied Jennifer. "I could be living in a big house with everything all tony, and niggers to wait on me, and limyzeens and such to drive around in—if I wanted to. I reckon I could sell out for a couple of million 'most any time, and put on style; but this suits me here all right. I wouldn't be likely to find another creek like this here, nor a sightlier location. Carbonate is handy if I want a touch of city life any time, and while Carbonate ain't no Cheyenne, it's got all the modern improvements. A man can get action for his money about as well in Carbonate as he can anywhere. But I've quit gambling and drinking and—and I ain't stuck on riding in these here stink wagons. I like to keep my legs limber and if I want company it ain't more than four mile to Pete Ekdal's. Mostly Pete stops off here when he makes a trip to town. I couldn't trust nobody to keep up the flower beds, either, if I pulled out of here. No, just because I'm what you might call wealthy ain't no reason why I should make myself miserable. You keeping company with that young fellow?"

"Really, Mr. Jennifer!"

Rose blushed and tried to look dignified, but her sense of humor got the better of her and she broke into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Jennifer looked extremely disconcerted.

"I made a break," he owned. "Reason I ask—well, he seems like a purt' nice young fellow. I wish you'd excuse me."

"It was rude of me to laugh," said Rose.

"It's a treat to hear you," declared the old man. "As I was saying, there's a plenty to keep me from getting lonesome in the summer, and in the winter there's the Gentle Jane."

"Who is she?" Rose inquired, a little bewildered.

"Here's Mr. Trainor with the horses," said Jennifer. "Right around the fence you'll find the gate," he shouted. "The corn's in a sack."

"Why, the Gentle Jane mine," he went on; "the best little mine in this man's country. A mint! I wouldn't trade the Gentle Jane, even up, for all the Carbonate properties. No, ma'am. And that mine belongs to me, from the grass roots down. Two million! She'd be a gift for five million. I've tried to make these four-eyed fools from the East see it, time and time again, but they haven't got sense enough to know a mine from a gopher hole. Well, I know the gold's there, and somebody with a little savvy is going to come along sometime and want to pay me my price for it. I'm not going to go to him. I don't have to. But it's there and it ain't going to run away. And it's mine. Two million, by gollies!"

His cracked voice rose in triumph and he slapped his lean thigh and grinned worse than ever.

"Maybe I don't look like a millionaire, but you can't most always sometimes tell. Did you find the corn, Mr. Trainor?"

"Found it all right," answered Stephen. "Thanks."

"Mr. Trainor knows all about mines," said Rose with a welcoming smile for the young man. "Mr. Jennifer has been telling me about a wonderfully rich mine that he owns—the Gentle Jane."

"Yes?" said Stephen with only perfunctory interest in his tone.

"I'd like you to see it," said Jennifer.

"I'd be glad to take a look at it, but my time is hardly my own, and I'm afraid ——"

"But you will?" pleaded Rose eagerly. "Please say that you will. I would love to see it myself. Would you let me, Mr. Jennifer?"

"I'll show you some of the rock now," said the old man, and from the farther end of the porch he brought an iron kettle containing some lumps of brown rock and a worn stub of a drill that was evidently used as a pestle. He handed a piece of the rock to Rose and another piece to Stephen and seemed to await their verdict with some anxiety. "I was going to pound it up for assay," he explained.

All That Was Left in the Pan Was a Mere Pinch of Clean Gravel, in Which Glistened Fine Yellow Grains. "Is It Gold?" Cried Rose Excitedly

"It doesn't look a bit like gold to me," declared Rose disappointedly.

The two men smiled. Stephen poised his chunk. "Like me to assay it?" he asked.

"I don't care," said Jennifer indifferently. He turned to Rose with a chuckle. "What you want is to see the gold sticking right out, ain't it?" he asked. "Did you ever pan out any dirt?"

Rose looked puzzled and shook her head dubiously. Jennifer chuckled again and produced what seemed to her to be a large chopping bowl—iron instead of wood.

"This here is a gold pan," he said. "Now we'll go down to the creek and I'll show you how to use it. Excuse me a moment."

He went into the cabin and came out again almost immediately and led the way down to the creek, catching up a shovel that stood by the gate on his way. He stopped at a spot along a trench where the ground seemed newly dug.

"This here is my placer claim—from that stake south," he told them. "Here's where I get my tobacco money. This way."

Dropping into the trench he threw out a few shovelfuls of dirt very deftly, and then, climbing out, scooped some of the dirt into the pan and carried it to the creek. Squatting on the margin he mixed the dirt with water and gradually slopped it out over the edge of the pan with an even, rotary motion, dipping more and more water in as he proceeded, until first the alluvial earth and then lighter particles of rock were washed away. With greater delicacy he continued the process, and finally all that was left in the pan was a mere pinch of clean gravel, in which glistened fine yellow grains.

"Is it gold?" cried Rose excitedly.

"It's gold," grinned the old man. "Think you could do it now?"

He dexterously separated the remaining gravel and scraped the gold with his finger on a scrap of paper that he had taken from the bosom of his shirt. Then he threw more dirt into the pan and handed it to Rose, who took it, eager and delighted as a child, and began to imitate his method as best she could. He helped her, chuckling gently, showing her the angle at which the pan was to be held and guiding her hands in the proper circular movement. Stephen watched them with a grim cynical smile, which broadened when, as the crescented residue diminished, Rose began to utter little cries of joyful amazement.

"Oh, look at that! Isn't that a nugget? It is, and there's another one. Oh! Oh, Mr. Jennifer, look here!"

"Dog me!" exclaimed the old man. "Well, if that ain't beginner's luck!"

"Pretty rich dirt, that," commented Stephen dryly. "You ought to make a pretty good thing out of this claim, Mr. Jennifer."

Mr. Jennifer turned his stable eye on him and winked it swiftly. It was indeed rich dirt. One nugget almost as large as a bean, another somewhat smaller, and perhaps half a teaspoonful of coarse grains of gold had come from that little pan of dirt.

"That's the way it comes," said Jennifer to Rose. "You never know. A man might work all day and not get no more than that—or as much. And then again he mightn't get nothing—or he might strike a pocket that would pan out a couple of thousand dollars. That was done here once."

"Let me try again," Rose begged. "Oh, please!"

Jennifer was shaking his head. "No, no, my dear," he said. "Quit while your luck's good. You might get the gold fever if you kept this up."

"I've got it now," declared Rose, laughing. "I can hardly believe that it is really and truly gold. Isn't it perfectly wonderful!"

"You can get Mr. Trainor to test it when you get back to Carbonate," the old man told her.

He put the gold into another piece of paper, folded it up and offered it to her.

"Oh, I couldn't," she protested.

"It's yours. I keep what I've got; you keep what you've got. That's fair, ain't it? You don't want me to charge you for the use of the pan, I reckon."

"But ——"

"No buts about it—not unless you want to hurt my feelings and have me pitch it into the creek."

"Then I'll take it, and thank you ever so much. But you must let me ——" She checked herself in time, coloring a little. "You must let me thank you," she concluded lamely. "I'll have something pretty made of it and always keep it."

"I'll think that big pay," said Jennifer earnestly.

(Continued on Page 22)

EATING THROUGH EUROPE

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TASTES differ in Europe as in America, but the difference seems to be a trifle more pronounced. When one travels across Europe, for example, on the express train which starts from France and runs across Italy and the Balkan countries and down to Constantinople in a matter of five days, one is obliged to readjust his tastes at every border.

The Only Proper Way to Handle Whitebait

While the train travels through France the dining car is stocked with the red and white wines of the country. But when it crosses the border into Italy the French wines disappear suddenly and are replaced by the more or less pleasant beverage sometimes known to gourmets as red ink. As the train rolls over the Italian border and into the fretful country of the southern Slavs, or Jugo-Slavia, or greater Serbia, or the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, as it is variously called by persons who don't believe in profanity, the Italian wines vanish from the dining car and their place is taken by Serbian beverages such as uzu or slivervitz or wines whose flavor would seem to indicate that they were made from the juice of unripe persimmons and preserved with tanning fluid.

Uzu, supposedly named from the noise made by the Serbs when they become ossified on it, is a colorless liquid faintly resembling sulphuric acid in which a bit of licorice has been dissolved.

These Serbian lubricants disappear from the dining car at the Bulgarian border amid the cheers of the passengers, and Bulgarian liquors are substituted for them. A Bulgarian red wine, if spilled on a silver-plated knife, removes the silver plating almost instantly.

A Liquid Guide to the Balkans

TWO popular and enterprising Bulgarian drinks which are frequently recommended by the dining-car stewards while passing through Bulgaria are swicka and mastika. Swicka is colorless and made out of plums, grape skins, old newspapers and anything that the maker may have found while sweeping out the kitchen. It is rather like the Albanian drink known as raaki, in that three drinks of it are sufficient to make the drinker float out through the windows. Mastika is less violent in taste and in results, but its potency in unquestioned. A few drinks of it do not make the drinker wish to assault all the policemen in the world by way of innocent diversion as do a few drinks of swicka, but they make him suffer keenly for the woes which the world has undergone in past years. Four drinks of mastika make a Bulgar weep bitterly over such far-off matters as the defeat of the Persians at Salamis; while after five of them the mere mention of such things as the defeat of James G. Blaine in 1884, the lack of protection for American authors from British writers under the new tariff bill or the cruel oppression of malaria mosquitoes in the Panama Canal Zone causes him to burst into heart-rending moans.

As the train passes from Bulgaria into Greece's newly acquired lands the Bulgarian liquids are supplanted by Greek drinks. For the most part, Greek drinks are imitations of the drinks of other lands, and all of them taste like different varieties of sheep dip. The Greeks are indefatigable imitators of Scotch whisky, French brandy, Russian vodka, Swedish punch, benedictine, chartreuse and various other popular intoxicants, and all of their imitations are said to be a great potential help to the prohibition movement, since everyone who drinks one of them is filled with a passionate desire to kill the man who made it.

These matters are only worthy of note by way of emphasizing the marked differences in training that are received by human palates in different sections of Europe. In Germany the food is flavored with caraway seeds, and in Greece it is flavored with garlic. Caraway seeds, to almost everyone but a German, are a public nuisance; while garlic, as eaten by a Greek, is a criminal offense. Germans and Greeks, however, are caught when young and trained to like these things, and they never recover.

The natives of Bohemia are greatly addicted to devouring large, heavy lumps of half-cooked dough which are known as knüdliche, and which rest on the stomach with all the lingering affection of croquet balls.

The natives of Italy, on the other hand, pull their dough out into long streamers and devour it by the mile under the name of spaghetti and macaroni.

A Bohemian, marooned in Italy, eats macaroni diligently, but mourns constantly for the piquant and cannonballish knüdliche.

An Italian who resides in Bohemia devours knüdliche until his abdomen sags perceptibly; but his idea of happiness is to return to Italy and eat macaroni until he explodes.

The why and wherefore of these things is not known; but the most advanced eaters who have fared—or more properly bill-of-fared—through Europe are of the opinion that the culinary world needs an Einstein to develop a theory of food and eating, and expound the theory in language that the average hearer can grasp without being a mind reader.

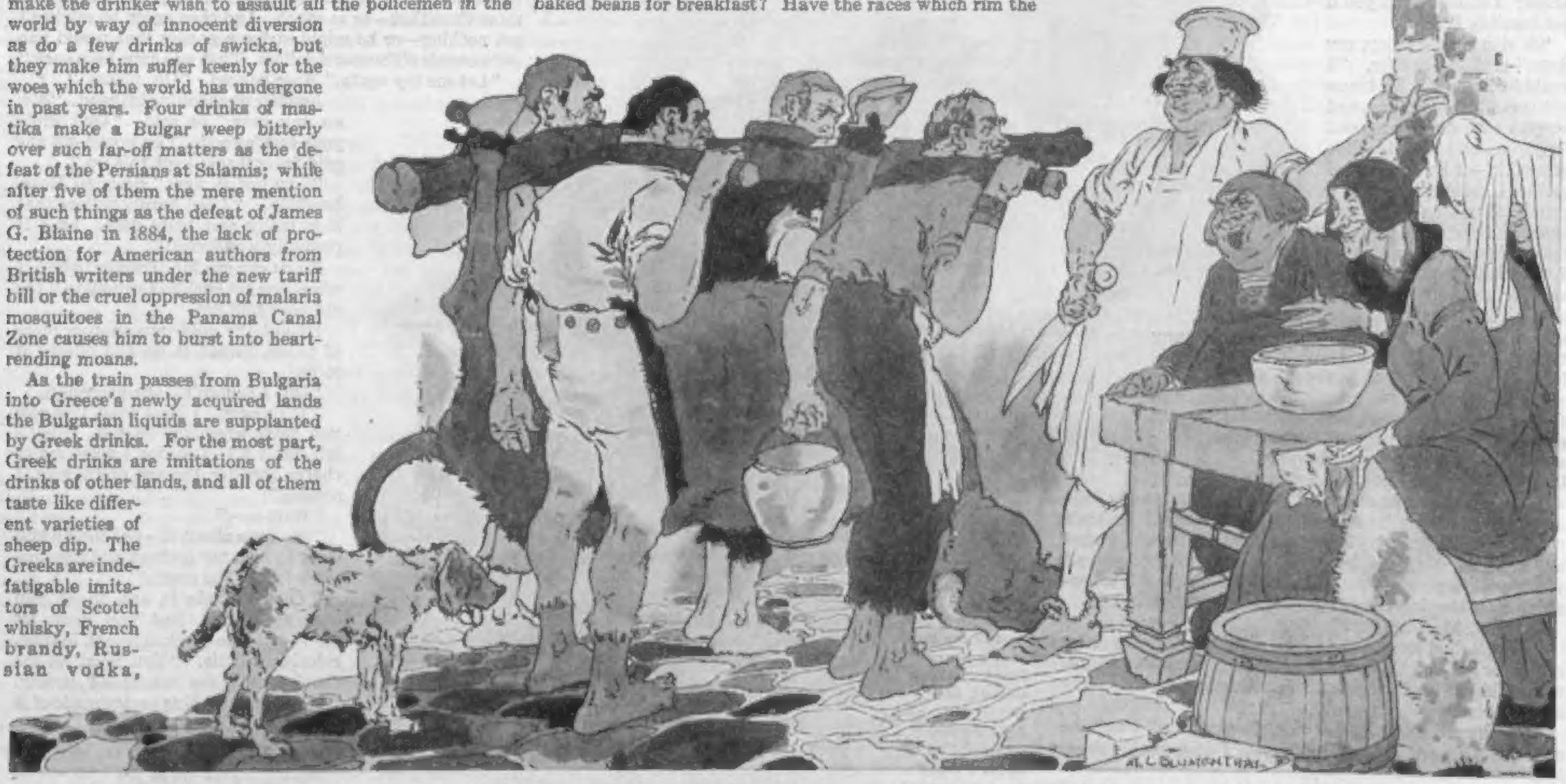
Did the stern and sturdy New Englander of old eat pie and baked beans for breakfast because he was stern and sturdy, or was he stern and sturdy because he ate pie and baked beans for breakfast? Have the races which rim the Mediterranean degenerated because they use garlic promiscuously, or do they use garlic promiscuously as a result of degeneration? Is it more evil or more beneficial to sit around a beer garden and soak up beer like the Germans, or to sit around on a stone bench and sop up coffee like the Turks? Is a man a better man because he demands better food, or are his demands for better food brought about by the fact that he has become a better man?

These matters are more important than relativity, and it is to be hoped that the world's most prominent thinkers, who can talk for six hours on the fourth dimension, though lacking the ability to talk their tailors into giving them evening clothes that fit across the shoulders, will eventually look into this business of eating and allow their cerebrators to cerebrate it to a pulp. For the benefit of these prominent thinkers and other advocates of the uplift I have assembled the following notes in the hope that the man who first said that there's no accounting for tastes may be proved to have been a liar.

In the Brave Days of Old

MODERN cooking originated in Italy around the end of the fifteenth century. For several hundred years prior to that time the leading cooks, when called on to provide a dainty, tasty meal, roasted a whole ox or sheep, sent it into the dining room escorted by several hired pallbearers, and threw it on the table with a dull thud. The diners held their food in each hand, and tossed the bones under the table, where the dogs fought over them and occasionally bit off a guest's kneecap in their excitement. When the guests had finished the ox or the sheep they wiped their hands on their vests, settled down to a little steady drinking, and ultimately slid under the table and dozed off, with their heads pillowed on the dogs. Such were the pleasures of the table before the Renaissance.

Then suddenly people became weary of the old manner of doing things. Artists evolved new styles in art; priests broke away from old ideas in religion; soldiers began to use gunpowder; discoverers grew weary of discovering hypothetical dragons and mythical giants, and Columbus and Magellan did some real discovering; dinner guests stopped wiping their fingers on their vests and wiped them on the tablecloth; instead of scooping up a handful of mutton scraps and pushing it loosely and messily into the face with both hands, the more advanced eaters learned to spear their food with forks; poets began to write poetry, sculptors



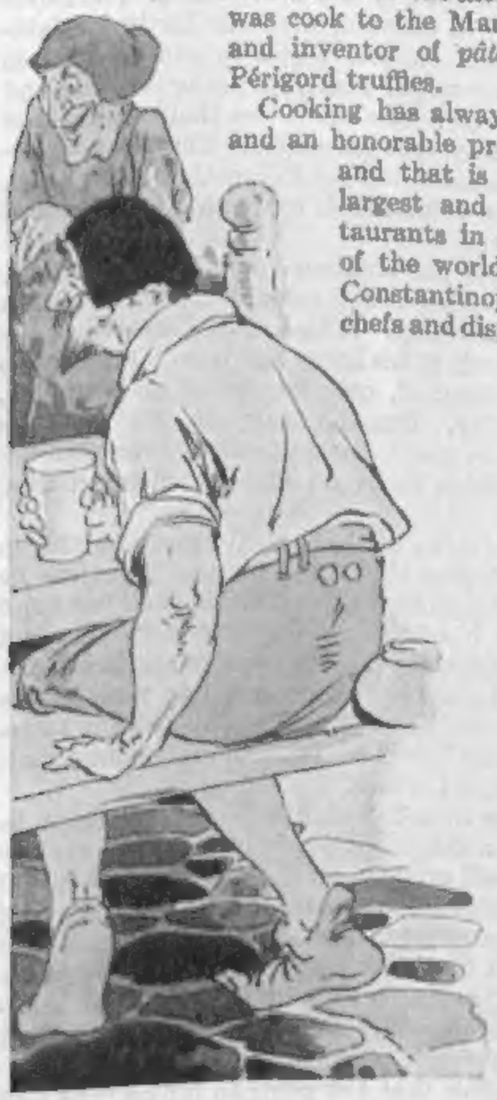
The Leading Cooks Roasted a Whole Ox or Sheep, Sent it Into the Dining Room Escorted by Several Hired Pallbearers, and Threw it on the Table

began to sculp, and cooks became mysteriously aware of the fact that a small section of ox, tastefully decorated and cooked on both sides, could be absorbed with more pleasure by hungry diners than a whole ox which had been charred on the outside and barely warmed on the inside.

When Catherine de' Medici went up to Paris to marry that gay young rounder and souse, King Henry II, she carried with her a number of Italian cooks to show the French cooks how to indulge in a little fancy retail cooking in place of the coarse wholesale cooking in which they had previously indulged. The French cooks, with the tireless energy at developing an idea which has always been an attribute of the French people, promptly seized upon the ideas of the Italian cooks and rushed ahead with them so speedily that the Italians appeared to have heavy deposits of baser metals in their shoes. Two days after the Italians had arrived in Paris the French cooks were so far ahead of them that the expense of reaching them by telegraph would have been in the neighborhood of seven dollars if the telegraph had been invented. Since that day France has led the world in cookery, just as Holland leads the world in the matter of heavyweight breakfasts, and just as Turkey leads it in the matter of sweetmeats. And that reminds me that if the Turk were as terrible as he is popularly supposed to be the blame would unquestionably rest on his sweetmeats and his cloying desserts, for after a few days of eating those rich and sticky compounds almost anyone might be expected to become so peevish that he would gladly sally forth from his dining room and club the nearest newsboy or bootblack or taxicab driver to death out of pure cussedness, induced by clogging of the liver.

Cookery in America

FRANCE leads the world in cookery, for cooking is and always has been a popular and an honorable indoor sport in every rank of French society. Thus we find the great Duc de Richelieu prowling around the kitchen of his palace, upsetting the mustard, disarranging the stewpans and getting unsightly grease spots on his satin trousers, but eventually adding to the well-being of future generations by inventing mayonnaise dressing. The Prince de Soubise was another who was greatly given to messing around his kitchen, and as a result his name will be immortalized forever on hotel menus in London, Cleveland, Detroit, Warsaw and other cities because of the delicately fragrant onion sauce which he doped out in an inspired moment. King Louis XV frequently deserted his kinging for the purpose of hanging over the stove with a couple of high-priced chefs and straining his brain severely in an effort to produce something new and startling in the sauce line. Cardinal Mazarin caused intense excitement in France by inventing several new sauces; the Prince of Condé achieved international fame by turning out a bean soup which had a number of marked improvements and a greatly increased horse power; and hundreds of French chefs were decorated with glittering orders by grateful sovereigns for their skill in mixing up new and exquisite forms of hash. As recently as August 2, 1921, a committee was formed in the city of Strasbourg for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Close, who was cook to the Maréchal de Contades and inventor of *pâté de foi gras* with Périgord truffles.



With a Dull Thud

Cooking has always been an ancient and an honorable profession in France, and that is probably why the largest and most popular restaurants in all the great cities of the world, from Chicago to Constantinople, have French chefs and dispense French dishes and print their bills of fare in the French language, so that most of us Americans are forced to stab at them blindly with a fork and remark to the waiter with pretended nonchalance, "Bring a little of that, George."

Some day, though, there will be a leader of cooking in America—somebody like, let us say, the wife of a popular President—whose word will be heard with attention and respect throughout the land; and there will be an American cooking renaissance which will develop our cooking resources as they should be developed, and as they can easily be developed, to a point about fifty kilometers ahead of France; a renaissance which will provide our smaller cities and towns with restaurants and hotels that dispense delicacies instead of dyspepsia; which will do away with the doughy breads that are making the teeth of American children look like secondhand beechnuts that have been discarded by a hungry squirrel, and replace them with all-crust loaves like those which keep the teeth of millions of European peasants in perfect condition; which will eliminate the almost universal American idea that a salad consists of a few soggy lettuce leaves held down by one or two lonely slices of unripe tomato and lightly splattered with a mongrel form of vinegar—a cross, no doubt, between acetic acid and dishwater; which will make young women—and young men, too, for that matter—realize that there is no more disgrace in standing in a kitchen and using one's brains to make something that feeds the body than there is in standing in a factory and using one's hands to make a part of something that clothes the body; which, in short, will cause a revision of the uncomplimentary words of the French writer who some time ago observed with more or less accuracy that "there is no civilized nation whose cookery is as bad as that of America."

There are No Halfway Measures for an Italian When He Eats Spaghetti

I will admit that I have had some pretty poor meals in different American towns, but I have had equally poor ones in various parts of England and Scotland and France and Poland and Germany and Turkey and elsewhere. And never have I sat down before a large pallid mass of mutton and several weak-looking boiled vegetables in an English inn but that my mind flitted back to various native dishes that are still being dispensed in the land of the free and the home of the brave; such dishes, for example, as San Francisco sand dabs fried in olive oil, or a couple of hundred little California oysters nestling pinkly and appetizingly in a single large champagne glass; or a dark-brown pot of genuine baked beans crowned with a crisped and succulent piece of pork emerging from a New Hampshire oven at 5:55 on Saturday night; or a plate of Biddeford Pool clam bisque, as indescribable as the sea breeze that blows inland from the seaweed-covered rocks off the Maine coast; or a steaming platter of buckwheat cakes on a frosty morning, flanked by a dish of unsalted butter and a jug of amber-colored maple sirup; or a large platter of soft-shelled crabs gathered in solemn conclave around a blond mound of tartar sauce; or a vast pile of Golden Bantam corn on the cob, fresh from the stalk, reposing steamingly beneath a triple layer of napkins and waiting resignedly for its worshipers to pounce on it; or the swelling breast of a broiled ruffed grouse peeping from under the strips of pork skewered across it; or the ravishing profile of a fat black duck roasted for twenty-five minutes in a slow oven; or stewed bananas with melted-sugar sauce; or a large wedge of true mince pie with flaky under and upper crusts inclosing sweet and rich and juicy mincemeat in which one can scent the fields and the forests, the apple and the raisin and the generous dash of good old hard licker; and similar little knickknacks and appetite stimulators and kickshaws that have helped true Americans to bear up from one meal to another for so many years. We are doubtless an assemblage of worthless cooks, we Americans, but we have our good points if anybody cares to hunt for them.

English cooks must have their good points as well, but when one gets away from the big English hotels which maintain French staffs and toys with some purely English cooking in the smaller English inns and hotels he usually brings up with a dull and soggy thud against boiled mutton, boiled potatoes, boiled carrots, boiled fish, boiled suet pudding, boiled rice pudding and more boiled mutton. All of these matters too frequently have the same peculiar and depressing taste—one that is very similar to what a boiled woolen shirt must taste like. The English seem tireless in their lifelong pursuit of boiled mutton.

Reform

THE entire British Empire expends untold energy every day in the year in shipping mutton to England.

There are establishments in Australia which kill over a thousand sheep a day apiece for the sole use of England's mutton addicts. Englishmen get a joint on a Sunday, say, and boil it violently, and stolidly devour large lukewarm slabs of it, with an appetizing side dish of hard-boiled potatoes. On Monday they have it again, cold. On Tuesday they have it stewed. On Wednesday they have it hashed. On Thursday they have it in soup. On Friday they turn to boiled fish. Saturday they go out and buy another fine large joint of mutton, and on Sunday they give it a good boiling and start all over again.

It is generally recognized in England that the English people cannot be weaned from their passionate addiction to mutton. One of the most influential of the English newspapers recently made an effort to get the English people to stop boiling their mutton and to start roasting it appetizingly. It would no more have attempted to persuade them to stop eating mutton than it would have attempted to persuade them to stop wearing pants. Mutton is a great unchangeable British institution, like Westminster Abbey, Burton ale and cricket.

"For long years," queried the newspaper tearfully, "have you not ordered weekly that roast leg of mutton, inevitable as a mother-in-law, dreary as the weekly washing book?"

The answer yes being understood from all readers, the newspaper implored them earnestly to stick a clove of garlic in it and pour half a bottle of claret over it. This, the paper implied, would take the curse off it. It won't though. The mutton of Merrie England, and the numerous boiled vegetables and puddings, will always continue to make the average diner rise from his meals with the same internal sensations that would follow the swallowing of a brass door knocker.

The English blame the peculiar sogginess of their boiled foods on the climate, which is the universal goat, so to speak, when things go wrong in England. They argue that the heavy climate presses down on top of the boiling water and pushes it into the article that is being boiled. This may or may not be the reason, but the fact remains that

(Continued on Page 40)

The Life of Jeremiah Bartlett

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"BY GEMINI!" vowed Judge Bartlett, his eyes upraised; and it was characteristic of him that he didn't say, "By Jimminy!" as vulgarians do, but swore correctly by the heavenly twins, Castor and Pollux.

It was an interesting colonial library in which he stood up to make his classic supplication. An interior decorator might have called it faultless, making a virtue of its time-warped sills. There were handsome pilasters tinted in yellowing ivory, and in such spaces as showed between books and pictures glimpses of Georgian wall paper, quaintly true to period. Above the bookshelves were engravings of fighting frigates and a deep-toned, rather crackly oil portrait of the first Josiah Bartlett worth mentioning, showing that worthy at the dramatic moment when his signatory quill plunged down upon the Declaration of Independence. That Josiah should have died without issue was no fault of the Bartlett family, who adored the portrait as a holy icon and founded their pride thereon.

A stately gentleman of five feet six, Judge Jeremiah Bartlett toned in nicely with his ancestral setting. He was a wisp of a man with abundant silvery hair, and as he stood straight as a newel post in his plum-colored dressing gown the statesmanlike face which he turned toward the ceiling gave, superficially, the appearance of a statue falling to pieces; and this was due to his false teeth, which were slipping down, and his spectacles, which were slipping up.

"I told Prentiss time and again to mend that roof," he continued his half-spoken soliloquy. "Time and again. *O tempora, O mores!* Isn't it possible to get anybody to do anything nowadays?"

A large blue volume of biography which he had been bookmarking with his thumb fell soddenly to one of his morocco slippers; but the four eyes—two of them glassy and gold rimmed, two jet black, deep sunken and idealistic—continued to gaze ceilingward and estimate the damage blamable to one Prentiss. Upon the buff-plastered surface, close enough to imperil his collection of American poets, a large damp spot had appeared, and even as he gazed it grew malevolently. Already it was beginning to drip.

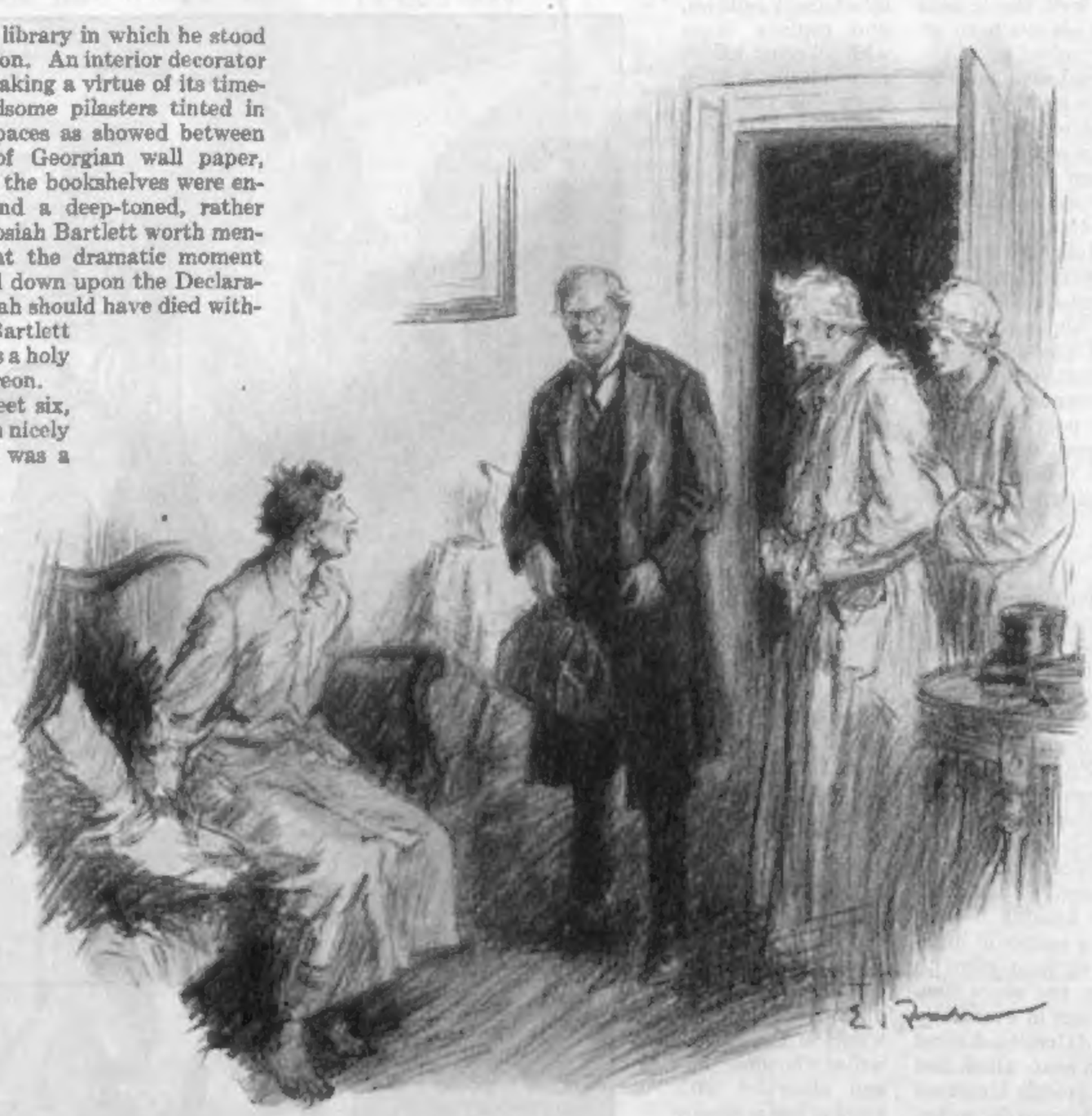
"Tut, tut!" cautioned the retired jurist, and strode out into the hall more speedily than was habitual with one inured to Academe's calm theorizing.

The leak in their roof, he realized, would cost them another pretty penny, and the Bartlett finances were in no condition for squandering here and there. About eleven years ago the Stockings Mill had looked like a golden enterprise, and the Bartletts had moved out of a smaller establishment into this ancestral homestead, which they had felt they could support in a style becoming family traditions. They had found the interior "a mid-Victorian mess," to quote from Martha, and since that lady had then been under the spell of home-beautiful magazines, she had rummaged the garret, to discover a treasury of Chippendale, Sheraton, Adam and farmhouse colonial. Then how the carpenters had banged, restoring ancient fireplaces, and how the paper hangers had splashed to cover the desecrated walls with gray and yellow Georgian designs, expensively imported from England!

But that golden age had passed these many years, and on this rainy summer afternoon a leak in the roof was of consequence to the family fortunes. The Bartletts weren't luxuriating in improvements any more. Their Stockings Mill had long since closed down and, gutted of its mechanical entrails, had withered to a skeleton. The Bartletts had subsided to a class conventionally described as poor but proud—poor but proud in a restored ancestral home which was far more perfect than any of their ancestors would have had the money or the taste to make it.

Judge Bartlett, haunted by the leak, strode out into the pallid Adam dining room, where he found Naomi, their classic hired girl, chastening a bluebottle fly against the screen door. Naomi, who was a widow, had a bleak New England face which looked unfriendly until you saw her smile puckering from the chin up to light her faded violet eyes.

"Did you see that leak?" inquired the judge.



"If He Hadn't Broken Into Your Room When He Did You'd Have Been Dead. Understand? Dead!"

"Yes, judge, I did," acknowledged Naomi, making another swat at the bluebottle, this time with crushing effect.

"Well, do you know," he insisted mildly, "if anyone has notified Prentiss?"

Naomi, who had stooped to gather the remains, came standing and faced him with her puckery smile of indulgence. Quite evidently she regarded the judge as a temperamental being to be indulged and managed. For this belief she had reason.

"Oh, judge," she reminded him, "you know Mr. Prentiss ain't ever in town on Saturday; not this time of year when the bass is biting good. You can't get him; not till Monday. And it's an awful leak, judge. I put a dishpan in the spare room, where it's running down the paper something awful; but I guess that won't do much good."

The elderly gentleman had visions of a flood such as Noah never anticipated. He remembered the quaint silvery paper in the spare room. It had been picturesquely expensive.

"Did Mrs. Bartlett say when she was coming back?" asked the judge, baffled by this emergency.

"Harry Holtz took her off in his jitney," explained Naomi's sour sweetness. "I guess she's gone to the store in Westbury. Say, I know an awful smart carpenter named Hennessey. He lives in New Haven, but he goes round the country in a flivver mending roofs, and I guess ——"

Judge Bartlett wasn't listening. He went over to a window and gazed speculatively out upon his last remaining strip of real estate. An acre of lawn, somewhat defiled by dandelions, sloped gently down to a weedy apple orchard. The storm, he saw, had died down for the moment. Under a tall full-bosomed elm whose branches all but swept the roof, robins had come out and were hopping over the grass, pausing now and then to listen for the sly angleworm, crawling underground.

"I'll mend the infernal thing myself," he decided, and upon the word went over to the rack and chose his yellowish straw hat with the upturned brim. The hat added nothing to his equipment as a roofer, but its putting on was a moral gesture. It sat forward somewhat aggressively on his silver mane and gave him the appearance of one helmeted against odds as he ascended the various stairways of the old Bartlett house.

Had Martha been there that afternoon, instead of jitneying, this story might have ended happily before it was well begun. She would have managed it. Trust Martha! The roof would have been mended skillfully by somebody who knew his business. She would have conveyed the impression that leaky shingles and rainy days are quite within the order of Nature, therefore beneficial, and Judge Bartlett would have gone tranquilly on at the place where his thumb had slipped out of the thick blue biography. Thirty-four years of married life had brought wisdom to gentle Martha and taught her—to paraphrase from Pope—that the proper study of womankind is man.

But Martha wasn't there, and Jeremiah had the house in which to range. Up in the attic, under a pile of abandoned screen doors, he found a square yard of comparatively new zinc. He found a hatchet, too, and a box of rusty nails. So Satan lends us first aids to our downfall. With the zinc held gingerly under one arm and the hatchet handle protruding from a pocket of his plum-colored dressing gown, the stately gentleman proceeded slowly up the ladder toward a heavy trapdoor in the roof.

The square wooden lid, sitting upon the peak of the Bartlett mansion, proved unexpectedly easy to lift. And this, too, was satanic, for an unsuccessful tussle with the trapdoor would have saved the judge from his reckless self. Cumbered though he was with zinc and dressing gown and hatchet and straw hat, he scrambled out into free air and squatted on the edge of the boxlike aperture.

Perched like a bird upon his own rooftree, Judge Bartlett had an excellent opportunity to survey the slightly mortgaged glories of his quaint New England manse. A series of roofs on various planes ran on a long line to the left of him for the distance of half a city block. The Revolutionary Bartletts, in common with our hardy forefathers, had joined their outhouses end to end, so that in harsh winter days one might pass from parlor to stable and never walk in open air. The effect was that of a train of box cars on a slightly crooked siding. The large white-pillared dwelling house stood for locomotive on one end, and the wide pigeon-coted stable represented a magnified caboose on the other.

But to-day, under the amateur roofer's morbid gaze, the Bartlett architecture stood for nothing more than a problem in mountaineering. It had never occurred to the judge that the summit of his home had been pitched at so perilous a slope. Beyond, over woodshed and laundry, the angle was gentler. But the faulty shingle which he had rashly vowed to mend lay quite visible ten feet beyond him on a wooden toboggan slide which terminated in midair.

The judge lacked none of that moral courage which so often shames a cringing body into action. Therefore he braced his zinc under an elbow, got himself on all fours and cautiously relaxed his hold on the trapdoor. He had crawled perhaps six inches when he came to appreciate the surface of the wet shingles. They were as resistless as slippery elm. He clutched upward, vainly striving to restore his hold on the board he had but now abandoned. That inspiration came too late.

His progress downward was like Vergil's descent to hell—easy. From a gentle gliding it increased so rapidly that he threw himself prone upon the slope, his hands and feet converted into ineffectual anchors, while his strip of zinc, escaping clamorously, flew ahead of him and was heard to clatter on the brick walk twenty feet below—a horrid sound. The morocco slippers followed that headlong flight, but his yellowish straw hat stuck tight against the shingles and lay there as if to mock.

"It can't be possible that I'm going to fall off," he told himself repeatedly amidst his struggle.

It did seem absurd that a retired justice of the Connecticut Supreme Court, twice mentioned for United States senator, and renowned as author of The Republican Party, a Roman Institution, should meet his end by sliding off a leaky roof. It savored of the realistic school to which Jeremiah Bartlett emphatically did not belong. But the facts were against him, the law of gravitation was against him. He was undoubtedly falling off.

In the struggle, which became agonizing, he had turned over, permitting the cord of his dressing gown to tie itself around his ankles. He gave up then and closed his eyes at the instant when he seemed to bound into space.

Suddenly he ceased to slide. He was aware of frantic clutchings at something hollow and tinny. Gazing insanely now, he realized that a frail gutter running along the roof edge had acted as a temporary check to his fall, and that he was clinging with toes and finger nails and a corner of his robe, miraculously entangled.

The reprieve, he knew, was but momentary. He was no longer young, and his body, unvulgarized by the modern craze for golf, lacked sufficient vigor to permit of his long retaining the novel pose which, to an unprejudiced observer, might have suggested the South American sloth, one of the peculiar edentata which prefer to hang head down from the branches of trees. Jeremiah filled his lungs and attempted a shout. It was not a far-carrying sound.

"Naomi! Oh, Na-o-mi!"

No response, save for the mocking twitter of a sleek young waxwing which, perched on a bough of the great elm tree, peeked curiously at his plight. How he longed for power to reach up and clutch that bough, less than six feet above his imperiled head!

A dark-browed stranger of Oriental cast came at a philosophical pace along the sidewalk just outside the Bartlett fence. He wore a smallish derby hat, defying summer suns, and in either hand he clutched a heavy suitcase. His sallow face, marked bushily with black mustache and eyebrows, was contemplative and impersonal as the Sahara, which might have suckled him in infancy. Having advanced half the length of the fence, he paused to mop his brow with a grayish something, possibly a handkerchief.

"Hey there! I beg your pardon!"

The courteously agonized appeal floated down to the stranger like the voice of an afreet, invisible among trees. He raised his dark, speculative eyes and beheld Judge Jeremiah Bartlett impersonating a South American sloth under the eaves of his colonial house.

"Help!" came the cry, this time without formality.

Giving no appearance of haste, the stranger eased his suitcases over the fence and shifted his short, powerfully built body into the Bartlett yard. His face took on a most agreeable smirk, and his whole attitude suggested obeisance before royalty as he approached the scene of impending doom, then stood gazing quite as impersonally as before.

"You are in bad fix, sair," he suggested musically, showing brilliant teeth.

"Damn bad!" snapped the judge, profane in the face of death. "Can't you see? Help!"

The frail gutter to which he clung was beginning to sag. Life's moments were becoming fewer and more precious.

"Pretty rotten fall for such ancient gentleman," philosophized the Oriental. Squinting over his shoulder, Judge Bartlett could read sympathy in the man's face.

"Can't you do something?" raged the ancient gentleman.

"Oh, prob'ly could," agreed the stranger. His mysterious eyes were regarding the elm tree speculatively. Then he looked up at the victim of home carpentering and said, "If you fall you make yourself killed, hey?"

"Does that matter to you?" asked the judge, forgetting the torment of wrists and ankles at the man's deliberation.

"It would be danger to me. Maybe I am pretty bum man, but I enjoy to live."

"For goodness' sake!"

The gutter had sagged another three inches, and although this gave Judge Bartlett a tighter purchase with his heels, a metallic groaning proclaimed that the frail contrivance was about to collapse.

"If you are looking for a reward," he began, to be broken off by the Oriental's bright exclamation:

"Ah, in such cases it awfully worth while. Is not? How much?"

"Anything! I'll write you a check when ——"

"You seem to be honorable gentleman," mused the philosopher. "How much you think?"

"Anything, drat it! Anything within my power!"

"That would be sallifactory."

But the gutter interrupted their dialogue with a tinny creak which ran the whole length of the house. Again resigned to death, Judge Bartlett was surprised to note an exhibition of agility on the part of the Oriental. He sprang like a cat toward the high elm. A swing which the Bartlett grandchildren used upon their occasional visits hung from a lower branch, and to a strand of this the stranger attached himself and began hitching up, hand over hand, with the skilled precision of a sailor. An instant more and he was among the boughs and scrambling like a monkey along the sinewy branch from which the waxwing had but lately twittered.

The rescue of Jeremiah Bartlett might have been the envy of many a motion-picture studio. Sagging under the man's weight, the bough had come down to a level with the eaves; two muscular bandy legs had embraced the bark, while two stout forearms, big as Judge Bartlett's thighs, had gone out, lending force to those wiry fingers which clutched an imperiled gentleman by the slack of his dressing gown.

"Leggo!" commanded the rescuer in a curiously harsh voice, for the judge still grappled with his gutter pipe.

Then a retired justice of the Connecticut Supreme Court found himself swung into space like a basket on a crane. The swarthy little giant got him somehow around the waist, and when he awoke to consciousness he realized that he was sitting in a tree cordially embracing a Syrian peddler who had beyond the question of a doubt saved his life.

A screen door opened on the side porch. Gaping like a fish, Naomi stood, eyes centered upon the human birds.

"For the love of the law!" she chirped, and that seemed to define the situation.

IT WAS nearing five o'clock and sultry skies were clear when Mrs. Bartlett came back in Harry Holtz's jitney. She was a neat, short, roundabout woman with a pretty face and a body which always gave the impression of a spinning top or of one of those comfortable Mrs. Noahs who lead little wooden animals out of little wooden arks. Fourteen years younger than the judge, she was his great-great-grandmother in practical wisdom.

"He's in the library, I guess," replied Naomi upon Mrs. Bartlett's inquiry for her husband. "Some folks is born lucky in case of accident, Mis' Bartlett. My brother George, he run away to be a actor in Lincoln Brothers' Shows, and he was always a great one for the trapeze. One time he got his leg caught in midair ——"

"What *are* you talking about?" asked Martha, laying down a fish-net bag which bulged with packages, square, oblong and cylindrical. She was accustomed to Naomi's oblique method of approach, and well she knew that something had happened.

Out of Boxes and Barrels Selim Was Plucking More Family Treasures

"I never had any use for dark men," Naomi slanted. "They're scribes and Pharisees, and ought to be shook up in the same bag. Butter wouldn't melt in their mouth, and they'd stick a knife into you for a nickel."

"I think you're crazy," decided Mrs. Bartlett, quite without rancor.

"I hope I am," announced Naomi. "I don't think I am, but as a sincere Christian I hope so."

That headlong quality which we call feminine intuition caused Mrs. Bartlett to scuttle upstairs to the second floor. The rich fumes of Havana greeted her nose almost as soon as it had come above the landing. This was disconcerting, because the use of tobacco outside the library was one of the few *verbotens* which she forced directly upon the judge. But tobacco it undoubtedly was; good tobacco, its incense floating voluptuously out through the half-opened spare-room door.

"Jeremiah!" she exhorted in an awe-struck tone. No answer came either from above or below.

Through the narrow vista of quaintly papered bedroom she gained a view of four-poster bed and of a small gate-legged table sitting conveniently near. She glided forward, morbid curiosity compelling her; for on the table she could distinctly see an added cause for alarm.

A half-filled bottle of the judge's own whisky, sacredly hoarded for medicinal purposes, sat beside a tumbler which sparkled with a somewhat blonder mixture.

At that instant a hand was seen to steal forth and seize upon the glass. It was a brown, sinewy hand, endowed with a peculiar delicacy. The glass disappeared. Another whiff of cigar smoke floated into the hall.

That was too much for Martha Bartlett, who had been wife, housekeeper and uncrowned martyr to a gentle, pig-headed husband for thirty-four years. She opened the spare-room door and gave herself the luxury of a full blank stare. Lying against her best hemstitched pillowcase she saw a mass of hair, eyebrows and mustache; then was conscious of two deep-toned, rather pathetic eyes gazing at her amiably above a cigar—one of the judge's cigars—which tilted at a comfortable angle. The sinewy hand raised its glass, then set it down again.

"How do, leddy?" volunteered a voice which carried with it the sweetness of candied fruit.

Martha Bartlett backed away with a stifled scream. "Thou shalt not look into gentlemen's bedrooms" had been an eleventh commandment in her family from days long before Oliver Cromwell taught the Puritans to be pure. She gathered her skirts somewhat primly and bounded down the stairs, to find her husband occupying his favorite chair in the library, a look of almost holy abstraction upon the distinguished face that peered into a large blue volume of biography. She had half crossed the room before noticing that he had cast aside his familiar plum-colored robe and was wearing an old seersucker coat.

"Jeremiah," she implored, "what in the world have you got in the spare room?"

The judge closed the book over his thumb and gave her one of his delicately patrician smiles.

"A most interesting man, Martha. His name is Selim Koolidad, and it seems he has a remarkable story."

"Is that any reason why he should be lying in our best bed, smoking and drinking whisky—our whisky?"

"I had to do what I could for him during your absence," he temporized. "You see, he suffered a shock."

Martha was going to say, "If he's suffered more of a shock than I have ——" But being perforce a diplomat she curbed her question to "What kind of a shock?"

"Well, my dear, he saved my life this afternoon."

The expression of the thin, cleanly molded face carried conviction that was somehow tragic. Martha had had a premonition of evil during her jitney with Harry Holtz.

"I shouldn't have left you alone," she confided, but tears had sprung to her kind, brown eyes. "What did he do? What happened, Jeremiah?"

"I was mending the roof," he explained, pointing to the ugly stain above his bookshelves. His face had grown white as marble; there was a slight tremor across his square-cut mouth as he went on judicially, "A little practical experience puts one in sympathy with the Workmen's Compensation Act."

"What happened?"

She had arisen and clutched his arm. The judge came slowly to his feet and limped a little, for his journey down from the old elm tree had not been without muscular strain.

"Come out, dear, and I'll show you," he invited, linking the arm of that sweet being who had managed thus far to control his life without letting him be sure of it.

Out on the brick walk, some twenty feet under the eaves, he explained the averted tragedy with gestures which savored more of Edwin Booth than of the later Barrymoreal school. Martha's devoted hand clutched

"Leggo!" Commanded the Rescuer in a Curiously Harsh Voice, for the Judge Still Grappled With His Gutter Pipe

tighter at his sleeve when he pointed out the twisted gutter pipe and showed, in further corroboration, a fragment of plum-colored velvet hanging to a lower branch of the elm.

The picture came to her then vividly as though she had witnessed, panic-stricken, the aërial acrobatics upon which had depended the life she valued more than her own. She had never considered her husband as a man approaching his natural end. He was only sixty-eight and his stock had been long-lived. She realized it now; some peddler with a difficult name and a habit of drinking in bed had saved Jeremiah for her, perhaps for another score of happy years.

"Did he hurt himself?"

"Oh, no," replied the idealist. "He seems remarkably strong, and he got through the adventure quite without a scratch."

"Well then, what's he doing in bed at this time of day?"

The judge was embarrassed.

"His trousers," he explained delicately. "He damaged them rather seriously. He's a poor fellow; can't afford to lose anything so important as—well, trousers. I got out a suit of Ben's."—Ben being their eldest son, now occupying an editorial chair in Westbury.—"They were a trifle long, you understand, so I sent them over to Littmann's to have them shortened. Meanwhile there was nothing to do but put the poor fellow to bed."

"With a bottle of whisky," added Martha, unforgiving on that point.

"He said he had a chill."

"Where does he come from?" was her apparently irrelevant question.

"Somewhere in the Holy Land. He tried to find the place for me in Cram's Atlas, but our language rather confuses him. He was born of Mohammedan parents."

"Mohammedans don't drink whisky," she pointed out, pleased at her own acuteness.

"Oh, but he's been Christianized!"

That seemed to explain all.

"We owe him a great deal," she conceded with a fond look at her distinguished charge.

"Of course we ought to do what we can to ——"

"I offered to reward him in money," said the judge. "But he's curiously unworldly. He doesn't seem to know what money means. He professes a religion of human brotherhood. Orientals are apt to be like that, ardent devotees to an idea. He only seems to want our friendship and good will. All he craves is a little practical Christianity."

"Poor thing!" agreed Martha, her kind heart now quite won over. But her scruples made a dying protest.

"I wish Naomi'd thought to put on the second-best sheets. He sort of looks as if he might rub off."

In spite of the somewhat baggy appearance of Ben's shortened suit, Mr. Koolidad proved an entertaining dinner guest. His dark eyes, which held some of that devotional look we see in the orbs of a trained seal, danced between the faces of his benefactors, eager to give and receive kindness. He spoke excitedly of himself, with many gestures. His command of English was uneven. In descriptive passages he was almost Shaksperean; then under cross-examination he would make his eyes opaque like agates and fail to understand.

"To get this freedom in America is so adorable," he explained, "because you have not studied to know how to be persecuted. How different where I was! Mother, father and everything shot out from our home because of Christian missionary principles. But no use being sad about it. Then I come to America with homemade needlework by my mother and father. No wonder pipple say 'Poor peddler!' at me from door to door. I forgive that also."

"Then you're an Armenian!" exclaimed Mrs. Bartlett, pity redoubling with impressions of Turkish atrocities. But her classification fell amiss.

"I dee-taste Armenian!" he hissed under his black mustache. "Turks I could stab with just as much easiness. Otherwise I love all mans—except Arabs and Levantines, including Persians."

His face had resumed its look of benevolence for all mankind—exclusive of the exceptions above itemized—when Mrs. Bartlett asked, "What part of the Orient do you come from?"

"No, un'stand," he replied, his eyes opaque.

"Where do you come from?"

"To here?" he inquired, gaining semiconsciousness.

"Well, yes. Your country."

"Ah-h-h-h! My countree!"

He made a series of gurgling sounds, ending in a steamy sibilant. His native land was undoubtedly too difficult of pronunciation for even the League of Nations to bound ethnologically. Judge Bartlett's intimacy with Cram's Unrivaled Atlas of the World could do nothing for him here, so the amiable guest was permitted to swing unchallenged into his calendar of persecutions.

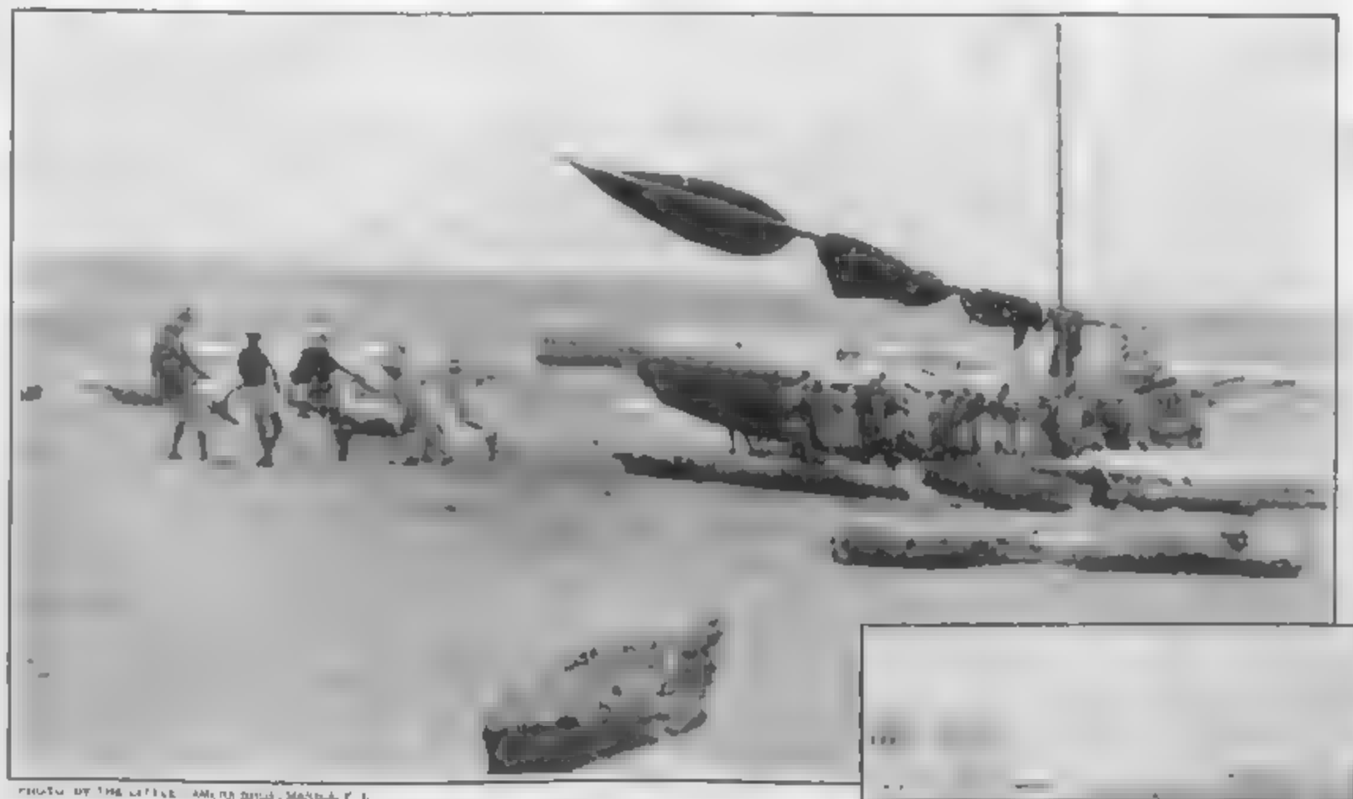
(Continued on Page 89)

Preserving the Philippines

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE government of the Philippine Islands, not as it was established under the Jones Law of 1916, but as it has been permitted to develop under the operation of that law, is autocratic and paternal and a distinct realization of the dreams of those Filipinos whose ambition has always been to centralize within their own narrow circle all the powers of the self-government that they have so persistently demanded from the United States.

When American sovereignty was established in this very important archipelago our purpose, as it was expressed for us by our President, was to train the Filipinos in what is described as the science of self-government with a hope that, without our further aid or supervision, they eventually would be able to apply the principles of this science in the successful maintenance of a government "of the people, for the people and by the people." The time has come for us to acknowledge that we have failed. Perhaps we already realize this. The universal approval of the appointment of a strong man to the office of governor-general of the islands and the widespread demand that we begin to exercise a little more judgment in our processes of dealing with the situation would seem to indicate that our days of sentimental self-delusion in this connection are about over. Let us hope so.



Manila Fishermen Beaching Their Boat

The Philippine Islands belong to the Filipino people. This is the declaration upon which our relationship to them is actually based; our whole policy has been to emphasize it, to keep it always before us, a guiding principle in our exercise of sovereign authority, and I think that nobody even now would question it or attempt in any way to modify its meaning. But the Philippine Islands do not belong to the few Filipinos who are governing them and who have proved their inability to govern wisely. Our task now is to regulate the conduct of these Filipinos to the end that the general welfare may be better guarded and the future of the people more safely assured. The extent of their power is revealed in the sections of the Jones Law that exempt the Philippine Islands from the application of the statutory laws of the United States and provide:

"That the laws now in force in the Philippines shall continue in force and effect, except as altered, amended or modified herein, until altered, amended or repealed by the legislative authority herein provided, or by Act of Congress of the United States."

The legislative authority therein provided was the Philippine legislature, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives, and the only direct check that was provided against the operations of that authority was a veto power placed in the hands of the governor-general. The President of the United States can, within a certain time limit, veto either the veto or the approval of the governor-general, and any imaginable thing in relation to the Philippines can be done by act of Congress. But it is hardly to be expected that the President of the United States would ever interfere to any great extent with the procedures of his representative in the high office of chief executive of the Philippine government, and everybody knows that Congress seldom acts with sufficient promptness to avert anything. So it will at once be realized that everything in the Philippine situation depends upon the courage and the sagacity of the governor-general, and even he can do nothing with regard to laws that exist except to recommend their amendment, modification or repeal by the Philippine legislature.

The Pasig River in the Business Section of Manila

Just why the leading Filipinos should want to discourage foreign participation in the development of Philippine resources is a very difficult thing to understand, and as a matter of fact I cannot believe they do. I think I must conclude that in some of their performances they have been merely unintelligent. Yet they are not unintelligent men. Many of them have the keenest kind of minds and are gifted with unusual powers of analysis.

And now, before I proceed to discuss definitely the obstacles they have succeeded in setting up, I wish to lay the emphasis of possible repetition upon certain important facts that should be borne in mind. Have I written about all the wonderful things that Americans have done in the Philippines? I suppose I have. Everybody has, and no doubt most Americans by this time have a fairly accurate conception of what American claims in the islands might be if America should ever decide to claim anything at all.

The Philippine Islands belong to the Filipino people, but everything within their limits that represents modern

(Continued on Page 46)

Manila Hotel, With a Glimpse of the Harbor; Legaspi Monument at the Left. In the Oval—The Local Chinese Chamber of Commerce

The Young Man in Journalism

REPORTERS AND REPORTING

By Chester S. Lord

Benjamin H. Day, Who Founded the New York Sun in 1833

MANY young men think of going into the newspaper business, but it is a mélange of mystery to them. What will happen to them if they do enter it, they ask. What will be the experience of a beginner? What is the process of development and promotion? What are the rewards? What really goes on inside a newspaper office?

In large cities the beginner in newspaper work usually starts as a reporter of the simplest and most unimportant routine news. The city editor tells him what to do and how to do it. The start is made easy for him. The prevailing supposition that reporters go out into the streets and hunt for news is far from fact. They do so in the smaller cities, but not for the big newspapers.

News gathering has become vastly systematized. Nineteen-twentieths of the news comes through established channels of information, and this explains why nearly all newspapers have the same facts. These sources of information are known in all newspaper offices. If a man falls dead in the street or a fire starts in an important building or an automobile crushes a child, or anything unusual happens in any street, it is known to every city editor in a few minutes; for a policeman reports it to police headquarters immediately, and reporters grab it. Similarly, shipping news is sent to the ship-news office; cases of sudden or unexplained death must be made public by official physicians; public parades or demonstrations are anticipated through the permit bureau; and so on. All day and all night this kind of news pours in to the city editor. With almost instant judgment he decides on its news value, discards it or hustles a reporter for the details of it. The new man gets the least important of this kind of work.

The Function of the Future Book

THE city editor keeps a future book—like milady's engagement calendar—in which, under proper date, he records the events-to-be of that day; business meetings, conventions, adjourned cases, public dinners—everything and anything requiring the presence of a reporter. It is one of the important factors of the news-getting system. Its proper keeping involves constant drudgery and painstaking care in the reading of newspapers for announcements or for clews to anything that is to happen. He reads, for instance, that an important business meeting has appointed a special committee to report at the next meeting, but no date of the next meeting is given. So he asks the new reporter, maybe, to hunt out the time of the meeting and record it in the future book. The new man does many such errands, verifies many statements of fact, chases down many rumors.

In the great blizzard of 1888, when all transportation lines were abandoned in New York City, came the rumor that several funeral processions had been snowed under and abandoned in Greenwood Cemetery. A new reporter was sent. He toiled through storm and snow waist-deep to the burial place and back, a task requiring something like six hours to accomplish, and ended the day's experience by thawing out his frozen feet in a bucket of water. And what he wrote was: "The rumor that three funeral processions were snowed under in Greenwood Cemetery was found on investigation to be untrue."

The city editor has many sources of information similar to those just mentioned. In the big cities he is responsible for getting the news of the urban district, a task that involves almost every kind of news getting. This is especially true of New York City, for, taken all in all, nearly everything happens in New York that can happen anywhere. It is of reporting in big cities that we are speaking just now.

The new reporter is asked to make news reports of the simplest of happenings. The narration of ordinary events is the easiest of all newspaper writing. Any intelligent high-school boy can catch the knack of it, and many a bright newspaper office boy has gone on to better things by absorbing that knack. It is easy to acquire because it may be largely imitative—that is, almost all routine news reports are written in the same groove of construction and in very much the same language, year in and year out. News topics constantly repeat themselves.

By routine reports are meant accounts of public meetings, conventions, legislative proceedings, trials in the courts, market reports, accidents, fires, suicides and petty crimes. These things are of the utmost importance to the newspapers. They constitute a large proportion of the news of the day. They are the very life of the news columns as presenting a record of the day's events. They are easy to write because they are written in the same manner day after day, for they are constantly recurring. The puzzled young writer cannot go far astray if he turns back in the newspaper files to a similar meeting or accident

Edward Payson Weston, Once a Police Court Reporter, Called "Journalism's Greatest Leg Man"

Barney Williams, Noted Comedian, Began His Career as the Sun's First Newsboy

or event and imitates that report. But let him be warned that if he continues to work in that way he becomes a routine writer, a hack reporter, and his advancement ceases.

It is in this deadly, dull, routine writing of routine news that we have our poorest and most slovenly newspaper results. The indifferent work done in this direction is more conspicuous in the London newspapers than in our own, for there news reports have been reduced almost to formula.

Teamwork in Story Writing

WE HAVE said that the dates of fixed events to come are accumulated in the future book—meetings of all sorts, lectures, balls, sporting contests, celebrations, ceremonials, excursions, and the like, of which the number and the variety are innumerable. To each of these a reporter is sent, and usually he is told before he starts about how long an article is expected of him. He is charged to note anything odd, strange or queer that may happen or be said. And always he must report to the desk, before he begins to write, for instructions as to the exact length of his article. Often three or four reporters are sent to a single meeting—one to write the introduction, another the first half of the speaking, and a third the remaining part of the proceedings. This is to save time; and frequently the first half has been written and is in type before the last man has quit the meeting. Likewise in cases of big disasters, big sporting events, big celebrations, six or eight men are sent, each with a definite part to do. Each writes his part and the copy reader dovetails them together into one continuous article. Teamwork of this sort is common enough in large offices.

The new reporter gets his fling at all this kind of work. If he has the genuine newspaper spirit he is fascinated by his every experience. He searches the sheet eagerly for the bit he has contributed. With a glow of satisfaction he contemplates his little record of a news event standing out in clear type, and he reads it again with those shivery gusts of emotion sometimes called the thrill of authorship.

After a time, from the writing of petty paragraphs, he finds himself contributing articles a third or a half column in length. The older men begin to notice his work, speak to him in praise of a well-constructed sentence or a nicety of verbal expression, ask him to come along to the beanery for a taste of coffee and cakes before going home for the night. He begins to participate in that helpful and stimulating thing—the comradeship of the office. He comes daily in contact with forty or fifty men—garrulous veterans and middle-aged marvels and youthful geniuses who are doing all kinds of newspaper stunts, from constructing ponderous editorial articles or criticisms to exploiting The Stiletto in Stanton Street or The Bludgeon on the Bowery. These men are good-natured critics of one another's work, and not less ready to praise than to condemn or question. They take interest in a new man of promise and help him. They read the papers and the periodicals and the new books of any account, for an

intimate knowledge of contemporaneous events is absolutely essential to their progress. There are few dullards among them, few without positive opinions and a vocabulary to express them. Our young man greatly enjoys their explosive comments and their ferocious conclusions. They are so alert, so alive to what is going on. Their conversation is so interesting to him. The atmosphere is surcharged with goodfellowship. Nobody is taking himself very seriously, yet everybody is doing something in a business-like way. Somehow things are different in a newspaper office from what he had expected.

The business of reporting becomes more fascinating as the reporter, gaining in skill and in ability, achieves to higher-grade work. To write of big and important events becomes his ambition. It gives him prestige among his fellows, for it is the management's testimonial of confidence in him. Not until after careful consideration does the managing editor name the men who are to report a national political convention or the inauguration of a President of the United States or a great celebration. The very best members of the staff are summoned to write of such events, and the assignment comes to be considered as an office reward of merit.

To do the big thing of the day is one of the prizes of the reportorial business. Indeed it may be said of the newspaper man that from his earliest beginnings always there is something higher to be attained until he becomes editor in chief.

In newspaper offices of the larger size reporters develop into desk editors or city editors, managing editors, music or dramatic or book critics or editorial writers. Many prefer to do outside work rather than become editors or critics—prefer to write for the news columns, to mingle with the outside world and take part in its stirring events rather than settle down to the routine and the monotony of desk or office work.

They are especially interested in taking a commission that carries them out of the city or out of the country for the investigation of a subject of wide importance—a rebellion in Mexico or an uprising in Cuba, a crisis in Canadian politics, a conflict between labor and capital in Colorado, a socialistic struggle in Schenectady.

The Old Sun Editorial Office. Kenneth Lord, City Editor, is Seated Before the Roll-Top Desk at the Left; Chester S. Lord is at the Right Rear in Back of the Column

Special Investigation Work

SUCH assignments call for thorough investigation at first hand on the spot, call for an acquaintance that frequently becomes familiar and lasting with the leaders of the movement, call for practical and intimate study of the convulsion itself. Information thus gained may, after its publication in the newspaper, be used again in magazines, in books of record or in fiction. The special writer, for instance, who spends a month with the striking miners in the Michigan copper district comes to know much about life and labor there, about the copper industry, mining methods, the relation of the price of copper to miners' wages, the smelting of ore, the transportation of the raw and the finished product, and a thousand other details of the business.

The newspapers do a vast amount of this kind of work, and its proper exploitation requires intelligent treatment by the writer. His information forms the basis for editorial comment, not only by the editors of his own sheet but by those of other publications, by the periodical-press magazines and reviews; and also it leads frequently to government investigation or interference or regulation.

Two or three years of this kind of work give a large fund of information to the writer. It is of great service to him as long as he lives.

Likewise the man who writes for the news columns on national politics finds himself most agreeably employed. In reality he is a specialist, for every moment of his time is required to keep apace with the kaleidoscopic changes of American political life. He must be familiar with the important politics of every state and every big city, for they have immediate relation to the politics of the nation, and to that end he makes many journeys. His most valuable asset is acquaintance with public men—the men who make politics and political history—and the more intimate the acquaintance the more interest and confidence he may be able to inspire. The political writer strives to meet public men on every possible occasion, strives to keep in touch with them and with the politics they represent.

If a conspicuous political leader in a Western state goes East it will be a part of his routine to see the political writers. With them he goes over the political situation of his region, tells them just what is going on and what is contemplated. Some of the talk is confidential, and the writer keeps the confidence. In turn the writers interest him in what they know of the politics of the East and of other states. In this way—so briefly indicated—the political writer comes to comprehend the politics of the nation. He must read all obtainable political literature and must absorb information from any source at hand.

You cannot learn politics from a textbook; you must absorb the politics of the day by a study of the events of the day, and the utmost mental ability is required to keep abreast with them. Political conclusions made to-day are upset by the events of to-morrow. The issues of one election are forgotten in the burning question of the next. The newspapers and the periodical press are great sources of information, but greater than these is association by newspaper writers with the men who are making politics.

The writer of national politics makes frequent trips to Washington. He goes to the national political conventions and to many of the state conventions. He is called on to write sketches of important candidates and obituary notices of statesmen. His opinions and his information are sought by editorial writers and by public men themselves. The magazines ask him for special articles. The political managers pay him for campaign literature. The greater his experience, the more his services are in demand. Not infrequently he is called into party councils or is intrusted with delicate political missions. Candidates and leaders seek his advice and his influence. Presidents, cabinet officers, governors, senators and mayors tempt him to quit writing to become their secretaries—and these places are usually stepping-stones to public life. Several Presidents of the United States have chosen newspaper writers to be their private secretaries; half the governors of New York State in the last thirty years and nearly every mayor of New York City have taken their secretaries from the ranks of newspaper writers.

Moreover, the political writer is called frequently to the post of Washington correspondent, and here, too, in yet greater degree are these same requirements essential to success. Washington is the headquarters of national politics. Nearly every congressman is a political leader in his home district as well as in his state, and his activities and ambitions are quickened in the national capital. It is the place of all places to study political movement. The correspondent enjoys the personal acquaintance of Presidents, cabinet officers, foreign diplomats, the makers of party policies; and he comes to know what they are doing. Many state secrets are told to him in confidence; to betray that confidence is to make him persona non grata and to destroy the possibility of getting additional information. The supposition that the newspaper writer prints everything he hears is silly. Indeed, public men have come to know that the safest way to keep a political secret is to tell it to the correspondents with the injunction that it is not to be printed.

Chester S. Lord, in the Early Days of His Managing Editorship, 1880

At the Capital

IN ADDITION to gathering political information the Washington correspondent writes of the doings of Congress. This of course involves a study of the great public questions, the burning problems of the day. They furnish a vast volume of information to the young man who is to continue his career as a journalist or who may turn to public or professional life, involving as they do study of engineering projects like the Panama Canal, public improvements like the development of Western irrigation, tariff changes, taxation, national banking systems, the problems of shipping and foreign commerce. The correspondent comes to know about diplomacy, the making of treaties, the relation of capital to labor, railway management, government regulation of traffic, and so on, almost without limit.

The correspondent must know about these things if he is to write intelligently about them. He must be familiar with the business of the departments, must understand the Army and the Navy. He should know the whereabouts of every regiment and every ship of importance. He should know the name and the politics and the post of every American diplomat, should know government financial systems—indeed should know intimately of everything the Government does. These things are recurring constantly in new and unexpected phases, and they must be treated as the essentially important news of the day.

Not less fascinating to the young reporter is his daily contact with men of affairs whom he meets in the course of his news collecting; not less interesting his intimacy with the events of the day that pulsate and inspire,

(Continued on Page 85)

DOUBLE TROUBLE, DELAWARE

"I Bought It Ready Made—for This," She Whispered Confidentially. "First Time I've Ever Had It On"

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

CAREFULLY stowed away in the safe-deposit vaults of the River City Trust Company there lay the jewels once worn by Nella Cordova, the dead and gone tragedienne. They had reposed there ever since her death. Madame Cordova had bequeathed these gems to her daughter, Helen Blaney, her only child, offspring of her first marriage venture. Cornelius Crookes, the New York turfman, madame's second husband, cared much more for the jewels than he did for madame's daughter. True it was that madame, during the course of her brilliant career, had lavished upon Crookes nearly two million dollars of her hard-earned money. The jewels were worth, perhaps, a third of that. With madame's money Connie Crookes had bought the jewels; had showered them upon madame in his careless, offhand way. In his own name he had bought them; he had receipted bills to prove it. Now that madame was no more, Connie Crookes advanced the startling proposition that he was an Indian giver of the first magnitude; that he had merely loaned the jewels to madame to wear upon the stage; that of right they still belonged to him.

When his replevin suit at last came on for trial Connie Crookes brought Blenkinsop over from New York to try it. Blenkinsop was, of course, the Blenkinsop, a man of international reputation, a brilliant lawyer, perhaps the ablest jury man on this side of the Atlantic. Blenkinsop came to River City to win this case for Connie Crookes. If he hadn't believed he could win it he wouldn't have come. The thing looked like a walk-over from the word go. Blenkinsop found himself opposed by a stripling of the local bar named Toler. Toler was callow, open-faced, wide-eyed, innocent; he was any man's meat. So far as the direct examination was concerned, this young lawyer let Connie Crookes' witnesses go their own gait. He interposed not one objection. But when Blenkinsop had finished with these witnesses, then the peculiar genius of this young man, Toler, became at once apparent. Toler's cross-examination of these gentry proceeded without the slightest effort on his part. At Toler's side sat his stenographer, making shorthand notes with marvelous rapidity. As she made them she handed them to Toler. And Toler used them with remarkable effect.

She was an elfin little creature, this stenographer. She might have passed unnoticed in a multitude made up of stenographers, save for her eyes. Just what kind of eyes these were, no one could say. This girl had eyes that couldn't be described. People looked into them, wondered at them; maybe shuddered just a bit.

River County lawyers do not rise when they examine witnesses. Toler sat there at the counsel table, next to this girl, one leg thrown carelessly over the other, the thumb of his left hand hooked into his armpit, the picture of imperturbability and ease. He sat there, and with admirable skill, with marvelous cunning, with relentless persistence, he turned Connie Crookes' people inside out and upside down; twisted them one by one into a shapeless, useless mass; tossed them one by one into the discard.

At the noon recess Blenkinsop dragged his little fighting force into an anteroom and shut the door behind him. Blenkinsop, groggy, wiped his forehead with his kerchief. He turned to his River County associate.

"Who in Hades," he demanded, "is this Toler?"

The local counsel shrugged his shoulders, blinked his eyes. "He's a good guesser—Toler," he conceded.

"Guesser, nothing!" snorted Blenkinsop. "I tell you, that chap Toler knows." He turned to Crookes. "Connie," he went on, "you get this through your head: Without the evidence of Ferguson and Crawley here, you're done. They testify that on the night in question they took a certain paper to madame's Seventy-second Street apartment and saw madame alone. That paper had been handed them by you. It was a paper bearing madame's signature, signed by her some years before. That's what Ferguson and Crawley say. That paper conceded in effect that the title to these gems remained in you. They went there with this paper to demand a certain portion of these jewels. You had to raise some money and you had to raise it quick. They saw madame behind closed doors, showed her the paper, made their demand. For answer madame flew into a rage, seized the paper, declared she had been an imbecile to sign it, tore it into tatters, consigned it to the flames. Connie, that makes out a case for you. That's what Ferguson and Crawley testify for you."

He mopped his brow again. "Now, look," he continued. "This Toler guesses, does he? He does not! He knows. By hook or crook he knows what happened in that room that night; he knows what didn't happen. He knows that Ferguson and Crawley did not bring with them a paper signed by madame. He knows the paper that they brought was a paper signed by you; merely a whining note asking madame for another loan. Toler cast this truth into the teeth of your two witnesses. Connie, I watched Ferguson and Crawley while they testified. Their faces told me that what Toler said was true. Their faces tell me now that it is true."

Silence. Crawley's face was pallid.

"You're right, this Toler knows," finally croaked Crawley. "Somebody's spilled this to him. Somebody's double-crossed me, Connie."

He looked long and earnestly at Ferguson. Ferguson glared back at him.

"Crawl," said Ferguson at length, "don't you look at me like that. I'm thinking the same things of you that you think of me." Ferguson's face was twitching. "Connie," went on Ferguson to Crookes, "I can't go on with this. This Toler has got to me. Just as you say, counselor, he knows there wasn't any paper signed by madame. He knows everything that happened there that night. I'm through. At two o'clock I take the stand and purge myself of perjury."

"Yellow!" snorted Connie Crookes.

"Yellow or not," interposed Crawley, "what Ferg says goes. It goes with me. Friendship is one thing. Going to jail—that's another thing again. I'm with you, Ferg. At two o'clock I take the stand with you."

At two o'clock neither Ferguson nor Crawley took the stand. Acting under Blenkinsop's fatherly advice they went back to New York. At two o'clock Blenkinsop entered the court room with his stately tread, stepped up to the bench and nodded to the court.

"If Your Honor please," said Blenkinsop, batting his eyes, "it was borne in upon my client at this morning's session that the memory of madame means more to him

than does the possession of these jewels. Sir, he is jealous of that memory. The newspaper notoriety which a litigation of this character involves is exceedingly distasteful to him; it would be a shock to madame were she living. These gems, worn by his dead wife, are very precious to my client, it is true. But because of the affectionate regard in which Cornelius Crookes held Nella Cordova he desires me to say for him that even now, on the eve of victory, he feels that he must forego his claim. I move, therefore, at this juncture, that this case be discontinued on the merits, and that our complaint accordingly be forthwith dismissed with costs."

The court glanced sidewise at young Toler.

"Well?" remarked the court.

Toler stood idly at his corner of the counsel table, his lips twitching with amusement. He consulted his watch. He exchanged glances with his stenographer.

"Two hours ago or so," smiled Toler, "I made a positive engagement to take in the horse show this afternoon. The disposition of this case fits in well with my plans."

Blenkinsop left the court room, glassy-eyed, wondering.

"That lad's a wizard," he said to his River City colleague.

"That's Toler," returned the local lawyer. "Somehow he always calls the turn."

As a matter of fact it wasn't Toler who always called the turn. It was somebody else. It was the slender white-faced girl who sat at Toler's side; the girl who always sat at Toler's side. And this replevin suit of Connie Crookes' wasn't the first case these two had tried together. This was but one of a multitude of River County litigations in which these two had snatched victory from almost certain defeat; had plucked boldly from the nettle, failure, the flower, success.

But yesterday this white-faced girl was a stranger within the city's gates. Now she knows River City better than it knows itself. She knows it heart throb by heart throb. This girl and Toler are together all day long. She has it in her, somehow, to keep a man always interested, always at her side. Their days are lengthy too. Every morning, early, before the courts are open, long before the judges and the jurymen awake, Toler and this girl ride horseback through the River City thoroughfares. And sometimes when the mood is strong upon them they pick their way leisurely through Maiden Lane, their horseshoes clicking on the wood-block pavement as they pass. And ever, as they reach the closed doors of Packy De Yoe's cabaret in Maiden Lane, they check their mounts an instant; they halt; they deliver a salute. For Packy De Yoe's cabaret, after all, stood at the beginning of things.

This white-faced girl did more for Toler than any other human being could have done. She got him out of a deep, deep hole. She snatched him from the slavering jaws of ruin. Uncanny history lies back of Toler and this girl—a history that begins in River City on a certain night but a few short years ago.

II

UPON that certain night Larry Toler was among those present in Packy's cabaret in Maiden Lane. It was Trimmer who had dragged him there. Know your city—that was Trimmer's ruling passion. Trimmer knew it; particularly by night. For all his well-developed paunch, high blood pressure and disappearing waistline, Trimmer shook a graceful shank. He flung a light fantastic toe. He was out there on the floor that night, as Larry watched, engaging the attention of every girl who came along. Larry could dance, too, when he chose. This night he didn't choose. He was physically tired; weary of trying to keep up the pace that Trimmer set for him. Left alone for the time being, Larry slumped into a corner of Packy's dimly lighted dance hall and looked on.

There was one more or less sensational feature about Packy De Yoe's place for which Larry Toler was wholly unprepared. He hadn't been there forty minutes when the lights went out. There were gasps of consternation. The darkness was as complete as it seemed sudden and unexpected. There were titters, shrieks of real or assumed feminine distress, guffaws. And struggles too. The music kept on playing. Some of the dancers kept on dancing in the dark. Others didn't. Larry, wondering, leaped to his feet. As he did so, suddenly and very near him a woman raised her voice in frightened protest. A woman's hand was laid upon his arm. Instinctively Larry drew away, but the woman's clutch tightened. Whoever clung to him was terror-stricken, that seemed clear.

Then, as suddenly as they had been extinguished, the lights switched on again. A wave of hysterical laughter swept across the indoor multitude. This thing was as per program; it happened every hour upon the hour at Packy's. Jazz with me at Packy's when the lights go out—that was a River City slogan. Everybody giggled and guffawed, save Larry Toler and the woman who still clung tightly to his arm.

The woman released him as swiftly as she had caught him.

"Somebody touched me in the dark!" she gasped. "I beg your pardon. I was afraid."

Seemingly uncertain what to do, she stood there, looking at him. And Larry looked at her.

"You are still afraid," said Larry.

"To tell the truth, I am," returned the woman.

Her breath came quick and fast. She was a young woman, good-looking. There seemed, however, something matter-of-fact about her that didn't go with fear. Larry instantly sensed what it was. The girl was enveloped in a

"Do Anything to Get Him Down Here. He Can Do So Much for Me—and You—if We Can Only Get Him Here"

long blue raincoat. Under this raincoat Larry caught a glimpse of light-blue seersucker trimmed with white. This girl was not in evening costume. She wore the uniform of a trained nurse.

She was good to look at, too. No contrast could have been stronger than the contrast afforded by this fair-faced, wholly unadorned young person as against the tawdry, made-up, highly colored ladies on the floor. She was like a breath of fresh, sunlit, morning air let suddenly into a fume-reeked opium den. This contrast stamped Larry's consciousness with an impression that proved well-nigh indelible.

"Not your kind of a place," continued Larry, a bit inanely, with a quick reassuring smile.

He wondered vaguely how this girl had got there, and when. He could have sworn she hadn't been there when the lights went out. The young woman shrugged her shoulders. She flashed a look of gratitude and understanding into Larry's eyes.

"Not my kind of a place at all," she assented. "I should not have been brought here. I don't know why I was."

Larry hesitated for a moment. "Is there anything that I can do?" he asked at length.

The woman caught at his offer. "Oh, there is, there is," she responded swiftly. She turned from Larry. Her troubled glance swept the long, low-ceilinged dance hall. "The man that brought me here," the girl went on, "is out there somewhere on the floor. And I must get away from here at once!"

"Can I ——" Larry started in again.

"You can," nodded the girl swiftly; "you can take me out of here, at any rate."

"Come with me," said Larry. "I'll be glad to see you home." Outside he escorted her to Trimmer's car. He carried one of Trimmer's keys. But as he held open the door of the coupé for her to enter the girl drew back.

"I think," she said a little bit curtly, "that I prefer not to go with you in a machine. Besides, I have only a very few blocks to walk."

"Hospital?" queried Larry, falling in beside her as she started off.

"No," she returned; "a private dwelling house downtown."

She led him to the private dwelling house. Larry knew it well. It was, in fact, the only private dwelling house downtown. Here was a River City landmark. It was a brownstone dwelling of the old school, ivy-covered, with wide, high, brownstone stoop. It was set in, well back from the street; pinched, wedged, crowded out by two tall office buildings, one on either side. A dingy, damp, dank dwelling place it was. It was the home of a River City recluse of the name of Jeffreys. He was a bachelor, this Jeffreys, a miser, a sick old man. He had no family. He lived alone.

The girl stopped at the iron gate and drew a bunch of keys from the pocket of her coat. She held out her hand.

"I am Selma Masters," she said to Larry Toler. "I belong here. I am Mr. Jeffreys' nurse."

Larry drew forth a pigskin wallet. He handed her his card. "I've heard of Mr. Jeffreys often," he returned. "I've never seen him though."

The street ablaze with nine-thousand-candle-power incandescent lights, the girl read Larry's card.

"You've never seen Mr. Jeffreys, Mr. Toler!" she exclaimed. "And you a River City man!"

Larry explained. "I settled here four years ago," he said.

"Oh, well," nodded the girl, "it's quite likely then. It's also likely that you'll never see him. He hardly ever leaves this house—once in six months to clip coupons perhaps. You know," she went on, her tones warmly grateful, "you've been wonderfully kind." She peered down at her wrist watch. "My two hours—just up," she said. "You've brought me back on time."

Larry Toler was a youngster at the bar. He occupied a small law office—a poor thing, but his own—on the top floor of the Melrose Building. Trimmer's big, flaring, flashy suite was just across the hall. And when Larry opened up next morning Trimmer charged down upon him like a thousand of brick.

"Young sir," cried Trimmer peevishly, "you handed me last night the unseemly throwdown. When I looked for you you were not there. Purge yourself of this contempt. Explain."

In spite of himself Larry liked this Trimmer. Just why, he never had completely understood. Trimmer was raw; Trimmer was blatant. He was too much of a man's man, too much of a he man, to suit any mere man. But Trimmer had the good heart. And Larry had forced himself to the lame and impotent conclusion that he liked Trimmer merely because Trimmer liked him. He let it go at that.

Larry flushed. He fumbled on the floor to gather up his mail.

"There was a woman in the case," returned Larry with unwonted reluctance. He became immediately conscious that this was just the thing he didn't want to say. Trimmer, on his part, held a pudgy hand in benediction over Larry Toler's head. "Not another word, my boy!" ejaculated Trimmer with deep feeling.

"There's got to be another word," protested Larry feebly. "This girl was—different from the rest."

Trimmer was profoundly stirred. "Are there different ones?" he guffawed. "I want to know."

Larry told him what there was to tell. Trimmer listened; he regarded Larry with wide-eyed astonishment.

"No!" cried Trimmer. "Not Alexander Jeffreys' nurse! That girl. She is a—peach. I met her once."

"Not at Packy's," returned Larry.

Trimmer shook his head. "I met her just where she belongs—at the Jeffreys homestead. I tried to be polite to her—just once. Once and only once. She has the frigid personality, that lady. Never again, my son. Look here," went on Trimmer, staring at Larry; "you know this Alexander Jeffreys, don't you?"

Larry told Trimmer what he had told Miss Selma Masters—he had never seen the man.

"I've seen him," said Trimmer. "The man employed me in a confidential matter a year or so ago. He retained me as a lawyer; this was work for a detective. I turned the trick. I charged him fifteen thousand dollars for the service. He paid my bill. That ended it. I haven't seen him since. About this girl," said Trimmer, with a grin—"don't try to be polite to her. You take a friend's advice."

It was advice that Larry knew he couldn't follow. He saw the girl again, and yet again, and after that, again. She took two hours off at night, and on occasion sometimes more than that. One night Larry borrowed Trimmer's swift little coupé and drove the girl into the countryside and took her to a good place to eat. And when he helped her off with her long coat Larry drew a sharp breath. She wore an evening gown. It was fashioned in the mode.

"I bought it ready made—for this," she whispered confidentially. "First time I've ever had it on."

Larry swept rapidly to the seventh heaven of delight. This girl liked him. She showed it—she would have worn her heart upon her sleeve if she had had the sleeve. Larry felt somehow that she was the only girl on the face of the earth who ever had liked him. She liked him in spite of the fact that he was awkward, shy, sensitive; in spite of the fact that he lacked poise and equilibrium; in spite of the fact that he was nothing but a poor young man. So Larry told himself. Over the shaded candles this girl flashed him a warm, bewildering glance.

"Oh," she cried eagerly, "if there were only something very, very nice that I could do for you!"

III

EVENTUALLY it so happened that she could do something nice for him. She did it. It was something very, very nice. It was perhaps three months after Larry had first met her that the climax came—a thrilling one to Larry. It must have been a thrilling one to her.

On a certain balmy afternoon late in the spring four people made their way into Larry Toler's poverty-stricken law office. One of the four was Selma Masters, clad in her faded raincoat, her uniform peeping from beneath it. Two others were men clad in semilivery. They were servants. The last of the four was a feeble, sick old man. The men in livery assisted the old man into Larry's office. They let him gently down into a chair. Selma Masters made him comfortable.

"Ho, hum," said the old man; "I'm going to die."

"I sincerely trust not, sir," said Larry Toler, flustered.

"This is Mr. Alexander Jeffreys, Lawyer Toler," said the girl.

"Ho, hum," said Mr. Alexander Jeffreys in a struggle to regain his breath.

Larry looked him over on the sly. The man was ill, ill nourished, thin. His face bore the pallor of a man who had been kept indoors for years.

"I am Alexander Jeffreys," nodded the old man at length, "and I am going to die, and I have come to you upon a confidential mission."

"I could have called on you," said Larry.

"And charged me extra for it," grunted Alexander Jeffreys. "Thanks, no. I am well fed up on lawyers' fees. I am here to make my will. I take it, sir, that you can draw a simple will?"

"No trouble to show goods," said Larry.

"This is a very simple will," nodded Alexander Jeffreys. "I desire to dispose of my estate in favor of my nurse, Miss Selma Masters here."

"Mr. Jeffreys, I cannot take it, sir!" exclaimed the girl. "I cannot! I have told you so."

The invalid held up his hand for silence. "Counselor," he queried, "I am of testamentary capacity, I know well what I am about—are there any questions you desire to ask?"

Larry inquired as to the bulk and nature of the old man's holdings—a query laid down in the books as constituting one of the tests of ability to make a will. The old man had a list of assets with him. He had dictated it to his nurse. He was many times a millionaire.

"Now," queried Larry, "your relatives—the natural objects of your bounty. Who are they?"

"Listen," said Alexander Jeffreys. "Do you know a lawyer of the name of Trimmer in this town?"

"Trimmer is a friend of mine," said Larry; "his law office is just across the hall."

The old man became very much flustered. "What if he had seen me?" cried the old man. "What would he think? My going to another lawyer after I had employed him once. Somebody—quick! Please lock that door."

It was Friday afternoon. Trimmer had left two hours before for a week-end visit out of town. Larry told the old man so. "Nevertheless," persisted Alexander Jeffreys, "he might come back. He might come here. Somebody lock the door."

Larry locked it and came back to his desk. "We were talking of your relatives," he reminded his aged visitor. This is a second test laid down in the books.

"Ah," nodded Alexander Jeffreys. "Sometime ago I retained this lawyer Trimmer for a purpose. Miss Selma Masters here—she knows about it. He instituted an investigation for me, to confirm what I believed to be a fact. And he confirmed it. I am the last of my line. I have no relatives. It has been my well-understood intention never to leave a will behind me. I am a pacifist. Under the circumstances, if I leave no will what becomes of all my holdings?"

"They escheat to the state," said Larry.

"So there you are," nodded the old man. "And what's the use of that? If I leave a will there will be no relatives to fight it. If I leave a will the state will never know, and will care less, what it has missed. I have thought the whole thing out. There is no good reason why I should not, and every good reason why I should, show my gratitude to this young woman who has been a daughter to me for these past few years."

"You want to give her everything that you've got?" demanded Larry.

"Everything," said the old man. He glanced at the two men in livery. "I, myself," he said, "will reward my servants before I pass away."

Larry made some notes on a yellow pad. "And," added Larry, "you make Miss Masters sole executor?"

Alexander Jeffreys shook his head. "I shall make you my sole executor," he said to Larry.

Larry was troubled. "Me?" he faltered. "You do not know me, sir."

"She knows you," returned Alexander Jeffreys. "We have talked it over, she and I. She is not a business woman. She would make a mess of things, I fear. You are a lawyer; you will not. I have left the choice to her. Miss Masters picks on you to administer an estate which is mine to-day, but will be hers to-morrow."

Larry was profoundly stirred. His face burned; he was helplessly confused. He was overcome, not so much at the old man's words as at the realization that this winsome young woman, of her own motion, was binding her life irrevocably with his. He drew himself together.

"I'll make a draft of this will," finally said Larry, "and I'll mail it to you. If it stands approved we can have it executed at your house."

"Come, come, sir!" said Alexander Jeffreys protestingly. "This is a very simple matter, is it not? Who knows when I may die?"

"You want this will executed here and now?" stammered Larry. He was embarrassed, and with reason.

"That's what I'm here for," curtly responded the old man.

"I'll send for a stenographer," said Larry. He had none of his own.

"Tut, tut!" testily returned his new client. "I see a typewriting machine standing there against the wall. I take it you can operate it, sir."

Larry could, and did. At the end of half an hour Alexander Jeffreys had subscribed, sealed, published and declared his will in the presence of his two liveried servants, who, at his request, had signed the same as witnesses. Alexander Jeffreys took the will with him when he went. Apparently the episode was at an end.

Some six weeks later Alexander Jeffreys died. His funeral was wholly private; even Larry Toler was not invited to attend. Ten days elapsed. On the eleventh day after his demise Selma Masters, now clad in becoming habiliments of mourning, and the two witnesses, now divested of their liveries, called at Larry Toler's office by appointment. The four attended at the probate office and duly proved the will.

The news agencies obtained the news that afternoon. They scattered it broadcast. The sensation was chiefly for the Sunday supplements, which reproduced alluring photographs of Selma Masters, and hinted, with the delicacy which is the attribute of every sob sister, at some suspected romantic relation existing between patient and nurse.

(Continued on Page 62)

"Ho, Hum," Said the Old Man; "I'm Going to Die." "I Sincerely Trust Not, Sir," Said Larry Toler, Flustered

SOME LIKE THEM COLD

By Ring W. Lardner

N. Y., Aug. 3.

DEAR MISS GILLESPIE: How about our bet now as you bet me I would forget all about you the minute I hit the big town and would never write you a letter. Well girlie it looks like you lose so pay me. Seriously we will call all bets off as I am not the kind that bet on a sure thing and it sure was a sure thing that I would not forget a girlie like you and all that is worrying me is whether it may not be the other way round and you are wondering who this fresh guy is that is writeing you this letter. I bet you are so will try and refreshen your memory.

Well girlie I am the handsome young man that was wondering round the Lasalle st. station Monday and "happened" to sit down beside of a mighty pretty girlie who was waiting to meet her sister from Toledo and the train was late and I am glad of it because if it had not of been that little girlie and I would never of met. So for once I was a lucky guy but still I guess it was time I had some luck as it was certainly tough luck for you and I to both be liveing in Chi all that time and never get together till a half hour before I was leaveing town for good.

Still "better late than never" you know and maybe we can make up for lost time though it looks like we would have to do our makeing up at long distants unless you make good on your threat and come to N. Y. I wish you would do that little thing girlie as it looks like that was the only way we would get a chance to play round together as it looks like they was little or no chance of me comeing back to Chi as my whole future is in the big town. N. Y. is the only spot and specially for a man that expects to make my liveing in the song writeing game as here is the Mecca for that line of work and no matter how good a man may be they don't get no recognition unless they live in N.Y.

Well girlie you asked me to tell you all about my trip. Well I remember you saying that you would give anything to be makeing it yourself but as far as the trip itself was conserned you ought to be thankfull you did not have to make it as you would of sweat your head off. I know I did specially wile going through Ind. Monday P.M. but Monday night was the worst of all trying to sleep and finely I give it up and just layed there with the prespiration rolling off of me though I was laying on top of the covers and nothing on but my underwear.

Yesterday was not so bad as it rained most of the A.M. comeing through N.Y. state and in the P.M. we road along side of the Hudson all P.M. Some river girlie and just looking at it makes a man forget all about the heat and everything else except a certain girlie who I seen for the first time Monday and then only for a half hour but she is the kind of a girlie that a man don't need to see her only once and they would be no danger of forgetting her. There I guess I better lay off that subject or you will think I am a "fresh guy."

Well that is about all to tell you about the trip only they was one amuseing incidence that come off yesterday which I will tell you. Well they was a dame got on the train at Toledo Monday and had the birth opp. mine but I did not see nothing of her that night as I was out smokeing till late and she hit the hay early but yesterday A.M. she come in the dinner and sit at the same table with me and tried to make me and it was so raw that the dinge waiter seen it and give me the wink and of course I paid no tension and I waited till she got through so as they would be no danger of her folling me out but she stopped on the way out to get a tooth pick and when I come out she was out on the platform with it so I tried to brush right by but she spoke up and asked me what time it was and I told her and she said she geussed her watch was slow so I said maybe it just seemed slow on acct. of the company it was in.

I don't know if she got what I was driveing at or not but any way she give up trying to make me and got off at Albany. She was a good looker but I have no time for gals that tries to make strangers on a train.

Well if I don't quit you will think I am writeing a book but will expect a long letter in answer to this letter and we will see if you can keep your promise like I have kept mine. Don't dissapoint me girlie as I am all alone in a large city and hearing from you will keep me from getting home sick for old Chi though I never thought so much of the old town till I found out you lived there. Don't think that is kidding girlie as I mean it.

You can address me at this hotel as it looks like I will be here right along as it is on 47th. st. right off of old Broadway and handy to everything and am only paying $21 per wk. for my rm. and could of got one for $16 but without bath but am glad to pay the differents as am lost without my bath in the A.M. and sometimes at night too.

You Asked Me to Tell You About the Girlie Up on the Drive That Asked Me to Come and See Her Again

Tomorrow I expect to commence fighting the "battle of Broadway" and will let you know how I come out that is if you answer this letter. In the mean wile girlie au reservoir and don't do nothing I would not do.

Your new friend (?)

CHAS. F. LEWIS.

CHICAGO, ILL., AUG. 6.

MY DEAR MR. LEWIS: Well, that certainly was a "surprise party" getting your letter and you are certainly a "wonder man" to keep your word as I am afraid most men of your sex are gay deceivers but maybe you are "different." Any way it sure was a surprise and will gladly pay the bet if you will just tell me what it was we bet. Hope it was not money as I am a "working girl" but if it was not more than a dollar or two will try to dig it up even if I have to "beg, borrow or steal."

Suppose you will think me a "case" to make a bet and then forget what it was, but you must remember, Mr. Man, that I had just met you and was "dazzled." Joking aside I was rather "fussed" and will tell you why. Well, Mr. Lewis, I suppose you see lots of girls like the one you told me about that you saw on the train who tried to "get acquainted" but I want to assure you that I am not one of those kind and sincerely hope you will believe me when I tell you that you was the first man I ever spoke to meeting them like that and my friends and the people who know me would simply faint if they knew I ever spoke to a man without a "proper introduction."

Believe me, Mr. Lewis, I am not that kind and I don't know now why I did it only that you was so "different" looking if you know what I mean and not at all like the kind of men that usually try to force their attentions on every pretty girl they see. Lots of times I act on impulse and let my feelings run away from me and sometimes I do things on the impulse of the moment which I regret them later on, and that is what I did this time, but hope you won't give me cause to regret it and I know you won't as I know you are not that kind of a man a specially after what you told me about the girl on the train. But any way as I say, I was in a "daze" so can't remember what it was we bet, but will try and pay it if it does not "break" me.

Sis's train got in about ten minutes after yours had gone and when she saw me what do you think was the first thing she said? Well, Mr. Lewis, she said: "Why Mibs (That is a pet name some of my friends have given me) what has happened to you? I never seen you have as much color." So I passed it off with some remark about the heat and changed the subject as I certainly was not going to tell her that I had just been talking to a man who I had never met or she would of dropped dead from the shock. Either that or she would not of believed me as it would be hard for a person who knows me well to imagine me doing a thing like that as I have quite a reputation for "squelching" men who try to act fresh. I don't mean anything personal by that, Mr. Lewis, as am a good judge of character and could tell without you telling me that you are not that kind.

Well, Sis and I have been on the "go" ever since she arrived as I took yesterday and today off so I could show her the "sights" though she says she would be perfectly satisfied to just sit in the apartment and listen to me "rattle on." Am afraid I am a great talker, Mr. Lewis, but Sis says it is as good as a show to hear me talk as I tell things in such a different way as I cannot help from seeing the humorous side of everything and she says she never gets tired of listening to me, but of course she is my sister and thinks the world of me, but she really does laugh like she enjoyed my craziness.

Maybe I told you that I have a tiny little apartment which a girl friend of mine and I have together and it is hardly big enough to turn round in, but still it is "home" and I am a great home girl and hardly ever care to go out evenings except occasionally to the theater or dance. But even if our "nest" is small we are proud of it and Sis complimented us on how cozy it is and how "homey" it looks and she said she did not see how we could afford to have everything so nice and Edith (my girl friend) said: "Mibs deserves all the credit for that. I never knew a girl who could make a little money go a long ways like she can." Well, of course she is my best friend and always saying nice things about me, but I do try and I hope I get results. Have always said that good taste and being careful is a whole lot more important than lots of money though it is nice to have it.

You must write and tell me how you are getting along in the "battle of Broadway" (I laughed when I read that) and whether the publishers like your songs though I know they will. Am crazy to hear them and hear you play the piano as I love good jazz music even better than classical, though I suppose it is terrible to say such a thing. But I usually say just what I think though sometimes I wish afterwards I had not of. But still I believe it is better for a girl to be her own self and natural instead of always acting. But am afraid I will never have a chance to hear you play unless you come back to Chi and pay us a visit as my "threat" to come to New York was just a "threat" and I don't see any hope of ever getting there unless some rich New Yorker should fall in love with me and take me there to live. Fine chance for poor little me, eh Mr. Lewis?

Well, I guess I have "rattled on" long enough and you will think I am writing a book unless I quit and besides, Sis has asked me as a special favor to make her a pie for dinner. Maybe you don't know it, Mr. Man, but I am quite famous for my pie and pastry, but I don't suppose a "genius" is interested in common things like that.

Well, be sure and write soon and tell me what N.Y. is like and all about it and don't forget the little girlie who was "bad" and spoke to a strange man in the station and have been blushing over it ever since.

Your friend (?)

MABELLE GILLESPIE.

N. Y., AUG. 10.

DEAR GIRLIE: I bet you will think I am a fresh guy commenceing that way but Miss Gillespie is too cold and a man can not do nothing cold in this kind of weather specially in this man's town which is the hottest place I ever been in and I guess maybe the reason why New Yorkers is so bad is because they think they are all ready in H—— and can not go no worse place no matter how they behave themselves. Honest girlie I certainly envy you being where there is a breeze off the old Lake and Chi may be dirty but I never heard of nobody dying because they was dirty but four people died here yesterday on acct. of the heat and I seen two different women flop right on Broadway and had to be taken away in the ambulance and it could not of been because they was dressed too warm because it would be impossible for the women here to leave off any more cloths.

Well have not had much luck yet in the battle of Broadway as all the heads of the big music publishers is

out of town on their vacation and the big boys is the only ones I will do business with as it would be silly for a man with the stuff I have got to waste my time on somebody that is just on the staff and have not got the final say. But I did play a couple of my numbers for the people up to Levy's and Goebel's and they went crazy over them in both places. So it looks like all I have to do is wait for the big boys to get back and then play my numbers for them and I will be all set. What I want is to get taken on the staff of one of the big firms as that gives a man the inside and they will plug your numbers more if you are on the staff. In the mean wile have not got nothing to worry me but am just seeing the sights of the big town as have saved up enough money to play round for a wile and any way a man that can play piano like I can don't never have to worry about starveing. Can certainly make the old music box talk girlie and am always good for a $75 or $100 job.

Well have been here a week now and on the go every minute and I thought I would be lonesome down here but no chance of that as I have been treated fine by the people I have met and have sure met a bunch of them. One of the boys liveing in the hotel is a vaudeville actor and he is a member of the Friars club and took me over there to dinner the other night and some way another the bunch got wise that I could play piano so of course I had to sit down and give them some of my numbers and everybody went crazy over them. One of the boys I met there was Paul Sears the song writer but he just writes the lyrics and has wrote a bunch of hits and when he heard some of my melodies he called me over to one side and said he would like to work with me on some numbers. How is that girlie as he is one of the biggest hit writers in N.Y.

N.Y. has got some mighty pretty girlies and I guess it would not be hard to get acquainted with them and in fact several of them has tried to make me since I been here but I always figure that a girl must be something wrong with her if she tries to make a man that she don't know nothing about so I pass them all up. But I did meet a couple of pips that a man here in the hotel went up on Riverside Drive to see them and insisted on me going along and they got on some way that I could make a piano talk so they was nothing but I must play for them so I sit down and played some of my own stuff and they went crazy over it.

One of the girls wanted I should come up and see her again and I said I might but I think I better keep away as she acted like she wanted to vamp me and I am not the kind that likes to play round with a gal just for their company and dance with them etc. but when I see the right gal that will be a different thing and she won't have to beg me to come and see her as I will camp right on her trail till she says yes. And it won't be none of these N.Y. fly by nights neither. They are all right to look at but a man would be a sucker to get serious with them as they might take you up and next thing you know you would have a wife on your hands that don't know a dish rag from a waffle iron.

Well girlie will quit and call it a day as it is too hot to write any more and guess I will turn on the cold water and lay in the tub a wile and then turn in. Don't forget to write to Your friend,

CHAS. F. LEWIS.

DEAR MR. MAN: Hope you won't think me a "silly Billy" for starting my letter that way but "Mr. Lewis" is so formal and "Charles" is too much the other way and any way I would not dare call a man by their first name after only knowing them only two weeks. Though I may as well confess that Charles is my favorite name for a man and have always been crazy about it as it was my father's name. Poor old dad, he died of cancer three years ago, but left enough insurance so that mother and we girls were well provided for and do not have to do anything to support ourselves though I have been earning my own living for two years to make things easier for mother and also because I simply can't bear to be doing nothing as I feel like a "drone." So I flew away from the "home nest" though mother felt bad about it as I was her favorite and she always said I was such a comfort to her as when I was in the house she never had to worry about how things would go.

But there I go gossiping about my domestic affairs just like you would be interested in them though I don't see how you could be though personly I always like to know all about my friends, but I know men are different so will try and not bore you any longer. Poor Man, I certainly feel sorry for you if New York is as hot as all that. I guess it has been very hot in Chi, too, at least everybody has been complaining about how terrible it is. Suppose you will wonder why I say "I guess" and you will think I ought to know if it is hot. Well, sir, the reason I say "I guess" is because I don't feel the heat like others do or at least I don't let myself feel it. That sounds crazy I know, but don't you think there is a good deal in mental suggestion and not letting yourself feel things? I believe that if a person simply won't allow themselves to be affected by disagreeable things, why such things won't bother them near as much. I know it works with me and that is the reason why I am never cross when things go wrong and "keep smiling" no matter what happens and as far as the heat is concerned, why I just don't let myself feel it and my friends say I don't even look hot no matter if the weather is boiling and Edith, my girl friend, often says that I am like a breeze and it cools her off just to have me come in the room. Poor Edie suffers terribly during the hot weather and says it almost makes her mad at me to see how cool and unruffled I look when everybody else is perspiring and have red faces etc.

I laughed when I read what you said about New York being so hot that people thought it was the "other place." I can appreciate a joke, Mr. Man, and that one did not go "over my head." Am still laughing at some of the things you said in the station though they probably struck me funnier than they would most girls as I always see the funny side and sometimes something is said and I laugh and the others wonder what I am laughing at as they cannot see anything in it themselves, but it is just the way I look at things so of course I cannot explain to them why I laughed and they think I am crazy. But I had rather part with almost anything rather than my sense of humour as it helps me over a great many rough spots.

Sis has gone back home though I would of liked to of kept her here much longer, but she had to go though she said she would of liked nothing better than to stay with me and just listen to me "rattle on." She always says it is just like a show to hear me talk as I always put things in such a funny way and for weeks after she has been visiting me she thinks of some of the things I said and laughs over them. Since she left Edith and I have been pretty quiet though poor Edie wants to be on the "go" all the time and tries to make me go out with her every evening to the pictures and scolds me when I say I had rather stay home and read and calls me a "book worm." Well, it is true that I had rather stay home with a good book than go to some crazy old picture and the last two nights I have been reading myself to sleep with Robert W. Service's poems. Don't you love Service or don't you care for "highbrow" writings?

Personly there is nothing I love more than to just sit and read a good book or sit and listen to somebody play the piano, I mean if they can really play and I really believe I like popular music better than the classical though I suppose that is a terrible thing to confess, but I love all kinds of music but a specially the piano when it is played by somebody who can really play.

Am glad you have not "fallen" for the "ladies" who have tried to make your acquaintance in New York. You are right in thinking there must be something wrong with girls who try to "pick up" strange men as no girl with self respect would do such a thing and when I say that, Mr. Man, I know you will think it is a funny thing for me to say on account of the way our friendship started, but I mean it and I assure you that was the first time I ever done such a thing in my life and would never of thought of doing it had I not known you were the right kind of a man as I flatter myself that I am a good judge of character and can tell pretty well what a person is like by just looking at them and I assure you I had made up my mind what kind of a man you were before I allowed myself to answer your opening remark. Otherwise I am the last girl in the world that would allow myself to speak to a person without being introduced to them.

When you write again you must tell me all about the girl on Riverside Drive and what she looks like and if you went to see her again and all about her. Suppose you will think I am a little old "curiosity shop" for asking all those questions and will wonder why I want to know. Well, sir, I won't tell you why, so there, but I insist on you answering all questions and will scold you if you don't. Maybe you will think that the reason why I am so curious is because I am "jealous" of the lady in question. Well, sir, I won't tell you whether I am or not, but will keep you "guessing." Now, don't you wish you knew?

Must close or you will think I am going to "rattle on" forever or maybe you have all ready become disgusted and torn my letter up. If so all I can say is poor little me—she was a nice little girl and meant well, but the man did not appreciate her.

There! Will stop or you will think I am crazy if you do not all ready. Yours (?)

MABELLE.

N.Y., AUG. 20.

DEAR GIRLIE: Well girlie I suppose you thought I was never going to answer your letter but have been busier than a one armed paper hanger the last week as have been working on a number with Paul Sears who is one of the best lyric writers in N.Y. and has turned out as many hits as Berlin or Davis or any of them. And believe me girlie he has turned out another hit this time that is he and I have done it together. It is all done now and we are just waiting for the best chance to place it but will not place it nowheres unless we get the right kind of a deal but maybe will publish it ourselves.

The song is bound to go over big as Sears has wrote a great lyric and I have give it a great tune or at least every body that has heard it goes crazy over it and it looks like it would go over bigger than any song since Mammy and would not be surprised to see it come out the hit of the year. If it is handled right we will make a bbl. of money and Sears says it is a cinch we will clean up as much as $25000 apiece which is pretty fair for one song but this one is not like the most of them but has got a great lyric and I have wrote a melody that will knock them out of their seats. I only wish you could hear it girlie and hear it the way I play it. I had to play it over and over about 50 times at the Friars last night.

I will copy down the lyric of the chorus so you can see what it is like and get the idea of the song though of course you can't tell much about it unless you hear it played and sang. The title of the song is When They're Like You and here is the chorus.

Some like them hot, some like them cold.
Some like them when they're not too darn old.
Some like them fat, some like them lean.
Some like them only at sweet sixteen.
Some like them dark, some like them light.
Some like them in the park, late at night.
Some like them fickle, some like them true,
But the time I like them is when they're like you.

How is that for a lyric and I only wish I could play my melody for you as you would go nuts over it but will send you a copy as soon as the song is published and you can get some of your friends to play it over for you and I know you will like it though it is a different melody when I play it or when somebody else plays it.

Well girlie you will see how busy I have been and am libel to keep right on being busy as we are not going to let the grass grow under our feet but as soon as we have got this number placed we will get busy on another one as a couple like that will put me on Easy st. even if they don't go as big as we expect but even 25 grand is a big bunch of money and if a man could only turn out one hit a year and make that much out of it I would be on Easy st. and no more hammering on the old music box in some cabaret.

Who ever we take the song to we will make them come across with one grand for advance royaltys and that will keep me going till I can turn out another one. So the future looks bright and rosey to yours truly and I am certainly glad I come to the big town though sorry I did not do it a whole lot quicker.

This is a great old town girlie and when you have lived here a wile you wonder how you ever stood for a burg like Chi which is just a hick town along side of this besides being dirty etc. and a man is a sucker to stay there all their life specially a man in my line of work as N.Y. is the Mecca for a man that has got the musical gift. I figure that all the time I spent in Chi I was just wasteing my time and never really started to live till I come down here and I have to laugh when I think of the boys out there that is trying to make a liveing in the song writeing game and most of them starve to death all their life and the first week I am down here I meet a man like Sears and the next thing you know we have turned out a song that will make us a fortune.

Well girlie you asked me to tell you about the girlie up on the Drive that tried to make me and asked me to come and see her again. Well I can assure you you have no reasons to be jealous in that quarter as I have not been back to see her as I figure it is wasteing my time to play round with a dame like she that wants to go out somewheres every night and if you married her she would want a house on 5th. ave. with a dozen servants so I have passed her up as that is not my idea of home.

What I want when I get married is a real home where a man can stay home and work and maybe have a few of his friends in once in a wile and entertain them or go to a good musical show once in a wile and have a wife that is in sympathy with you and not nag at you all the wile but be a real help mate. The girlie up on the Drive would run me ragged and have me in the poor house inside of a year even if I was makeing 25 grand out of one song. Besides she wears a make up that you would have to blast to find out what her face looks like. So I have not been back there and don't intend to see her again so what is the use of me telling you about her. And the only other girlie I have met is a sister of Paul Sears who I met up to his house wile we was working on the song but she don't hardly count as she has not got no use for the boys but treats them like dirt and Paul says she is the coldest proposition he ever seen.

Well I don't know no more to write and besides have got a date to go out to Paul's place for dinner and play some of my stuff for him so as he can see if he wants to set words to some more of my melodies. Well don't do nothing I would not do and have as good a time as you can in old Chi and will let you know how we come along with the song.

CHAS. F. LEWIS.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 23.

DEAR MR. MAN: I am thrilled to death over the song and think the words awfully pretty and am crazy to hear the music which I know must be great. It must be wonderful to have the gift of writing songs and then hear people

play and sing them and just think of making $25,000 in such a short time. My, how rich you will be and I certainly congratulate you though am afraid when you are rich and famous you will have no time for insignificant little me or will you be an exception and remember your "old" friends even when you are up in the world? I sincerely hope so.

Will look forward to receiving a copy of the song and will you be sure and put your name on it? I am all ready very conceited just to think that I know a man that writes songs and makes all that money.

Seriously I wish you success with your next song and I laughed when I read your remark about being busier than a one armed paper hanger. I don't see how you think up all those comparisons and crazy things to say. The next time one of the girls asks me to go out with them I am going to tell them I can't go because I am busier than a one armed paper hanger and then they will think I made it up and say: "The girl is clever."

Seriously I am glad you did not go back to see the girl on the Drive and am also glad you don't like girls who makes themselves up so much as I think it is disgusting and would rather go round looking like a ghost than put artificial color on my face. Fortunately I have a complexion that does not need "fixing" but even if my coloring was not what it is I would never think of lowering myself to "fix" it. But I must tell you a joke that happened just the other day when Edith and I were out at lunch and there was another girl in the restaurant whom Edie knew and she introduced her to me and I noticed how this girl kept staring at me and finally she begged my pardon and asked if she could ask me a personal question and I said yes and she asked me if my complexion was really "mine." I assured her it was and she said: "Well, I thought so because I did not think anybody could put it on so artistically. I certainly envy you." Edie and I both laughed.

Well, if that girl envies me my complexion, why I envy you living in New York. Chicago is rather dirty though I don't let that part of it bother me as I bathe and change my clothing so often that the dirt does not have time to "settle." Edie often says she cannot see how I always keep so clean looking and says I always look like I had just stepped out of a band box. She also calls me a fish (jokingly) because I spend so much time in the water. But seriously I do love to bathe and never feel so happy as when I have just "cleaned up" and put on fresh clothing.

Edie has just gone out to see a picture and was cross at me because I would not go with her. I told her I was going to write a letter and she wanted to know to whom and I told her and she said: "You write to him so often that a person would almost think you was in love with him." I just laughed and turned it off, but she does say the most embarrassing things and I would be angry if it was anybody but she that said them.

Seriously I had much rather sit here and write letters or read or just sit and dream than go out to some crazy old picture show except once in awhile I do like to go to the theater and see a good play and a specially a musical play if the music is catchy. But as a rule I am contented to just stay home and feel cozy and lots of evenings Edie and I sit here without saying hardly a word to each other though she would love to talk but she knows I had rather be quiet and she often says it is just like living with a deaf and dumb mute to live with me because I make so little noise round the apartment. I guess I was born to be a home body as I so seldom care to go "gadding."

Though I do love to have company once in awhile, just a few congenial friends whom I can talk to and feel at home with and play cards or have some music. My friends love to drop in here, too, as they say Edie and I always give them such nice things to eat. Though poor Edie has not much to do with it, I am afraid, as she hates anything connected with cooking which is one of the things I love best of anything and I often say that when I begin keeping house in my own home I will insist on doing most of my own work as I would take so much more interest in it than a servant, though I would want somebody to help me a little if I could afford it as I often think a woman that does all her own work is liable to get so tired that she loses interest in the bigger things of life like books and music. Though after all what bigger thing is there than home making a specially for a woman?

I am sitting in the dearest old chair that I bought yesterday at a little store on the North Side. That is my one extravagance, buying furniture and things for the house, but I always say it is economy in the long run as I will always have them and have use for them and when I can pick them up at a bargain I would be silly not to. Though heaven knows I will never be "poor" in regards to furniture and rugs and things like that as mother's house in Toledo is full of lovely things which she says she is going to give to Sis and myself as soon as we have real homes of our own. She is going to give me the first choice as I am her favorite. She has the loveliest old things that you could not buy now for love or money including lovely old rugs and a piano which Sis wanted to have a player attachment put on it but I said it would be an insult to the piano so we did not get one. I am funny about things like that, a specially old furniture and feel towards them like people whom I love.

Poor mother, I am afraid she won't live much longer to enjoy her lovely old things as she has been suffering for years from stomach trouble and the doctor says it has been worse lately instead of better and her heart is weak besides. I am going home to see her a few days this fall as it may be the last time. She is very cheerful and always says she is ready to go now as she has had enough joy out of life and all she would like would be to see her girls settled down in their own homes before she goes.

There I go, talking about my domestic affairs again and I will bet you are bored to death though personly I am never bored when my friends tell me about themselves. But I won't "rattle on" any longer, but will say good night and don't forget to write and tell me how you come out with the song and thanks for sending me the words to it. Will you write a song about me some time? I would be thrilled to death! But am afraid I am not the kind of girl that inspires men to write songs about them, but am just a quiet "mouse" that loves home and am not giddy enough to be the heroine of a song.

Well, Mr. Man, good night and don't wait so long before writing again to Yours (?)

MABELLE.

She Has Not Got No Use for the Boys But Treat Them Like Dirt

N. Y., Sept.8.

DEAR GIRLIE: Well girlie have not got your last letter with me so cannot answer what was in it as I have forgotten if there was anything I was supposed to answer and besides have only a little time to write as I have a date to go out on a party with the Sears. We are going to the Georgie White show and afterwards somewheres for supper. Sears is the boy who wrote the lyric to my song and it is him and his sister I am going on the party with. The sister is a cold fish that has no use for men but she is show crazy and insists on Paul takeing her to 3 or 4 of them a week.

Paul wants me to give up my room here and come and live with them as they have plenty of room and I am running a little low on money but don't know if I will do it or not as am afraid I would freeze to death in the same house with a girl like the sister as she is ice cold but she don't hang round the house much as she is always takeing trips or going to shows or somewheres.

So far we have not had no luck with the song. All the publishers we have showed it to has went crazy over it but they won't make the right kind of a deal with us and if they don't loosen up and give us a decent royalty rate we are libel to put the song out ourselves and show them up. The man up to Goebel's told us the song was O. K. and he liked it but it was more of a production number than anything else and ought to go in a show like the Follies but they won't be in N. Y. much longer and what we ought to do is hold it till next spring.

Mean wile I am working on some new numbers and also have taken a position with the orchestra at the Wilton and am going to work there starting next week. They pay good money $60 and it will keep me going.

Well girlie that is about all the news. I believe you said your father was sick and hope he is better and also hope you are getting along O. K. and take care of yourself. When you have nothing else to do write to your friend,

CHAS. F. LEWIS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 11.

DEAR MR. LEWIS: Your short note reached me yesterday and must say I was puzzled when I read it. It sounded like

(Continued on Page 82)

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1, 1921

Money to Burn

MUNICIPAL and government ownership forms one of those spacious and comprehensive subjects which delight the heart of a publisher of college-debating outlines. But while the theoretical arguments extend in each direction out toward infinity, the ordinary citizen will find in his own supine indifference toward governmental finance the surest forecast of the probable outcome of such policies. Somehow government has become so complicated that people cease to realize that it is their own money which is being spent. Most citizens, even those who pay taxes, watch the struggle for lower expenditures and for tax and budget reform like spectators at a play.

How municipalities or other governments can operate industries which are now privately owned and managed with any degree of economy or efficiency unless citizens become far more vigilant than at present it is impossible to see. It is said that small shareholders in large corporations are indifferent and careless, and this accusation is probably true as long as all goes well. But the bitterness of even the smallest stockholder when dividends cease to arrive as usual is proverbial. Helpless and apathetic as are the small stockholders, they form protective committees in a remarkably short space of time when things go wrong; and when a corporation falls upon really evil days the display of self-interest among the various security holders and the conflict and ill feelings engendered by their efforts to preserve their property often exhaust every resource of the most brilliant legal minds.

But when we come to government the average man's behavior is utterly different. He glances at newspaper headlines which tell of revolving funds in the Treasury, of the War Finance Corporation, of half a billion which the Government owes the railroads or the railroads owe the Government—he does not know which—of a legislative investigation into the finances of the largest city in the country, of charges against the former treasurer of the second largest state, and so on indefinitely. He is slightly and mildly amused or irritated, that is all.

But just why is the citizen so unconcerned with tax raids upon his pocketbook? The answer lies no doubt in the comparative indirectness with which government expenses fall upon him. Only five million people pay income taxes and only a few thousand pay very large ones, and if there is unfairness or if injurious effects are produced by these taxes most people are more concerned in changing the form of taxation than in reducing the amount. But the nub of popular indifference to government waste or mismanagement lies in the fact that there are so many people, so many industries, so many different forms of wealth and income, that we all vaguely suppose the Government will get the money somehow, somewhere, sometime. What if the Shipping Board does need a billion or two? There are always clever experts who can think up new taxes.

But this is not an editorial on taxation; it is concerned solely with the likelihood of industries being operated economically and wisely by government. Suppose the Government should take over all the street car, light, power, railroad and telephone companies. John Smith, who owns fifteen shares in one of these companies now, doesn't contribute much to their success except his money, but he does get terribly mad when they stop paying dividends. But what will John Smith care when the Secretary of the Treasury tells a Senate Committee in executive session that he needs five hundred millions more for the telephone or electric industry? What is five hundred millions in a great rich country like this? For taxes can always be devised; or if there happens to be especially strong objection, the city or Government can always issue bonds. Taxable or tax exempt, in either case government and municipal bonds are regarded as the safest on earth. There are always buyers.

Or if the bond market happens to be a little glutted the Treasury can always put out a billion or so of short-term certificates of indebtedness, or give the revolving fund another revolution. The Government can always put out paper. It can enter into vast financial operations without anyone really caring much or being much the wiser or knowing what it all means.

But will John Smith know whether the industry for which the Secretary of the Treasury asks five hundred millions is mismanaged or not? What can he do if it is? What substitute is there like the passing of dividends under private ownership and management to sting him into action? Who will give a hang, anyway?

What under such circumstances is to prevent a gradual nibbling away at the cheese of national savings and capital until all is gone? What is to prevent a steady, progressive tuberculosis of national wealth and resources? More than one great nation has been ruined in the past by government waste and taxes. We have made a fine start.

The Blackwell Plan

IN THE summer of 1919 an inquiry set on foot by the Rotary Club, of Blackwell, Oklahoma, revealed the fact that of thirty-nine boys who were just out of grammar school eleven had found jobs and had decided not to go on with their schooling. Instead of wasting time in lamentations over the probability that more than a quarter of that year's output of the grammar school would go out into the world unequipped to compete with better-trained boys, the Rotarians of the town attacked the matter hammer and tongs and had the satisfaction of seeing every one of the thirty-nine enter high school.

Such were the modest beginnings of a movement that is already achieving national significance. In 1920 the Blackwell plan was tried out in many towns; and this year something like nine hundred Rotary Clubs, scattered all over this country and Canada, are making an intensive effort to stop the boy leakage between grammar and high schools.

The Rotarians of Memphis, Tennessee, after seven months of hard work, announce that out of two hundred fourteen boys who finished grammar school last June two hundred five have agreed to continue their studies this fall. A similar club in Newburgh, New York, has been concentrating on the thirty-two graduates of the local high school, with the noteworthy result that no fewer than twenty-five of them are about to enter college. Records like these are proof positive of the high possibilities of the back-to-school movement.

In Dallas, Texas, the Rotary Club maintains a loaning fund to assist poor boys who desire to continue their studies. Money is lent on the personal note of the borrower at four per cent interest, a life-insurance policy being the only security required by the club. This plan has worked out so well that it is spreading to other cities. In some places club members assist youngsters of slender means by finding them work that can be done out of school hours, in their own offices or elsewhere.

The Rotarians have already sufficient practical experience with their back-to-school movement to enable them to standardize their local campaigns and to conduct them along definite, systematic lines. Well-tried methods are employed and the chances of failure are thus minimized.

Many attempts have been made to work out by statistical methods the cash value of a high-school education. Such estimates are largely guesswork; but few persons doubt that schooling is one of the few things that is worth more than it costs, whether its price be measured in money, in effort or in self-denial.

The Rotary Clubs have had the vision to perceive that the spread of popular education is no less beneficial to the community than it is to the individual. Their methods may be profitably studied and copied in every town with a high school in which they are not operating.

Concerning Prophets

A PROPHET is without honor in his own country. The merit of his prophecies is obscured by his personality. One who observes a tree closely is intrigued by the minute and curious pattern of the bark; only those who stand at a distance can appreciate the grandeur of towering trunk and spreading limbs. The philosopher's neighbors love him because he tells a story cleverly, or hate him because he keeps a vicious dog; his philosophy does not interest them.

The verdict of posterity concerning the merit of a labor or the measure of a crime is a fair and reasonable judgment, for the thing judged has been purged of its baffling and disconcerting personality by the process of time. Posterity is happily innocent of small prejudices. The judgment of posterity is made just by time; that of contemporaries by distance.

The prophet's fame begins in a far country. There his words are accepted because of their intrinsic worth. Disciples, being eager to do him honor and willing to justify their own opinions, endow him with a character to fit the wisdom of his sayings.

Thus, while distance gives assurance of justice in the judgment of a labor it prevents a just appraisal of the character of the laborer. If the poet would know the merit of his verses let him appeal to distance and to time; but if he would know what manner of man he is let him ask his neighbors.

The distant world may get to its feet at the mention of a philosopher's name, but the philosopher's neighbor will say to himself:

"Wherein is this man great? I observe that he eats and drinks and laughs and plays as I do. He is commonplace and frequently dull. Moreover, he doesn't sound his g's, and his hair needs cutting."

The neighbor mind limits the evidence to the details most interesting to itself. The grasshopper may concede that the elephant has great strength, but when the argument is concluded will yet mutter to himself: "He can't hop, however."

If the prophet is denied in his own home the honor that is his due he is not without his compensation. For one whose wisdom is praised by all the world is in danger of becoming great in his own esteem and thus losing touch with the mass of humanity wherein his wisdom had its birth. Except the prophet be a god, the words he speaks are not his own. They are taken from the life of the people, and he is but a mouthpiece. The accumulated wisdom of the centuries is stored in the hearts of the people; a philosopher is one who has discovered a key to the storehouse. If much praise fattens his ego his source of supply will be closed against him and there will be an end of his philosophy.

The world, by its flattery, is forever tempting its great ones to make themselves ridiculous. Only the neighbors, by their steadfast refusal to join in the cheering, insure to the prophet the measure of humility necessary to encourage industry and promote good work.

RAISING BUMPER CROPS WITH POISON GAS—By Robert Crozier Long

ALMOST with the intensity of their former war interest German men of science are pursuing a new poison-gas campaign, which is to achieve what the chlorine and mustard-gas argument lamentably failed in, and put the republic at last and really *über Alles in der Welt*. Even case-hardened Germanophobes watch this campaign with sympathy. Its purpose is to raise the badly sunken crops to a level higher than that of prosperous prewar times; to double or even treble the food production; to make an at present ill-nourished people independent of foreign flour; and thereby to restore the trade balance and rescue a battered Reichsmark exchange from ever-increasing inanition. The secret of this, in Prussian professorial language, is carbon fertilization of crops; in ordinary language it is the diversion into and distribution among growing plants of carbonic-acid gas, the CO_2 of school books, a gas fatal to human beings and animals in very moderate quantities, but beneficial and indispensable to plant life. Through the application of adequate doses of this poison gas wheat ears are doubled in weight and size; rye, which in the German's daily bread plays a greater rôle than wheat, is equally increased; and on impoverished soil rise potatoes, cabbages, peas, tomatoes and fruits surpassing the prize productions of model farms. From red currants to pumpkins no fruit has been discovered that cannot be poison-gassed into extra size and nutritiousness. And all this magic, which will revolutionize agriculture and ultimately the trade of the world, will be achieved at a very moderate capital expenditure, and at practically no operating cost at all.

Carbon fertilization is in its infancy, and being an infant its brilliancy may be exaggerated. There are visionaries who already talk of onions as big as pumpkins and of pumpkins as big as balloons. They see in dreams the imaginary monstrous vegetables raised with H. G. Wells' Food of the Gods. This is an absurdity. But Friedrich Riedel, of Essen, the man who has done most to solve the problem practically, proved by convincing figures that any country's food crops may be doubled with CO_2. Naturally not at once. "Bad things," said Samuel Johnson, "wax more rapidly than good"; and if Prussia's ablest war chemists needed only three weeks to find means for poison-gassing enemies into eternity the beneficial poison-gassing of plants will need years or decades of labor before the world's food condition can be materially improved. Yet this movement is no longer merely experimental. For more than three years carbon fertilization has been successfully carried on on a great scale; and the triumphs achieved—verified by minute records and confirmed by conversion of authoritative doubters—give fair color to Riedel's prediction that within visible time a gas equipment will be as obvious a part of an efficient farm as it already unluckily is of an efficient military force.

Nature No Longer Trusted

THE dominant personalities in the new poison-gas development are three. First in time is Dr. Hugo Fischer, of Essen; first in the theory of the system is Dr. F. Bornemann, now of Heidelberg, formerly professor of farming at Berlin Agricultural High School; and first as practitioner is Riedel. As practitioner Riedel leads not only because he has gassed vegetables, fruits and grain crops on much the largest scale, but because he first made the process easy and cheap by drawing his carbonic-acid gas from the blast furnaces of great smelting works.

With all three experimenters the underlying principle is the same. This principle is that carbon is the most important constituent of all vegetable matter; and that though the deficiency of other vital crop constituents is made good as a matter of course by farmers when they apply fertilizers, the dominant question of a sufficient carbon supply is left to take care of itself. For carbon the farmer puts his trust in nature. That he does so is a paradox. For nature, as he learns in his first lessons on farming, cannot always be trusted to supply nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus in sufficient quantities; why then should nature be relied on to supply the precise, minutely rationed quantity of carbon, neither more nor less, which best fosters a luxuriant and healthy growth? In the light of pure science the paradox is increased. In the remote Carboniferous period plant life, as coal measures prove, was immeasurably richer than to-day—the biggest modern fern is a pygmy beside the Paleozoic fern—and in this Carboniferous period, physicists agree, the atmosphere was charged much more heavily than to-day with carbonic-acid gas. Abstract science has long known these facts; applied agricultural science has ignored them. It is not long since Germany's leading agricultural chemist, the late Prof. Edward Heiden, proclaimed in a practical handbook that the sufficient supplying of carbon to crops and fruits was a matter with which no farmer needed to trouble his head.

The chemical theory behind the entirely contrary practice of Fischer, Bornemann and Riedel is simple. Carbon provides the bricks and mortar of every plant, of its root, stalk, leaf, ear, fruit and seed. The water contents, which in some plant parts outweigh everything else, are here ignored. Water constitutes as much as 75 per cent of the potato, against 24 per cent nutritive organic matter, and it constitutes 13 per cent of

(Continued on Page 78)

"I Hope You'll Turn Out to be a Better Boy Than Your Brother, the Hague Conference"

OLGA, OR RUSSIAN GOLD

VI

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

SEATED in the soft-motioned limousine, with her mysterious box by her feet, Olga Olgovska was listening with dark-eyed and absorbed attention to Miss Vera McBride, her protectress, giving her final information concerning the new friend and hostess to whom she was about to consign her following her arrival in America.

"Penelope Barnum is a remarkable woman," stated Miss McBride. "Not in an intellectual way perhaps; more in the way of the affectional impulses, to which we now know we owe so much, thanks to your European Freud, and others."

"Oh, yess," said Olga Olgovska, somewhat negatively.

"She is a woman of large means, a full orphan. Not young; she is rather—well, not so very young."

"Oh, yess," said Olga, with an understanding glance from her dark eyes.

"By inheritance she is immensely wealthy. Her father was the great manufacturer of what, I suppose, you Europeans would call condiments, to which all Americans are so much addicted."

"Ees this, then, Barnum, the great American peeckle king?" inquired Olga Olgovska.

"You know of him then?" inquired Miss McBride, somewhat surprised.

"Ve see hees name already in our countree on boxes and bottles; especiallee since your American soldiaar comes in Europe."

"Of course, of course!" exclaimed Miss McBride. "You may also perhaps have heard of Ernest Dibble," she continued with a glance at her companion, "in your radical circles—your intelligentzia?"

"Ernest Dibble?" repeated the young foreigner, now clearly at a loss.

"The new American poet, best known perhaps by that one poem Late Saturday Night."

"It is vera libre," conjectured her companion, rolling the Continental "r" again, "I pr-r-resume—like your great Wheetman?"

"Oh, yes," returned Miss McBride. "It has had wonderful notices in London. But what I was going to say of him—of Ernest—was that in a way it was Penelope Barnum who made him possible. In the way of funds," she said explainingly.

"Oh, yess."

"And on the other hand it was he, perhaps more than anyone else, who brought her into affiliation with us, with our group."

"Of the unsubsidized? The unbought press?"

"Yes!"

"I see—indeedt," said the Russian, whose eyes, turning up, seemed to invite more information.

"I have often wondered," her instructress was now going on, "whether this—a relation of this kind—was general in Europe, in the rest of the world; or more confined, as I imagine it may be, to the United States, owing to the greater progress of woman here."

"What relation is that?" inquired the European.

"The influence, the use that woman can be in the new movements—in the arts, the new social movements, in radicalism in this country—through becoming patronesses, the intimate assistants of the young men active in them."

"I understandt, I think, yess," said the foreigner.

"I am not speaking now of the many, many women who contribute their brains, their talents to the movement; I am dealing now entirely with the financial side."

"Yess."

"It may, of course, be in other countries as well," continued Miss McBride, canvassing the subject thoughtfully, "but here our American men are so busy gathering in, gathering in! So often they die early. It remains so often for the women of America to build up the arts, the social regeneration of the land in new movements, with their inherited money. It is for this reason that the new movements of consequence in this country have patronesses rather than patrons."

"Yet," interjected Olga Olgovska, now looking up rather quickly, "there are patrons—men with money also?"

"Oh, yes. Yes," said Miss McBride, a little casually, and went on with her main line of thought. "I suppose," she said reflectively, "you might say that historically perhaps the idea originated in this country first in Boston, in the arts. For in Boston, as you know, was developed our first center of interest in the fine arts in this country, especially music."

"Money, of Course, is Nothing to Archibald. His Fortune is Enormous. No One Knows How Great"

"I know, yess. I haf heerdt of Boston in this particular."

"These women of means very regularly adopted and still adopt as protégé some struggling young artist, musical or otherwise—sometimes more than one—and help him find himself! In fact, it has been said by some witty person that any young and talented artist who knows how to apply to the right place can nearly always find a waiting list of patronesses for him in Boston."

"I see," said the foreigner in a somewhat doubtful tone.

"In the West, from which my family came—in Chicago, for example—this patronage of young artists was taken up quite heavily at one time, for even art is promoted with what we Americans would call strong-arm work in Chicago," continued Miss McBride.

Olga Olgovska laughed her silver laugh, observing in her quick way that her companion was joking.

"But that, everywhere, was only one phase, an opening experience for the women of America, preparatory to something greater that was to come. For it is only comparatively recently, since the new movements—the new liberalism, the new radicalism—have got under way in this country; since all the recent changes have come in our ideas; since our men have made so much money from the war—that the new movements, the new culture, the new thought, the new social advances have come to depend so much upon the financial support of women who may become interested in a large movement through particular protégés in it; as, for example, Penelope Barnum in the work of our group, through her interest in Ernest Dibble. Of course, once interested," she continued, "she has become the great contributor, the great backer of our work."

"Of the unsubsidized—the new press?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes."

"Yet there are others also," inquired Olga Olgovska, looking up keenly once more, "who pay—who will patronize? Men, perhaps, also? Or so I haf understood you!" she said, staring now sharply at her informant.

"Well, of course," returned Miss McBride, with a slight flutter of the eyelids, "of course there is Mr. Fairweather. But I was speaking more especially of woman and her influence—the new influence of women in all our public affairs. We are, of course," she went on, continuing her interesting speculations, "on the eve of great changes in our public life through the appearance of women there. We all know that!"

She looked seriously at her hearer, who nodded her assent.

"Of course the old idea—the old Victorian idea that public affairs, that government is a matter of business; that women, being shut up in the house or wigwam since society began, were permanently untrained in social action—all this, of course, is now exploded."

"Oh, yess."

"We know now, of course," continued Miss McBride, "how superficial all that is. Our knowledge goes deeper than that now. We know that society moves forward not by the mass reasoning, by any merely cerebral actions, as the Victorians would think, but by the actions of the great unconscious, subconscious impulses; that up to date, in public affairs, society, civilization, has been deprived of the great main impulse of all, upon which, of course, your Freud has shown—inferentially at least—not only all individual thought and action but all social progress is based."

"Pardon?" interjected Olga Olgovska, apparently not entirely catching the full meaning of the speech. "You say—you say the Freud?"

"Freud. You know, of course. Freud—your great European psychoanalyst."

"Oh, yess," said Olga Olgovska, with almost abnormal quickness.

"And what he has shown us about everything—all our speech and thought and action—that all go back to that one central point in the subconscious where everything worth while in man really has its origin."

"And which is that?"

"What would it be—with Freud?" asked Miss McBride, smiling archly.

As the other did not respond immediately she went on.

"Well, why not say out loud frankly," she said, jesting, but yet in a way serious, "the Libido? That's what it is."

"Oh, yess," said Olga Olgovska, after a slight hesitation. "The Libido."

"You understand, of course?" said her companion.

"Oh, yess," said the Russian.

"You have read your Freud?"

"Oh, yess," said Olga Olgovska, very promptly indeed.

"And now," continued her companion, "woman projects herself for the first time into politics, into general affairs, bringing with her for the first time this great primitive force."

(Continued on Page 24)

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(Continued from Page 22)

"The Libido, you would say?" inquired the other diffidently.

"Exactly!" said her instructor very positively. "The force that made society out of nothing—at its beginning. The great primitive force which the Victorians in their parlors and vestries would call love, but which we know now is a much greater, stronger, more inclusive thing. The force which is now driving all our women into the reorganization of our one-sided civilization—to become the mothers, the housekeepers, the patronesses of all political and social movements of consequence to-day. Such women as Penelope Barnum is with Ernest Dibble—with our movement for the unsubsidized press to-day!"

"Yet there are of course others?" asked her companion now, with a certain hasty earnestness.

"Others?"

"Men also, of great money, who are in your new movements. Or so I have understood you to say upon the steamer, in your spich."

"Oh, undoubtedly," said her instructress, but her tone was now quite absent. "Why, here we are!" she called immediately after in a louder voice.

Looking out the window, as she saw her now doing, Olga Olgovska observed they had come through the teeming streets of the great foreign city of New York and were now before the door they sought, somewhere in the early West Fifties.

"And this," exclaimed the round, blond woman with round, faint-blue eyes, who appeared in the door, "is ——"

"My friend—our friend—Olga Olgovska," replied Miss McBride with a certain pride of discovery in her voice as the quiet, beautifully mannered, obviously cultivated foreigner bowed.

"I am Penelope Barnum," said the round, light woman, drawing her in the door very cordially. "My dear, I am very, very glad to see you."

"You are most kindt," said Olga Olgovska in her simple garb, but bowing in her delightfully cultivated foreign way.

"The first thing," said Vera McBride, taking charge at once, "is to have her box taken right up into her room."

She superintended herself, from a little distance, the work, which was so unusual and unacceptable to its performers.

"What do you say it is now?" said the scarlet footman to the exceedingly sardonic chauffeur when they were back again in the motor.

"It might be burglar's tools," suggested the laconic chauffeur, "from the looks of her."

"Did you get onto the make-up on her?"

"You want to keep watching that one," said the chauffeur. "She's got a bad eye."

"I never seen a wiser one in all the bunch that blows in here!" said the pessimistic footman very positively.

VII

"AND now," said Vera McBride when they came down from Olga Olgovska's handsome chamber, "I shall have to leave you two. Mr. Fairweather will have the police force out after me."

She started to kiss her shorter, ampler friend.

"Oh, my dear Penelope! Pardon me," she said, "but your collar is crooked." Reaching over she arranged it with great care. "There," she said, dramatically viewing the result. "Now good-by again. *A demain!*" she said to Olga Olgovska. "*A demain!*" she cried, going out the door.

"And you won't let me send you in the car?" inquired Miss Barnum solicitously.

"Oh, no," she said. "I couldn't think of it. Archibald Fairweather would drop dead if he saw me riding. He would think I was ill at once. *A demain*," she said a third time, and shut the door after her with a firm gesture.

The two others went back into the living room and sat down.

It was a plain, very simple room, almost meager—wainscoted and furnished in dark wood. A long refectory table filled a substantial part of it. On one end of the table stood a human skull.

"Sit down, my dear," said Penelope Barnum warmly.

She was very round and pink and naïve. Looking at her Olga Olgovska was reminded of a somewhat mature type of opera-singer's impersonation of Marguerite in Faust.

In a brief silence which followed, the visitor, seated at the end of the table, stretching out her hand, felt it rest upon something smooth and ivorylike, and somewhat impulsively drew it back, finding she had had it upon the human skull.

"What a most interesting room!" she said defensively, wiping her hand meanwhile unostentatiously with her handkerchief.

"It is; so they all say," replied Penelope Barnum. "It was planned by Mr. Dibble."

"Mr. Ernest Dibble, the American poet?" asked her guest quickly.

"You know of him?" asked Miss Barnum, flushing perceptibly.

"Oh, yess. I hear of him," replied Olga Olgovska, smiling slightly. "Through his vers libre—hees Late Saturday Night. So he has planned thees room?"

"After the effect of a monastery. Very simple, very sincere. He likes it so."

"And you also, no doubt?" suggested the Russian.

"Oh, yes—yes. I do," said Penelope Barnum somewhat doubtfully. "I guess so. Only personally I think sometimes I like softer furniture—more stuffed chairs and like that."

"I can appreciate," said the Russian, moving slightly herself in her board-backed chair.

"But now you must make yourself at home here," urged Miss Barnum, changing the subject. "Do anything. Say anything you want to. Now is there anything you want—or want to know that I could tell you?" she inquired solicitously.

"Weel you," said Olga Olgovska then in her foreign way—"weel you pardon me eef I do ask you a question as a strangaar?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Who, then, is Archibald, Mr. Fairweather, of whom our friend spiks? If they are the same?"

"Oh, don't you know that yet?" inquired Penelope Barnum, obviously more than glad to inform her. "Hasn't she told you?"

"Her fiancé perhaps?" suggested Olga Olgovska. "Ees it then so mysterious—a secret in any way, so I may not hear?" asked Olga Olgovska in quick apology. "I hope not."

"I will better tell you perhaps the whole thing," said Miss Barnum—"all of it. So you will understand."

"Pray do, if it is permitted," replied Olga Olgovska in her quaint, pretty English.

As she said this she observed her hostess with a furtive gesture unloosening some hidden part of her apparel, giving the slight sigh of relief common to large women who have been subjected to too great pressure at far too many points. Settling back then with as much ease as possible in the most ample of the hard medieval-looking chairs with which alone the room was provided, she looked over at her guest.

"I don't have to tell you, I guess," said the hostess, starting on her story, "about what a remarkable girl Vera McBride is. Always first in everything—in suffrage, in the war activities, now in freeing the press, the subsidized press here and everywhere else. A great mentality. And so handsome!" she said with a soft sigh. "They always put her, when she was just a young girl, at the head of the big parades for suffrage."

"They did that here then?" inquired Olga Olgovska.

(Continued on Page 26)

"There They Are! Here Comes Marie," Said Penelope Barnum, Who Since Entering the Room Seemed to Have Flushed Rather Deeply

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Long, straight and slender Ductotisshape, Epicureisavery mild smoke. Full Havana filler, of course.
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Jim Henry's Column

Better Shaving

It's been my theory all along not so much to sell Mennen Shaving Cream as to educate men to enjoy shaving more by doing it better.

For example, I have rather laid myself open to attack by insisting that lather ought to be built up with three minutes of brisk brushing.

Of course I have known that a lot of men—possibly a majority—get satisfactory results in a third of that time and it would no doubt have been good salesmanship to feature Mennen's as a quick latherer—which it is.

But I knew that if I could induce you just once to experience the almost unearthly gratification of a supremely good Mennen shave****to me the picture is very vivid. You have been twirling away on the brush for three minutes—grumbling but obedient for once. Then you strop and get your jaw muscles all set for the daily combat. A puzzled look creeps into your eyes as the razor sinks into the bank of lather. There's nothing there. The edge slips along like a hot knife through butter.

And afterwards, although your hide is as smooth and hairless as a baby's, it feels fresh and cool as though soft fingers had gently massaged it with healing lotions.

I know that if just once you would expose yourself to the full, wonderful power of a three minute Mennen lather, I would never have to sell you again.

and afterwards—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

But for goodness' sake use it any way you like—slap it on in ten seconds, pummel it with your fingers, use twice too much and turn it into a paste—*but use it;* for Mennen Shaving Cream, used right or wrong, is great stuff.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

I'll send a demonstrator tube for 15 cents.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 24)

"Oh, yes," said Penelope Barnum. "It worked fine—with the politicians, all the men. I suppose now," she added, "they would call it Freudian."

"Pardon?" said the other.

"Freudian; that great psychoanalyzer—Freud."

"Oh, yes; pardon," said Olga. "I did not understand at first—your pronouncement."

It was, as a matter of fact, slightly different from Miss McBride's; perhaps, Olga Olgovska thought to herself, more American.

"Yes," replied Penelope Barnum, who seemed recently to have grown uneasy. "Do you mind?" she asked. And rising suddenly, reaching somewhere in an angle under the end of the refectory table, she dragged out a large and very handsomely ribboned pasteboard box.

"Oh," said Olga when she had opened and presented it, "the American *chocolats!* I have heard so often of these in my home."

"Help yourself. Take all you want," urged her hostess. "I think you talk so much more friendly and confidential when you can be nibbling something."

"It ees very nice indeedt," admitted the visitor from Russia.

Taking a few in her hand Miss Barnum set the ribboned box itself upon the refectory table between Olga Olgovska and the human skull; and then, loosening something further in her apparel, Miss Barnum seated herself more comfortably and more freely still upon her monastic seat and resumed her talking with much greater satisfaction.

"Yes," she continued. "It is all very remarkable, and all so suitable. She has the intellect; he has the means. Great means."

"She is not reech, then?" inquired Olga.

"I doubt if she has more than twenty or thirty thousand dollars."

"But he is, then, most wealthy?"

"Oh, yes. The great Fairweather estate, the great textile fortune! Nobody knows how great."

"Is that true indeedt?" asked Olga Olgovska, the light of a keen interest rising in her face.

"Yes. And so beautifully arranged. All in the hands of excellent managers, giving Archibald the chance to lead the life he wishes—on a higher plane, away from the sordid, narrowing outlook of business," said Penelope Barnum, reaching over and taking another large chocolate.

"It was all so romantic," she said then. "A modern romance, you might say. No suppression. Perfect freedom. Perfect equality in their love, in their standards, their conduct. You know, of course You have heard," she said, sighing and nibbling another chocolate; "she proposed to him?"

"Really? Indeedt?"

"Didn't she tell you? She will. Oh, yes. The most romantic thing you ever heard. Just another example of the new equality, of this new time when everything is frank and open—no suppression of what she believes to be the proper normal frankness between the sexes. Oh, yes," she reiterated, "she proposed; and he was very glad to have her. Anyone would be. She is a wonderful, wonderful girl—so modern, so uncompromising in carrying out what she believes is right for all concerned. The war made such a difference in us all—in waking up, in seeing things as they really are—that things must be simplified. She knew of course," said Miss Barnum, finishing up her confection, "when she went to him and they talked it all over that it was not right, not common sense to anyone concerned, that Archibald should be tied to that other woman."

"He was marriedt, then—at that time when they talk together," inquired Olga Olgovska with evident surprise, "concerning marriage?"

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Barnum, with a glance suggesting mutual understanding. "You know how it is to-day in so many cases. Better for all—everyone—including the Victorian wife with the impossible ideas, when the change was once brought about. And Archibald of course would give her every consideration, make every concession. The children—and an immense alimony."

"An immense alimony?" repeated the foreigner.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Barnum. "Immense! Perfectly immense! Money, of course, is nothing to Archibald. His fortune is enormous. No one knows how great."

The stranger, her usually reticent eyes now shining noticeably, seemed on the verge of asking a question at this point, but stopped eventually and waited for Miss Barnum to go on without prompting, which she finally did.

"Oh, yes," she said, rising now and selecting another chocolate with great care, "they will be married as soon as he has his divorce."

"Then do I understandt you, then," said Olga Olgovska with deep interest, "that he is still now marriedt?"

"Not exactly—no."

"He is divorcé, then?"

"Well, not—not exactly yet."

"Not exactly?"

"No."

"Not exactly?" persisted the foreigner a little more loudly. "How then ees it?"

"He has his divorce, yes, in a way," Miss Barnum informed her, "you may say."

"He has his divorce—and yet not too?"

"Yes."

"Only in a way, you say?"

"Yes. Only *nisi.*"

"*Nisi?*" said the now openly puzzled foreigner. "What is that?"

"Well, I will tell you," said Penelope Barnum, selecting her words carefully. "It is this way: We have in quite a lot of our states what you might call a kind of partial divorce, a provisional divorce, you might say, that becomes real—so anybody can get married again, you understand—only after a certain time."

"Oh, yes. Now I see."

"You must have them in Europe."

"Oh yes, quite a leetle. Yes. Almost all kinds, in Europe!"

"And in some states—his state, for instance—they call these a divorce—a decree *nisi.*"

"Oh, yess. I see. I see."

"From *nisi,* unless; a word, you see, a Latin word, which means unless."

"Oh, yess, yess," said the Russian, her usually inscrutable eye brightening more and more with understanding and keen interest.

"So that until the time that *nisi,* that unless time is over," said Penelope Barnum, explaining in that simple, very explicit way which one uses naturally in explaining uncommon terms to a foreigner unfamiliar with the language—"one's remarriage is not possible. And yet otherwise they might, would undoubtedly be married now. So you see, in this case, with these two, when you first asked me what their relationship was, if he was her fiancé—you see he was really almost more to her."

"Oh, I see, I see!" cried her hearer, taking the words from her mouth. "I see exactly!" she exclaimed in her quaint foreign speech. "He vill not be her fiancé. He vill be her husband unless—her husband *nisi!* Ees that vat you vould say in your America?"

Penelope Barnum laughed and laughed before she could explain it to her. She was getting more and more fond of this Russian and her quaint, cultivated speech, the flavor of quaintness and almost innocence that unfamiliarity with the language and customs of a country give a visitor.

The latter, seeing how willing she was to help out, to pilot her in her new situation, went on, after permission, to ask all sorts of questions about America—about Mr. Fairweather and Miss McBride; about the group in which Miss Barnum was most interested, the one engaged in starting the unsubsidized press through their new publication, The Earth.

"Go ahead. Anything you want to know," said Miss Barnum in her big, free, genuine manner. She came, it seemed, from the broad, kindly center of the United States—from Indiana, a country in its hearty and friendly manners apparently much like the steppes of Russia.

"There are others also," the foreigner asked Miss Barnum finally, "besides Mr. Fairweather?"

"Others?" inquired Miss Barnum.

"Other men in your unsubsidized press—your Earth?"

"Oh, yes."

"Tell me of them. Are they men—talented, reech, many of them perhaps?" she asked. "Like Mr. Fairweather?" she asked again, looking up now with quite a sharp look of interest in her dark, usually enigmatic eyes.

But that question, out of all the rest, Miss Barnum was unwilling to answer.

"But why?" her companion urged her, puzzled.

"Because I want you to tell me first what you think of them after you've seen them; how they compare with the men you've seen in your travels all over the world."

"And vat shall be the time I see them?" inquired the other.

"To-morrow—that is all," replied Miss Barnum.

"Oh, very good," assented the Russian. "That vill not be long to wait."

VIII

"I HAF vorn thees heavy veil," said the dark-eyed, foreign-looking woman to the two other occupants of the limousine, explaining that article of her dress, "because I felt perhaps it might be bettair."

"Why?" demanded Miss Vera McBride, in her direct, somewhat masterful way, looking across at her. "You know no one here."

"Do not be too sure, my friendt," replied the other. "There are those here who shall know me—in plenty. There are many strangaars in New York now, many European strangaars. Ve all know that. It ees now to-day become one of the greatest of the International headquarters of the world."

"How terribly exciting!" said Penelope Barnum. "You certainly must wear it."

"There are those—some in particular—that I feel ——"

"By all means, then, wear it," said Miss McBride, and passed on to a further explanation of the gathering they were approaching.

"It ees The Earth, I think, you said—the name of the papaar? Like *La Terre* in French?" Olga Olgovska asked her when she paused.

"Yes," said Miss McBride. "And we will see them; we will sit in with them at an editorial conference."

"Do they always confaar, then," asked Olga, "like thees, while eating?"

"Quite often, yes. They are apt to," said Miss McBride, nodding in her decided way.

"I shall be so glad, indeedt, to see."

"You will now, right off," her informant told her, "for here we are."

The motor car, which had been going south for some time, turned a short distance west and stopped before what was apparently an old, rather soiled-looking private residence, with a small yellow signboard with green and purple oranges painted on it, protruding from a basement doorway.

"This is Susanne's," stated Vera McBride.

Entering, they came into a warm, noisy room, filled apparently with tobacco-sweetened steam and flanked by enormous dingy mirrors, not very recently washed.

"There they are! Here comes Merle," said Penelope Barnum, who since entering the room seemed to have flushed rather deeply.

A young, white-faced man with a brown suit and a small blossom in his buttonhole came briskly down the heavily mirrored room, walking well up on the balls of his feet.

"We were anxiously awaiting you," he said with a quick, bright smile for two, and a look of keen interest and inquiry at the third, the heavily veiled lady in Russian garb.

"Merle, this is Olga Olgovska," said Penelope Barnum. "Merle Bloodgood," she explained, "the editor of The Earth."

"No. One of the editors, only," said the other, smiling quickly and extending one finger in a spirit of jest and correction.

The Russian now raised her veil.

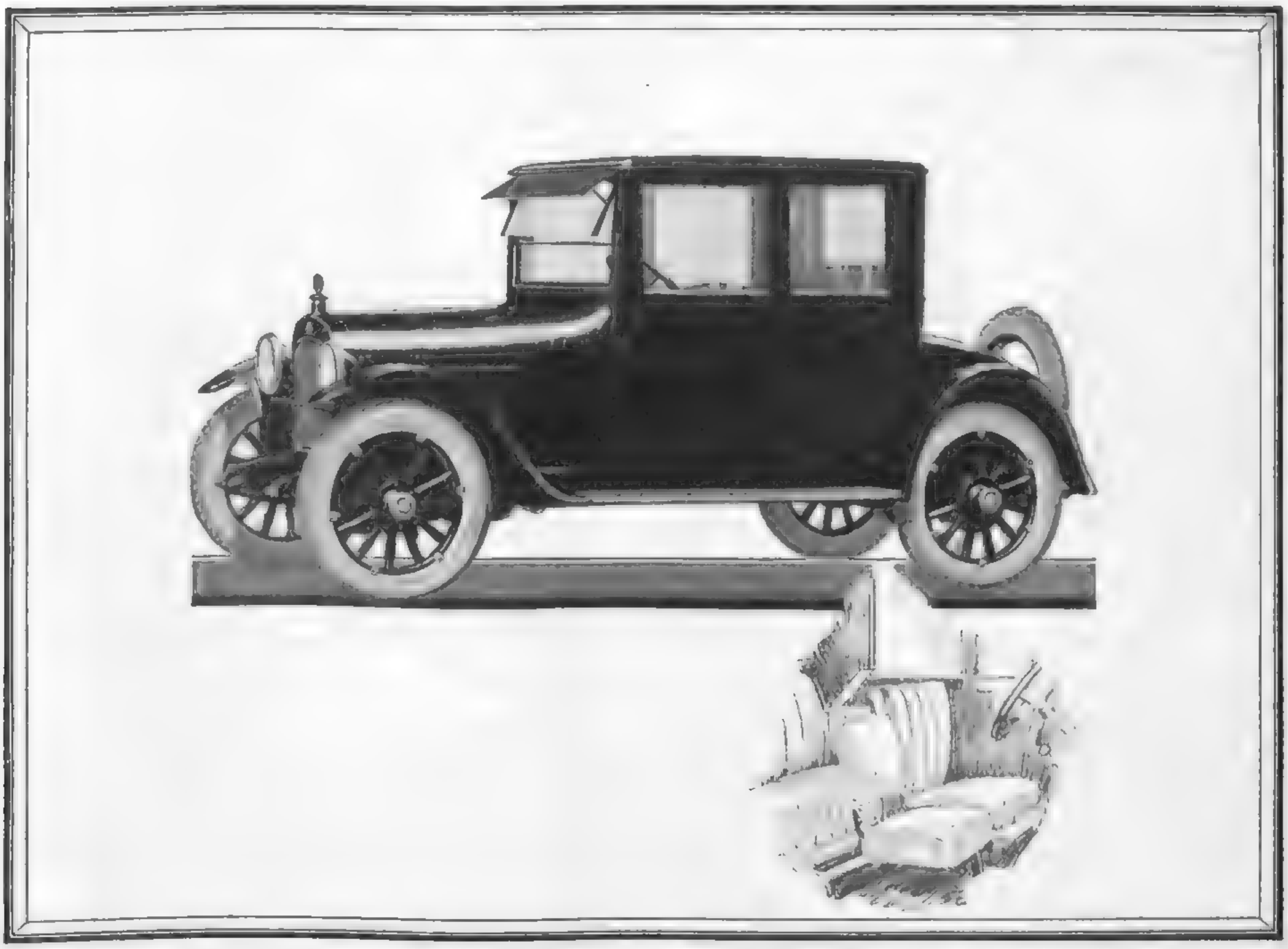
"I'm so glad to meet you," the young editor murmured, taking her hand most respectfully and bowing a deep, almost foreign bow. "You're just in time. Just in time," he said, straightening up and leading them back between the giant mirrors. "We have our magnum opus practically complete. I shall read it to-day for your criticism."

"You wonderful boy!" said Penelope Barnum, who had suddenly, Olga Olgovska observed, become almost vivacious.

She waved her hand at the table of standing young men, especially the fair, white, slender one with thin temples, who blinked his eyes nervously, looking back at her. All waved warmly to her and waited while the visitors removed their wraps

"Where is Mr. Fairweather?" asked Mr Bloodgood with keen interest, of Miss McBride.

(Continued on Page 28)



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(Continued from Page 26)

"He was suddenly called to Washington," she told him, "to an unexpected session of his commission on the Jugo-Slavs."

"I'm so sorry," returned Mr. Bloodgood; "especially to-day."

"Yes," assented Miss McBride. "But of course that is the one work he cannot neglect. His whole heart is in that!"

"Of course," admitted Mr. Bloodgood.

Miss McBride suddenly turned away from him. "Oh, just a minute, dear!" she cried to Miss Penelope Barnum. "Your gown, my dear!"

The other stood and watched her with almost ungrateful eyes as she performed her kindly task of arranging it, while the young man stood waiting.

"There!" she said, surveying and dramatically patting it at last, and letting her go on, somewhat flushed, to the waiting table.

"Boys, how dy do? How are all my boys?" asked Miss Barnum, advancing.

The young editors of The Earth all showed in their individual ways their pleasure at her approach. Evidently she was a welcome guest to all.

The introductions were soon over and the voice of Merle Bloodgood was again paramount.

"Who's going to be the great editor to-day?" he inquired gayly, and answered his own question with still greater gayety. "I am. It's my turn. Besides, I do the work to-day, the magnum opus of the day is mine. And so I have also the privileges of the head of the table," he said, proceeding gracefully and easily to seat at his left Miss Barnum, and at his right the still mysterious, dark-eyed guest in Russian garb.

"The great editor," he explained to her, with his bright and mocking smile, "is our bitter gibe at our bitter enemy, the subsidized press, the kept press, as you might say. We have continual jesting about it among ourselves."

"Oh, yess, certainly," his visitor said, looking at him with those unusual dark eyes.

"With us really, of course all is democracy," he explained, his face now suddenly sobering.

He gazed around the table rather absent-mindedly, even when jesting. Underneath his casual manner he seemed very nervous and watchful, his guest observed.

"Shall I read it now—the Work?" he cried, springing up, waving a paper in his hand. "Must you have it at once?"

"Sit down!" said the black, apparently very moody editor just beyond Olga.

"Yes. Let us give ourselves over for a time to the fleshpots," said the fair-haired young man beyond Penelope Barnum, blinking his mild eyes. "I'm hungry."

"The great editor submits," said Merle Bloodgood, sitting down again.

It seemed to the guest observing them that she had never been before in quite such an atmosphere of jesting. They jested casually, but continually, actively, keenly—almost anxiously, as if they feared that unless they hastened someone would snatch the next jest out of their mouth before they uttered it. Their treatment of the most abstruse problems in this casual, offhand manner, she observed, seemed to add a certain sense of mastery and strength to their comments, which perhaps they would not have had otherwise. All alike seemed to employ this method of conversation with the exception of the dark man just beyond her—a fact which made his silence all the more impressive.

"Such good food as they have at Susanne's!" Mr. Bloodgood was remarking to his guest, with a feeling emphasis on the second word, while all ordered carefully and with interest.

"Isn't this delicious?" asked Mr. Bloodgood, leaning toward his guest when his order was completed, and indicating the bloom in his lapel. "A gardenia—the first I have seen lately," he said, spreading his napkin. "Delicious!" And soon they were eating heartily with the rest.

The lady from Russia spoke little but gazed with great interest at the other lunchers, listening to their many jests on all sorts of topics, from the very heavy to the very light. Exchanging but few words with the silent, almost savagely serious young man in glasses at her right, whose name she did not catch, she let herself be guided and entertained almost continuously by Mr. Bloodgood. They were soon on excellent terms.

"Eef you pleess, Mister Great Editor," she asked him with her ingratiating foreign accent, "would you explain to me the in-habitants of your Earth."

"Splendid! Splendid!" he said, laughing heartily. "The inhabitants of our Earth—delicious! Yes—indeed I will show you," he said cordially, now lowering his voice, with that change he so often made, she observed, from extreme levity to extreme and serious confidence.

"The one beyond Miss Barnum of course you know. Who would it be?" he asked, with a suggestive raising of the eyebrows.

"Mr. Dibble, your American poet?" asked Olga Olgovska, also whispering.

"He would be there, of course," stated Mr. Bloodgood smilingly. "A chicken-salad sandwich, a teacup of wine, and Ernest, you know! How's that?" he asked with mock self-appreciation. "How would that go? Splendid, is it not? You know of course of Dibble's work?" he asked, now suddenly serious again. "Of Late Saturday Night? That delicious thing! You don't? Oh, you must!"

"The first line only," said Olga Olgovska, watching him with great attention with her inscrutable eyes.

"Oh, don't say that! You remember at least the first verse. See!" he said, repeating it:

"What urge of impulse
Drives you
Cross lots
Through the dark
Late Saturday night?"

"I think now I do remembaar. But go on," said Olga Olgovska, again watching him as he did so.

"What unseen claws of women
Still clutch you
Onward
Through the dark
Late Saturday night?"

"Oh, yess," said Olga Olgovska, when he had finished.

"About a farm hand in Vermont," explained the speaker.

"Oh, yess."

"Quite Freudian, you see."

"Pardon?" said the foreigner, looking up. "Oh, yess!" she added suddenly, without waiting for his answer. "I understand you now. Yess, I think so."

"Freudian—as everything is now of course. But isn't it delicious?"

"Yess," said Olga Olgovska.

"The flavor of the countryside and the woods—and yet just the note of bare rugged sincerity in the man—the motive."

"Yess," she said, turning her enigmatic eyes upon him, waiting.

"But now, who else?" he asked her, perceiving she wished him to go on.

"Beyond him—that fair, pale young man, with the tawny beard?" she indicated. "Talking to Miss McBride?"

"A la G. B. S.? That is Finn Conor, the young Irish publicist—one of the representatives of the Irish Republic here."

"Oh, yess. And thees one," she whispered, now indicating the silent one with spectacles just beyond her, at present eating with somewhat noisy moodiness.

"That is Ben Konski. His specialty is labor. He has been in his early life a manual laborer; went through the mill himself, you know."

"Indeedt?" inquired the other, with pantomimic interest.

"Yes," he said, with that easy and half-trifling, half-serious way which they all seemed always to employ. "For several months—or years, I am not sure which—while he was getting his education anyway—he ran a sewing machine on the East Side."

"Oh," said the Russian visitor, "I see. So then he writes on manual labor?"

"Of labor—yes. Of all those problems."

"I see you haf then many and interesting in-habitants of your Earth," she said, turning her black eyes to his.

They had sat, of course, in a confidential attitude while speaking, their heads very close together.

"Do you know you are very interesting?" asked Mr. Bloodgood on a sudden impulse, looking back warmly into her eyes.

"Me? I? Oh, nevair!" exclaimed Olga Olgovska, drawing just a little away.

"Who are you, mysterious lady? You must tell me all about yourself," said Mr. Merle Bloodgood, leaning toward her. "You are so mysterious."

"I must be a meestery for the present," she told him, drawing away, smiling. "Come, behafe!" she said, sitting up.

"Tantalizer!" exclaimed Mr. Bloodgood, looking engagingly into her eyes still, with that manner of his while addressing women—superficially jesting but never quite unserious. "Siren!"

But now the meal was well advanced, and, looking around, Mr. Bloodgood's absent-minded manner suddenly returned to him. He looked away from her now. His hand sought again the inside pocket of his coat.

"My magnum opus," he said, with his mock-serious way, but looking it over carefully, nevertheless, "they will soon be demanding it."

"What ees it?" she asked him, apparently now rather absent-minded herself. "Your grand work?"

"The prospectus—the appeal of The Earth for the coming year."

"Oh, yess," she said to him, but with her mind obviously interested on a subject other than this.

"What is it?" he asked, seeing her gaze pass about the table. "What don't you see?"

"Ees this all?" she asked in a quiet voice. But he remarked, he thought, an almost bitter seriousness in her voice and eyes. "All the great editors of The Earth?"

"The immediate staff—yes. Why?" he asked quickly, interpreting the tone in her voice. "Are you disappointed?"

"Oh, no. Not that! But are there not others, then, outside, in the group? What is Mr. Fairweather, *par exemple?* Ees he not an editor?"

"A contributing editor, perhaps one might say," returned Mr. Bloodgood, and laughed heartily at her mystification.

"Of money, then, you vould say?" she asked, understanding finally.

"Naturally," he answered, and his voice seemed to her more casual and jesting than ever, "we welcome as many such contributors as possible."

"Why not, indeedt?" replied Olga Olgovska, catching the spirit of the conversation. "And are there others like him also?" she asked with a quick glance; "contributors of great means?"

"Unfortunately, no. But why? Are you disappointed?" inquired Mr. Bloodgood again.

"Oh, no. No," she denied.

"You act so," he told her.

A singular change—a strange, hard, almost hostile indifference—seemed to him as a matter of fact to have come over her in the past few moments, in her voice, her manner, her singularly hard eyes. There was a pause in the conversation.

"Won't anybody have anything more, boys?" asked the voice of Penelope Barnum from beyond Mr. Bloodgood. She seemed in fact in many ways to be acting as the hostess of the occasion. "Won't you, Merle?" she asked, turning.

"Oh, no. No, thank you," responded Mr. Bloodgood, now laying aside his napkin. "I am appeased already with the luscious food. Besides, it is now time for me to desist; a clamorous public is now calling for my new work."

Though there was no loud response to this remark the others gradually detached themselves from their food and personal conversation.

"Silence!" cried Mr. Bloodgood, rising. "The great editor speaks!" And he pounded on the table with his knife.

It was now well after two o'clock. The rest of the dining room was almost deserted. The soiled and despondent waiter of their table, left alone, stared sadly out a back window against whose side he was leaning.

"On matters connected with the exchequer," continued Mr. Bloodgood.

"Hear! Hear!" cried the very young man with the soft brown beard.

"I'm sorry," said the speaker, now with a deep touch of sincerity in his voice—"we're all sorry that Fairweather is not here, that our table is not complete. But circumstances being as they are," he went on, turning from the sincere to the casual once more, "the great editor will now read his historic work. The appeal of The Earth for the coming year!" he explained then, turning to his recent table companion with the unfathomable eyes and the peasant garb of Russia. "I am reading it, you understand, for criticism," he said to the others. "For criticism. If you don't like it you must say so. Above all, be frank!"

(Continued on Page 30)

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(Continued from Page 28)

"Don't worry!" replied a voice, the voice of the taciturn hard-eating Mr. Konski, at the right of the visitor, who now sat listening herself, with a growing critical hardness in her eyes.

"Silence!" called Mr. Bloodgood again. "The great editor speaks. I shall insist upon silence—until done. Then criticism is in order. Shall I go on and read it now, under this understanding?"

"By all means, Merle," said Penelope Barnum. And now he did so, after slightly arranging his tie.

"'Someone has said—quite wittily—that it was no longer a question of a press in America—but of a sub-press. Or a constant question—as we may interpret it—of suppression.'"

"In the Freudian sense," contributed another editor, the poet—Mr. Ernest Dibble.

"The worst Freudian sense," said the very young Irishman with the soft beard.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bloodgood, "as the great editor I protest! Let me at least finish my dreams."

"By all means, Merle," said Miss Barnum. All was then silent and he went on.

"'A constant question,'" he continued, sobering suddenly again, "'of suppression—of the suppression of the news, of criticism, of all that makes the life of the spirit as distinct from the vegetable! A scant two years ago,'" he proceeded, reading, "'there was no critical opinion in the press of America worthy of the name—no honest criticism, no voice for world justice—for the new Internationalism.'"

"You are right," said a positive voice, the voice of Miss Vera McBride.

The speaker, acknowledging this with a faint bow, proceeded: "'To fill this need in America The Earth was inaugurated—in a very modest way—a year ago. For a year, growing constantly, it has—in a very modest way also—endeavored to fulfill this destiny. It has succeeded far beyond its wildest hopes. Now it comes again before its subscribers and asks: Do you—that is, do you really, in a very practical way—wish an unsubsidized press in America? An unsubsidized press, yes,'" repeated the reader, looking up as Miss Barnum clapped her hands loudly. "'If so,'" he proceeded, "'you will have now a chance to demonstrate this. Printers—unfortunately—must be paid. The price of paper—much to our horror—rises to cliff-like proportions. In short, in the words of the typewriter's test, if you do wish a free unsubsidized press it is time for all good men—and all women of course too—to come to the aid of their country, to aid the one modest attempt at noncommercialism, at independence, at freedom from subsidy in the press of America.

"'Our question is then, Do you really wish an unsubsidized press in America? If so send in your money in as large denominations as you choose to The Earth. It is your work. It is yours, kindly reader, to say if it will continue.'

"The rest, of course," he said, stopping suddenly, "is the usual outcry, the familiar pathetic moan for new subscriptions. Shall I read it?"

"By no means!" said several.

"Not at all!" called the silent Konski. "We know all that dope by heart."

The speaker now sat down.

"Splendid! It was splendid, Merle!" said Miss Barnum, who seemed to keep her high spirits of the earlier afternoon. "Wasn't it?" she asked, turning to the pale, delicate Mr. Dibble, beyond her.

"Yes, dear lady," replied the poet affably.

"Don't you love the parenthetical style?" asked the young editor with graceful avoidance of the personal praise. "One can do so much with it! I'm so sorry Fairweather wasn't here," he went on to Penelope Barnum, in a quick practical tone. "What we must talk about soon, of course, is the renewal of that note."

"Oh, that will be taken care of, Merle," said Miss Barnum indulgently. "You mustn't worry."

"And also, I am afraid, we must consider somewhat its enlargement," added Mr. Bloodgood.

"Well, that too, Merle," said Miss Barnum, smiling warmly and happily, first at him and then at Mr. Dibble, on the other side of her.

"Splendid! Wonderful!" called Mr. Bloodgood aloud to the other editors of The Earth. "Did you hear that? The lady assures us that we need no longer give way to fear. The note will be taken care of in due time."

It seemed to the visitor, listening, that, light and casual as had been the tone in which the group had treated other subjects, when money was mentioned it was even more so.

"You are a wonderful, wonderful lady!" said Mr. Dibble the poet from the other side of Miss Barnum.

"Oh, no! I just want to help you boys, that's all," said Miss Penelope, beaming; "and the cause of course!" she added hastily.

"No disclaimers, dear lady," said Mr. Dibble.

"None!" said the usually silent Mr. Konski.

It was now after three o'clock. The restaurant was entirely empty. The despondent waiter was still looking out the back window, watching a hungry cat skirmishing for dinner in the board-walled back yard. Avoiding the warmth of personal attention now given her Miss Barnum, signaling unobtrusively but continuously, finally captured his attention.

He came directly to her side.

"Oh, no! I insist!" said Mr. Bloodgood, making an ineffectual attempt to capture the slip of paper on the little plate.

"Another time," said Miss Barnum. "Another time, Merle!"

The waiter stood at ease beside the little plate by Miss Barnum.

"Why not follow the usual precedent with business luncheon? Why not charge it to the office?"

"No, no! I insist! This time is mine!" said Miss Barnum, laying down a yellow bill.

"Well, if you must," said Mr. Bloodgood. And the despondent waiter moved on without an upward glance.

"Wait! Just a moment, please!" said another voice, arresting him, the high and rather pleasant voice of the poet, Ernest Dibble. "Will you also add, when you are returning, another package of those really remarkable Russian cigarettes? The sight of all that sinful wealth has temporarily unbalanced me," he said, glancing at the yellow bill. "You don't mind, do you, dear lady?" he asked, giving Miss Barnum a sudden radiant smile.

"You know I don't, Ernest," said Miss Penelope Barnum, smiling back warmly. "I want you all to have everything you want at my party."

"After all," said Mr. Bloodgood, in that increasingly casual tone which had touched all voices since the discussion of finance had begun, "what is a package of mere Russian cigarettes between friends?"

"Merle, you are so opportune always," replied his hostess.

After the return of the waiter the party began to rise. It was now 3:30 o'clock.

"Is it so late?" asked Ernest Dibble, looking at his small golden watch with interest.

"I don't believe we need go back to the office now," said Finn Conor.

"It is scarcely worth while, is it?" said Mr. Dibble.

"Well, what do you think of our boys?" inquired Miss Penelope Barnum buoyantly as the three women guests of the luncheon went homeward in their shining limousine.

For the moment Olga Olgovska, to whom the question was addressed, did not answer. It was in fact necessary for Miss Barnum to repeat it. Even then the Russian did not answer it directly.

"Was that all?" she asked at last; and the others marked an odd change in her speech, her intonation, her voice—a change which suddenly made her seem less foreign, less Russian.

"All?" asked Miss Barnum, surprised and quite a little hurt.

"Of the editors? The staff of The Earth? The group of which you spoke," she asked of Miss McBride, her speech becoming suddenly more Russian again, "upon the steamer?"

"All, yes—but Mr. Fairweather."

"But did you not say then," inquired the Russian, "that there were others of large money, big vealth in your group?"

"I did not. No," said Miss McBride quite positively, looking at her, wondering a little at her strange question.

But now Miss Barnum had reëntered the conversation. "Of course," she said, flushing a little under the influence of some thought of her own, "you must remember—you must not forget to say, Vera, that the others besides Mr. Fairweather are all men of talent, of genius—young men who have sacrificed great careers, great money returns for the cause, The Earth."

"That's understood," said Vera McBride.

"Any one of them could receive immense sums," said Miss Barnum, continuing, "any time he chose from the subsidized press."

"Of course," said Miss McBride. "That's generally admitted. We have the brains; the other side, the subsidized press, has the money. Everyone knows that."

"Indeed?" said Olga Olgovska, her speech and manner again quite foreign. "How interesting! How proper! The one, you haf the brains; the other, they haf the money, the subsidy alone."

"And if you thought you heard me say otherwise you must have misunderstood me."

"Possiblee. No doubt!" the foreigner now conceded, and turned the conversation into other channels.

Nevertheless there was a marked change in her manner all that afternoon. Something—the information she had received, possibly—had apparently affected her considerably, and even that evening when she had gone to her bed chamber in the home of Miss Barnum for the night she was apparently disturbed by some disappointment which she had encountered during the day.

After long and moody silence, sitting gazing across the room, she finally framed her thoughts into half-spoken words.

"I might have known," she said, "that kind couldn't tell the truth on a bet!"

She now got up and stood with morose and resentful eyes, gazing on her image in the mirror; and when her lips framed articulate speech again they indicated consideration of another personality.

"For thirty cents," she murmured, her voice still full of rancor, "I'd take a chance at Archibald—the husband *nisi*."

The thought seemed to grow upon her as she stood thinking, gazing at her own reflection, considering it. But as she did so, at last she shook her head.

"Not in this!" she said. "For Archibald!"

And now again a new thought seemed to strike her, and her face and eyes in spite of their immobility seemed in a curious way, apparently without changing, to express less anger and disappointment, more hope and purpose.

She turned and extracting from a small hand bag a small purse she spread its contents upon the dresser.

"Fourteen dollars and seventeen cents," she said, counting it, and shaking her head again plunged into moody thought.

Then suddenly after some little time another change of expression altered her apparently unmoved face.

"Russian gold!" she said aloud. "You poor boob!"

Not long afterward, having examined the box in the closet to see that it had not been in any way disturbed or tampered with, she was in bed asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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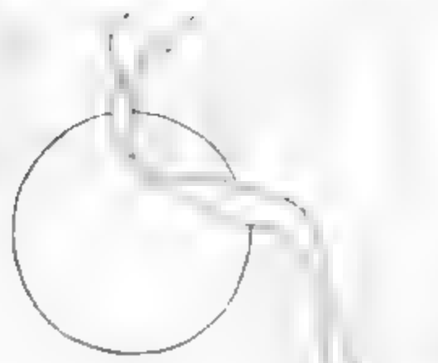

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ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS
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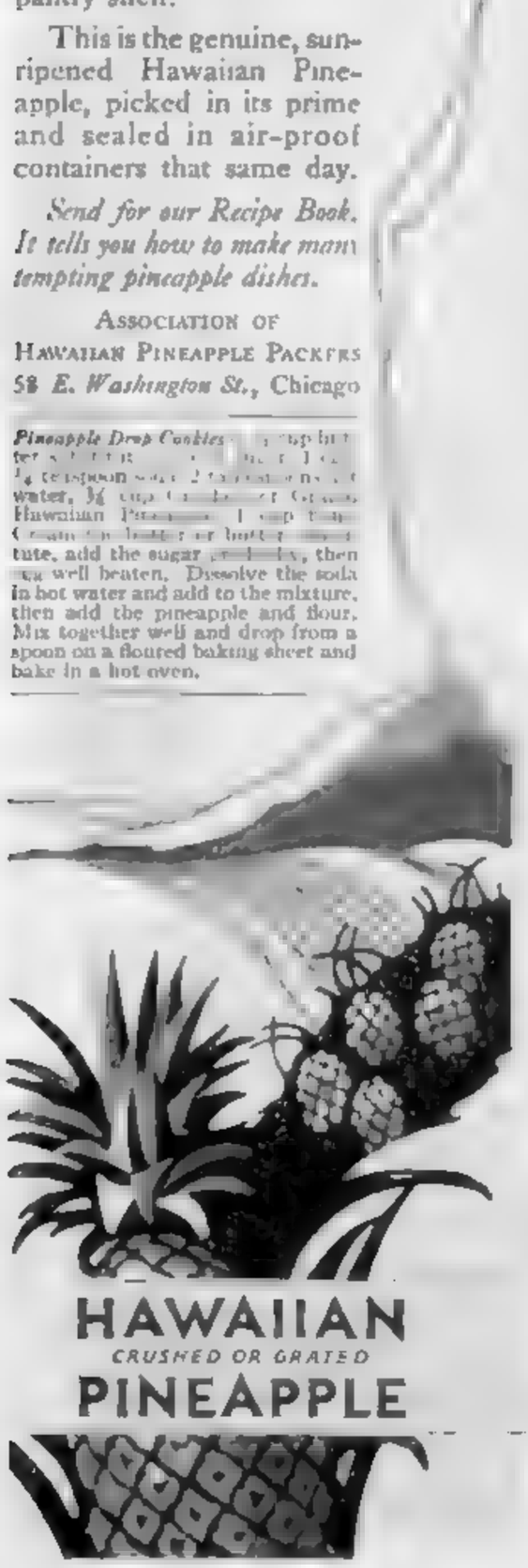
Pineapple Drop Cookies — [illegible] cup butter [illegible] 1 cup sugar [illegible] 2 teaspoons baking powder [illegible] ¼ teaspoon soda [illegible] 2 tablespoons hot water, ½ cup [illegible] Hawaiian Pineapple [illegible] cup [illegible] cream or butter substitute, add the sugar gradually, then the well beaten. Dissolve the soda in hot water and add to the mixture, then add the pineapple and flour. Mix together well and drop from a spoon on a floured baking sheet and bake in a hot oven.



ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS

(Continued from Page 5)

"Well, I guess we'd better be riding on," said Stephen, breaking an awkward pause. "The horses have fed by this time."

They returned to the cabin and Stephen saddled the horses and brought them around to the gate. Jennifer had picked a large nosegay of bright flowers by this time, and when Rose had mounted he gave them to her and held out his hand, which she shook warmly.

"I can't begin to tell you how I've enjoyed myself here," she said. "You must come and see me when you're in town. Will you?"

"I sure will," he answered with an embarrassed grin. "Maybe—maybe you'll be riding this way again. It's a thousand years till you do, as the Greaser says. So long!"

"It's a promise," she told him. "I'll come. Good-by!"

Stephen shook hands with him and made due acknowledgment of his hospitality.

"You're welcome," said Jennifer courteously. "Come again."

Rose waved her hand to him and blew him a kiss, and they cantered off. Where the trail crested the hill they turned and looked back. He was still leaning against the gate, as they had left him. He seemed a lonely figure among the ruined houses in spite of the sunshine and the overarching blue of the sky.

"Wasn't he a love and a dear and a perfect angel of an old darling?" Rose demanded as soon as they had ridden out of hearing.

"Why such cold characterization?" laughed Stephen. "Couldn't you say something sweetly appreciative about him?"

"But wasn't he?"

"Good old scout I guess, but he's got a bad eye. I wouldn't want to trust him much farther than I could see him. Not that he may not be all that you say," Stephen hastened to add as an indignant flash of Rose's brown eyes reproved him. "He certainly did us well."

"I should think so! Fed us dee-licious food and showered us with flowers and gold. I don't see why he did it."

"I do," said Stephen, looking at her with what might be called emphasis. "I see quite plainly."

Rose blushed. She blushed very easily—and charmingly. "Well, if it was because he fell in love with me I'm going to tell him that his sentiments are reciprocated, the very next time that I see him. I'm going to see him too."

"Let me know when and I'll attend you."

"But your time is hardly your own, you know," Rose reminded him. "Oh, I think that was unkind! It didn't seem like you, Mr. Trainor. The poor old fellow has that rich mine and can't sell it. He pretends he doesn't want to, but I'm sure he does, and if you looked at it and could tell people with capital how splendid it was—don't you see? And—and it might be quite profitable to you."

"It wasn't exactly necessary to hold that out as an inducement," Stephen told her reproachfully. "If you want me to look at it, of course I will. But it might be kinder not to. Every one of these old prospectors has some worthless claim that he thinks is a bonanza. Better let him dream on. But I'll see what the ore sample shows, and if it seems to be pretty good I'll look into the Gentle Jane and find out if there's enough of it to pay for the working. Will that do?"

"It's dear of you," said Rose. "But I wish you didn't dislike him. He seems so pathetic to me—living there all by himself. Suppose he were ill. Who would there be to look after him? He was so glad to see us and hear the sound of a human voice. It touched me."

"Bless you!" said Stephen in a glow of admiring tenderness. "But understand me, please; I don't dislike him by any means. I only said that I wouldn't trust him very far. I always feel that way when a man's eyes don't seem animated by a common purpose. Much about the same if he happens to have a twisted nose. It's quite unreasonable, I know. Just a feeling."

"And they say men are logical creatures," Rose scoffed.

"I suppose the whole thing is that I was madly jealous," Stephen said, smiling. "I felt so much in the way. And having you both calmly ordering me off so that you could have an undisturbed tête-à-tête! Pretty rough! And then showering you with gold, Miss Danaë! By the way, will you intrust me with that bullion of yours?"

"You look honest," said Rose, giving him the little package. "Your nose isn't crooked, anyway. What do you want it for?"

"I'm going to undertake the manufacture of your souvenir, if you will let me," he replied. "If you won't let me you'll hurt my feelings, and you wouldn't want to do that, would you?"

"No-o," Rose said in a low voice; "I certainly wouldn't want to do that."

"Perhaps when you wear it you will sometimes include me in your thoughts of Mr. Jennifer and Pactola. Did I tell you that I was off for Mexico at the end of this month?"

"Mexico! I thought that—are you leaving us, then?" There was concern as well as surprise in her voice. "I'm sorry," she added with attempted carelessness.

"I'll have finished my survey by the first, anyway," he replied. "Mine is a roving trade. Last year I was in Chile and before that two years in the Philippines. Now it's Mexico."

"That's a long way from Boston," Rose murmured, as if to herself. "I was never out of Boston very far until now," she continued. "We were to have gone to Europe last year if it hadn't been for the war. I envy a man—to be able to go anywhere; and I've dreamed of Mexico ever since I was made to read Prescott."

"Prescott's Mexico isn't Carranza's," said Stephen moodily, and they rode a little way in silence.

"Why, here's Carbonate!" exclaimed Rose as the narrow cañon through which they were riding suddenly widened before them. "I thought we were miles away."

"We made quite a detour to get to Pactola," said Stephen. "I thought you would enjoy the scenery."

Jennifer remained leaning against the gate for a minute or two after Rose and Stephen had passed out of sight; then he sighed and walked back to the cabin with much more of a sag to his shoulders and far less springiness of gait than had been apparent when he had preceded his guests down the same path a little while before. The kettle mortar was on the porch where he had left it, and he absent-mindedly moved it out of the way. As he set it down again he seemed struck by a sudden thought and, picking out a piece of the ore that it contained, he examined it closely.

"Dog my cats!" he exclaimed with a disgusted air. "That ain't the Gentle Jane rock! Why, that's—lemme see. Why, yes, that's from the Battle Creek prospect. Ain't worth a damn. Well, well!"

He went into the cabin, still muttering to himself, and walked directly to the portrait of the lignum-vitæ lady, which he looked at long and earnestly. From that he turned to the stove and set on water to heat while he prepared the dishes for washing. As he waited for the water to boil he took from his pocket a small bottle, and holding it up to the light broke into a cackle of laughter. The bottle was about a third full of gold dust and small nuggets.

"Fooled her, all right," he told himself. "I certainly fooled the little gal. 'Rich dirt,' says the feller. He, he, he! I reckon yes!"

He concealed the bottle behind some cans on the top shelf of the cupboard and, still grinning, poured the hot water on his dishes and proceeded to wash them.

"Miss Blake," he muttered. "Miss Blake. Didn't ask her given name. Heaps of things I didn't ask her."

He turned from his pan and slowly rolled his eccentric eye around the room. "Place looking like hell!"

He resumed his task.

"'About the nicest man I ever knew,'" he chuckled. "Well, my dear, bar one, you're just about the nicest little gal; so that makes it an even break, s'far's that goes—Miss Blake."

The dishwashing concluded, he went out on the porch and smoked, removing the stem of his pipe from his mouth from time to time to talk to himself on the subject of Miss Blake. Presently he got up. "I'll mosey over to Pete's and see what he can tell me," he said, and with that he closed the cabin door and set forth on a four-mile walk that brought him at last to a little mountain park of about eighty acres, through which ran a crystal-clear stream from a hill height that made it available for general irrigation purposes. An apple orchard, an emerald field of alfalfa and a large garden patch were under fence and a neat log house and outbuildings were picturesquely set against the hillside.

That was Pete Ekdal's place, and Peter himself, a tall, raw-boned old Norwegian, was squaring a huge pine log with mighty strokes of a broadax when his visitor called to him. He laid down his ax and gave his visitor welcome.

"Yoe Yennifer! Val! Ay say to my voman yust a vile ago, 'Yoe Yennifer ought to be har after his botter. Ay guess Ay hitch oop en drive bay Pactola tomorrow en see if hae ban dead.'"

"A long ways from dead yet," said Jennifer. "How you coming and what are you doing with these logs?"

"Ay make me an ell on de house, Ay tank," said Pete. "Comm in and I gif you some bottermilk after your valk. If you lak Ay gif you somteng better—a leeta drink visky. No? Ay know. Dat is vy Ay gif you invite." He laughed heartily. "Bot Ay tank you are wrong. Leeta drink visky goot for a faller." He winked.

"Not for me," said Jennifer firmly. "I used to like it too darned well. I'll take Hilda's buttermilk every time."

"Ay vas yust yoking," said Peter, meaning that his offer of whisky was a mere pleasantry. "Ay know you quvit. Val, comm in de house."

After a draft of buttermilk, icy from the spring house, which Mrs. Ekdal hastened to bring him, Jennifer gave the two his news

"Had a couple of visitors to-day," he said. "What do you think of that? One of them a lady. Yes, sir, a young lady, as pretty as a pitcher and as sweet as a peach. No, I ain't dead yet, Pete, when elegant young ladies come to see me. Eastern folks, I reckon. She was all togged out in these newfangled clothes for riding clothespin fashion—in breeches." He lowered his voice modestly at the word, out of deference to Mrs. Ekdal. "Not but she looked right well in them," he went on.

Peter nodded and drained the glass of "visky" that he had fought for with his wife and won. "Ay know," he said. "Ay see her vonce. She's cousin or somteng to Grierson, und she stay at Grierson's vid hare modder."

"There was a fellow with her," said Jennifer. "They stayed at my place and took dinner with me."

"Ay kess hae is de English dude, Addington, dat Ay har tal of," said Peter. "Hae comm from London to buy de Garvey-Diss mines. Rad cheek und blue eye und hae var dese cort—cortory clothes—yes?"

"That ain't him," said Jennifer. "This'n wasn't English and he wasn't no dude. Said his name was Trainor and that he was up at the G. D."

"Oh, hem! Ay know hem Mester Trainor. Hae's rock sharp for de English company. Hae comm har fem veek ago to mak survey. Den dees dude faller comm efter; bot dey are togedder. Yon Treveek hae tal me hae's going marry dees gal."

"John Treweek going to marry?" cried Jennifer.

"No, dees dude. Hae's vid hare all de tam—hare und hare modder. Yon he tal mae dat's right for sure."

"I don't like that," mused Jennifer. "I don't like them English dudes. I've seen them. And she ain't the gal to pick up with a dude. Besides which —— No, I reckon John Treweek got it wrong or else he was lying. I'll bet on it. Well, I'll have to see about this, anyway."

Carbonate was no inconsiderable town and anything but a dead one. Aside from the group of mines owned by the Garvey-Diss Company, there were other properties, smaller indeed, but not unimportant, whose employes added to its population; also it was a trading center for all the mining camps in the vicinity. It boasted two business streets, not extensive but representative, and the miners' cottages were thick all over the lower slopes of the hillside. Thick black smoke and noxious gases

(Continued on Page 35)

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

THE GREAT THINGS OF LIFE—CONTENTMENT

The ninth of a series illustrating "The Great Things of Life," painted by Clarence F. Underwood. © E. L. W. of G. E. Co.

This is the Life and *the* Light

OF course a king has a bigger house, and more kinds of food and all that. But what king will be more contented than you when he sits down to dinner tonight?

He won't enjoy his food so much, nor be loved by his queen any more. You will have better talk, better appetite, better cheer.

And with Edison Mazda Lamps glowing down on your meal you can have a lot better light.

HAVE you ever stopped to think of this? The best rugs cost more than poor rugs; good furniture and books cost more than those of inferior quality. But the best light not only costs no more; it actually costs less than poor light.

Since this is so, why be content to ask for "new bulbs" or "new lamps" when it is so easy to ask for Edison Mazda Lamps? And when Mazda Service in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company develops a more perfect light, that, too, will be an Edison Mazda Lamp.

EDISON

MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 32)

belched from the stacks of mills and chemical-reduction works, giving the air that malodorous murkiness usually associated with prosperity. Carbonate had electric lights, moreover, and two garages did a brisk business, especially in repairs, for the mountain roads were hard on tires and springs. It had a moving-picture palace and many resorts less innocent in character, the town being liberal in its ideas and having its own convictions—and the courage of them—with respect to the Eighteenth Amendment. No Cheyenne, inasmuch as such finishing civic frills and furbelows as street paving, street cars and a general sewerage system were still to be added; but it still had most urban essentials, and the company, which owned nearly all the town below the surface and a great deal of it above, looked after things pretty well, even if the underground city claimed most of its attention.

For, after all, the bulk of the Carbonate people spent most of their waking hours underground. They came up to eat and to sleep or to indulge in such recreation as their individual tastes inclined, but their serious activities were in the drifts and stopes of the Lady Gay, which penetrated to half a dozen other of the G. D. claims. There pneumatics buzzed and the heads of the hand drills rang to the hammer stroke in preparation for the rending dynamite; picks clicked and shovels scraped and little cars filled with ore trundled along the levels to the main shaft, to be snatched up to the surface and whisked by tiny locomotives to whichever of the eternally champing mills demanded their burdens.

In the hoist building the gong in the engineer's room clanged four times, and at the signal the engineer glanced at a dial and pulled a lever. The cable drum spun around with a rumble of sound, and in a minute or two the great steel cage burst through a square gap in the middle of the floor outside the glazed partition and stopped with a bang. Two men got out. One of them was Stephen, and the other a blue-eyed, rosy-faced young man with a small straw-colored mustache, who was dressed in a natty suit of wide-ribbed corduroy belted at the waist. Each carried a number of small sacks of ore, and these they took to a bench and numbered and sealed before they left the building and descended the hill on the trail that led to Superintendent Grierson's house.

"Jolly glad to get up again," said the rosy-faced young man. "Never went down into a mine yet without getting into a blue funk at the prospect of staying there with a few thousand tons of rock and dirt on top of me. I'll never get used to it. Beastly feeling! Don't you ever have it?"

"Never," replied Stephen. "I suppose it's your British love of formality. You want to be lowered gently in a silver-plated casket to a depth of eight or ten feet and decorously covered by a regularly ordained sexton with the official shovel. Me, I'll take a cave-in. Saves fuss and ceremony, to say nothing of funeral expense. But cheer up," he continued encouragingly. "Only two or three more trips for you and we'll be through."

"And then you'll be running over to Mexico?" said the other.

"After we get out the reports here."

"I shan't be sorry. To be perfectly frank with you, old chap, if you could make it South Africa instead of Mexico I'd feel still more resigned, don't you know? I'd give you a jolly good billet at Johannesburg if you could see your way clear to take it—what?"

"Sorry I'm tied up," said Stephen thoughtfully. "But cheer up once more. Where I'm going there's a beautiful chance of getting raided by revenutionary forces and shot up. Not that it would matter to you, one way or another."

"I'm not so sure," said Addington reflectively. "I hope that you're right about it not mattering, and I wouldn't want you killed unless it was absolutely necessary, but—eh? If it hadn't been for that ride—eh? Pactola, isn't it? You jockeyed me there, Stevie."

"Nothing of the sort," declared Stephen. "If you want to know the name of your real rival, it's Jennifer. He's eighty-odd and he's no such Adonis as you; but he's almost as sinfully wealthy, and Miss Rose loves him, which is the important point."

"I've heard her say so. But you're spoofing me when you say he's wealthy, aren't you? I gathered that she was interested in him in the soup-and-blanket way. Chapters of the Bible and liniment for his rheumatism and all that sort of thing—what?"

Stephen laughed. They approached Grierson's, where they were quartered in a small cottage adjoining the house. Addington's servant, Gorby, a stocky, red-haired little cockney, was sitting on the steps, smoking a cutty pipe and watching some workmen spread the concrete for a tennis court which his master had laid off for the special benefit and behoof of Miss Rose Blake. He got up as soon as he saw Mr. Addington, and followed him into the house to help him change. Stephen went to his own room and made his own toilet unassisted, and presently, in tweeds and starched linen, came out and, taking Gorby's seat on the steps, contemplated the court with a gloomy expression.

A couple of weeks more and Addington and Rose would be playing there, exchanging gay banter with the ball across the net and getting more and more friendly with each succeeding day. "Friendly" wasn't exactly the word, of course. And he, Stephen, would be on his way to loveless exile!

Well, Addington was a good fellow. English of course, but a good fellow, a clean sportsman and no fool. His money hadn't spoiled him for hard work and he knew the mining game and played it in a way that commanded respect. The only son of a father who was a power in the mining world, young Addington might have easily loafed in an office chair in the London offices, or shirked the whole thing for the leisure life; but he had chosen to work; and a part of the work, Stephen knew, called for the exercise of something that in his case approached the heroic. He had a congenital horror of the underground. As a boy he had to nerve himself to go into a coal cellar, and on this day, as on many other days, Stephen had noted his pallor and trembling as the two had traversed the dark subterranean galleries, and he had at the same time seen how little Addington's terrors had been able to influence his will.

"Good stuff in him," thought Stephen. "And he can give her decent surroundings and all the other things women want." It was a noble thought, but not consoling.

"I say," said the object of the reverie, appearing, newly shaven and carefully attired. "What you said about the sexton, you know. Sextons aren't ordained, Stevie, you know."

"Did I say that they were ordained?" asked Stephen drearily. "Careless of me! They ring the bells, don't they? 'Ring the bell, sexton, ring, ring, ring.' Yes, I remember."

"Reminds me of Hood's ballad of Faithless Sally Brown," said Addington with a giggle. "About the sailor chap, you know.

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

"Not half bad, what? Told, y'see. Play on the word—eh?"

"A scream," said Stephen, getting up. "Let's go and see the ladies."

They found the ladies in the living room. Mrs. Grierson, stout and motherly, sat by her sewing table in a deep bay window, mending an unmistakable sock and listening placidly to the animated conversation of Mrs. Blake, her cousin once removed. Mrs. Blake was as thin as her relative was plump; a nervous, breathless sort of woman, slightly overpowdered and addicted to a lorgnette, with which she now surveyed the newcomers. She smiled very graciously at Addington and quite politely at Stephen. Rose was at the piano, struggling intently through the accompaniment of one of Haase's Syrian love songs, which a dark, vividly colored girl of about her own age was humming as she sat beside her on the bench. That was Fanny Brant, sister of Dan Brant, the G. D. attorney. On the floor, lying on her stomach and kicking her slim, black-stockinged legs in the air, was Adele, the eleven-year-old daughter of the Grierson household, absorbed in a book. She jumped up as the two young men entered and ran directly to Stephen, ignoring Addington entirely, so that honors of welcome between the two were about even. Stephen lifted her arm-high, lowered her to a kiss and set her down, upon which she seized his hand and dragged him to another window to show him her book.

OKUMA

"Japan's Grand Old Man" is on the editorial staff of the PUBLIC LEDGER

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"Oh, I say, don't stop," said Addington, walking over to the piano. "Jolly good song and very well sung—eh?"

"I wasn't singing it; we were just trying it over," Fanny told him as he bent to look at the music.

"Try again," said Addington pleasantly. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again—what?" He raised a throaty but not despicable tenor.

"*In the vale of Hanina are melodies made,*
Listen, O heart of me, listen."

"Why, you know it!" exclaimed Rose. She got up from the bench. "Sing it for us."

"Won't you play the accompaniment for me?"

"Of course not. I've just seen it for the first time, and I'm an awfully poor reader. You know it. Play it yourself."

Addington, after some demur, seated himself. Rose went over to a chair near the window and with a bright nod to Stephen composed herself to listen. At the conclusion of the song, which Addington really sang jolly well, Stephen disengaged himself from Adele and went over to her. For a moment he joined in the applause.

"Bravo!" he cried. "Bravissimo! Bis! Encore! Do it some more."

Addington slid around on the bench to face them. "Once is enough before supper," he said. "I'm like little Tom Tucker, you know. I've sung for my supper—eh? All that he got was—what did he get, Adele? You ought to know."

"Why do you ask me?" inquired Adele, looking up with offended dignity. "I don't know any more Mother Goose than you do."

"Floored again!" laughed Addington, and they all laughed. Mrs. Blake raised her lorgnette and called to her daughter.

"I'm afraid you're in a draft there, Rose darling. You'd better come over here."

"Thank you, mother dear," Rose returned; "there isn't the least draft and I'm quite comfortable where I am."

"Am I a draft?" whispered Stephen.

"You haven't the air of one," she answered quickly, and they both laughed in a way that increased Mrs. Blake's anxiety.

"By the way, I've got something for you," said Stephen, diving into his pocket. "I'm sorry there wasn't a beautiful velvet case for it, but you must make allowances for local conditions."

He gave her a small package, which she opened, and from many wrappings of white tissue paper took a brooch of platinum wrought into a miniature gold pan, artistically battered, in whose lower curve was set a crescent of her gold, tapering from the larger nugget to the smallest speck of the yellow metal. It was prettier than it sounds, and it had cost Stephen a pretty penny, for a young engineer with the borrowed money for his technical education barely repaid and a mother and sister to support.

"How perfectly lovely!" Rose murmured softly. "Where did you get it done? You haven't had time ——"

"No, I didn't send it off," Stephen told her. "A man here did it. A Mexican goldsmith from Nacosori, who strayed into Carbonate about a year ago. I'll take you into his shop, if I may, sometime before I leave. You really like it? You see all the gold is exactly as it was and it could be taken out any time and reset."

"Ridiculous!" said Rose. "Who would ever want to reset it? I think it's beautiful. You—and Mr. Jennifer—have been too good to me. It's lovely," she added in a louder voice. "Come, everybody, and see what I've got. Here's the gold that I mined myself."

The trinket was hardly displayed and admired when the air was shattered by the six-o'clock whistles from the mills, and that was the signal for Ching-Chang to set the long table in the dining room for the evening meal—supper. Presently Mr. Grierson came in, a gray silent man with a look of great kindness and rugged strength and simplicity, who, after greeting his family and guests with a nod and smile from the doorway, clumped upstairs in his hob-nailed boots to make himself presentable. A minute or two later Dan Brant appeared, a quite young man for his important post, who carefully cultivated a thin, silky beard and wore unnecessary shell-rimmed glasses to mitigate the youthfulness of his appearance. He was boyishly excited about the new tennis court, and the conversation ran upon that important topic and the relative merits of grass, clay and concrete until Mr. Grierson came downstairs and they all trooped into the dining room for supper.

"It isn't in the least public spirit," protested Addington as they sat down. "I'm quite selfish. A fellow has to have something to amuse him. At least, I mean to say you fellows don't. You don't know how to play, you Americans. No sports whatever. I just thought tennis would be better than nothing."

"You do us foul wrong," said Dan. "We have lots of tennis back East, and a game they call golf, which I understand is quite interesting. It originated in the Cherokee Strip, I'm told."

"Excuse me for correcting you—Scotland," said Addington.

"You may be right," Dan told him gravely. "Anyway, there's poker and several other manly sports that we play here in Carbonate. We'll show him the town some still, starry night, won't we, Trainor?"

"I really should like to learn to play poker," said Addington. "Of course I know it's a card game. Some of our chaps play it quite a bit, but I never happened to. I'm a duffer about cards, though."

"Say no more; you shall learn," Dan told him, beaming. "I will teach you. An old gypsy once told me that a fair-haired foreigner would bring me great good fortune," he informed the company. "I laughed her to scorn; but I guess she knew what she was talking about."

"Let's all go out after a while and put our hands on the concrete while it's wet," Fanny proposed. "Make a deep and lasting impression."

"Thereunto set our hands," said her brother. "Great idea!"

General assent was given to this, and then Grierson was told about Rose's brooch and she unpinned it from her bosom and passed it to him for inspection.

"All that in one pan of dirt?" he asked, with a wrinkled smile at her. "Pretty good! Did you see it, Dan?" He passed it on to Brant, who at once announced his intention of making Mr. Jennifer's acquaintance.

"Maybe he would like to play poker, too," said Dan. "I could divide my time very nicely between Addington and him."

"If he's the Jennifer I think he is I wouldn't advise you to," said Grierson slowly. "Old Joe Jennifer?"

"Yes; do you know him?" asked Rose eagerly. "Isn't he a dear? I'm going to see him again, and I'm going to take some things over to him to make him a little more comfy. Do you know him, Uncle Rick?"

Grierson nodded and buttered a hot biscuit.

"We'll all go to see him; make a picnic of it," Fanny proposed. "I'm crazy to see him. Aren't all of you?"

"I'm not," declared Mrs. Blake; "and I don't think I approve of your pursuing your acquaintance with him, Rose, my dear."

Rose laughed. "I'll promise to have a chaperon," she said.

"I'll be it," said Fanny, and Dan and Addington said they would fare merrily along; but Rose shook her head.

"I'm not going to have a show made of him," she declared. "I'll get old Luis to go with me. May I have him, Uncle Rick?"

Uncle Rick said that he would think it over.

As soon as the meal was finished the young people went out to the tennis court and there left the imprints of their hands in a row along the edge of the concrete. Returning, Rose dropped back to join Stephen, who had lingered, hoping that perhaps she might.

"Did you analyze—assay that rock of Mr. Jennifer's?" she asked.

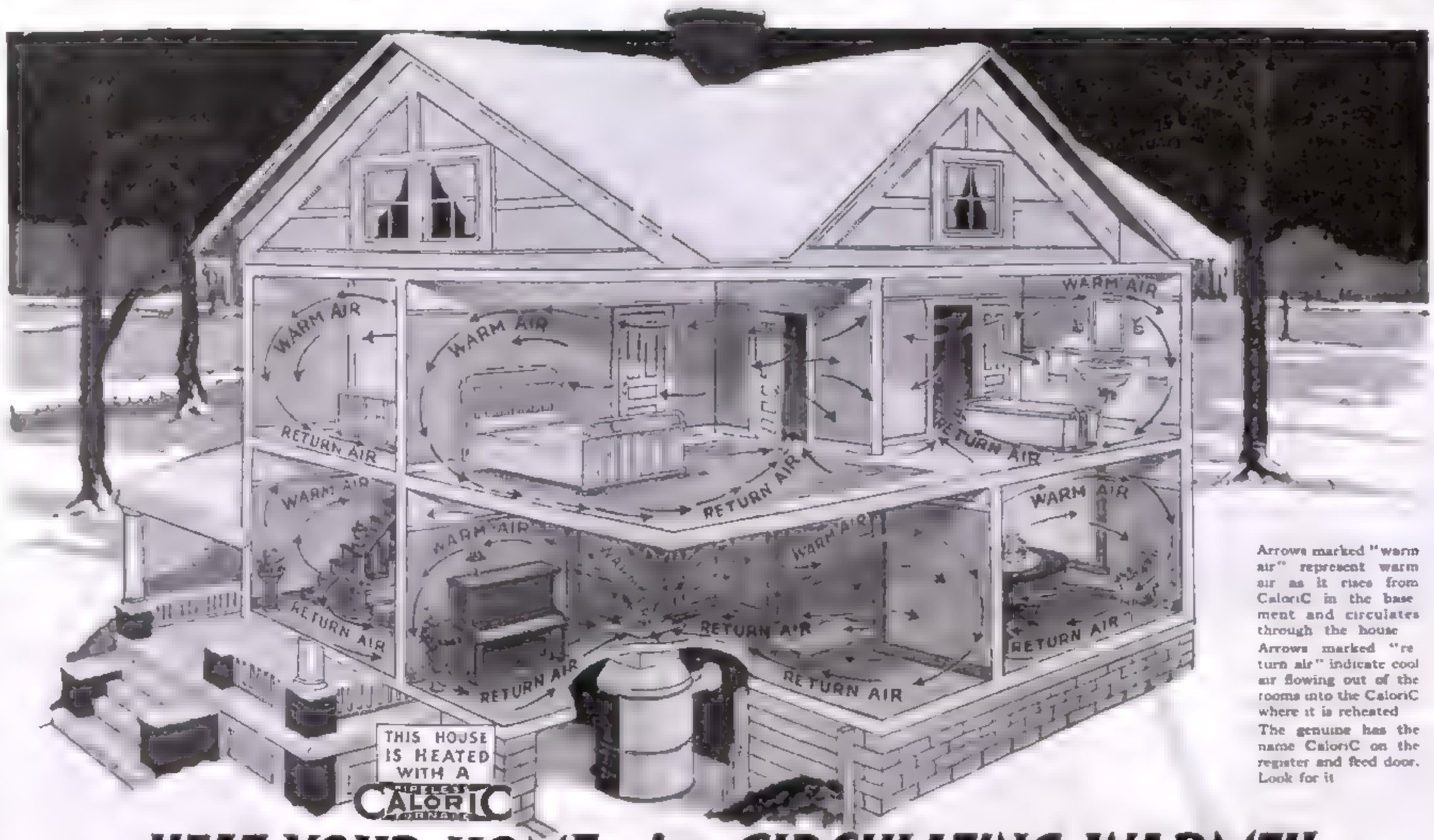
"I did," replied Stephen. "I hated to tell you, but it wasn't any good. Quite worthless. Too bad, isn't it?"

"Oh!" she cried, disappointed. "I hoped so that it would turn out to be something wonderful. It would be so nice for him if he really were rich."

"Mightn't be. I've seen one case of sudden riches and heard of lots of others where it wasn't at all nice. Quite the contrary. I don't know whether I could stand it, myself."

The others had gone into the house. Rose seated herself on the porch railing. "It's stuffy inside," she said. "Perhaps sudden riches might make that impossible girl possible," she suggested. "You didn't finish your confidence the day of our ride. Don't you want some friendly advice?" She smiled at him provocatively.

(Continued on Page 38)



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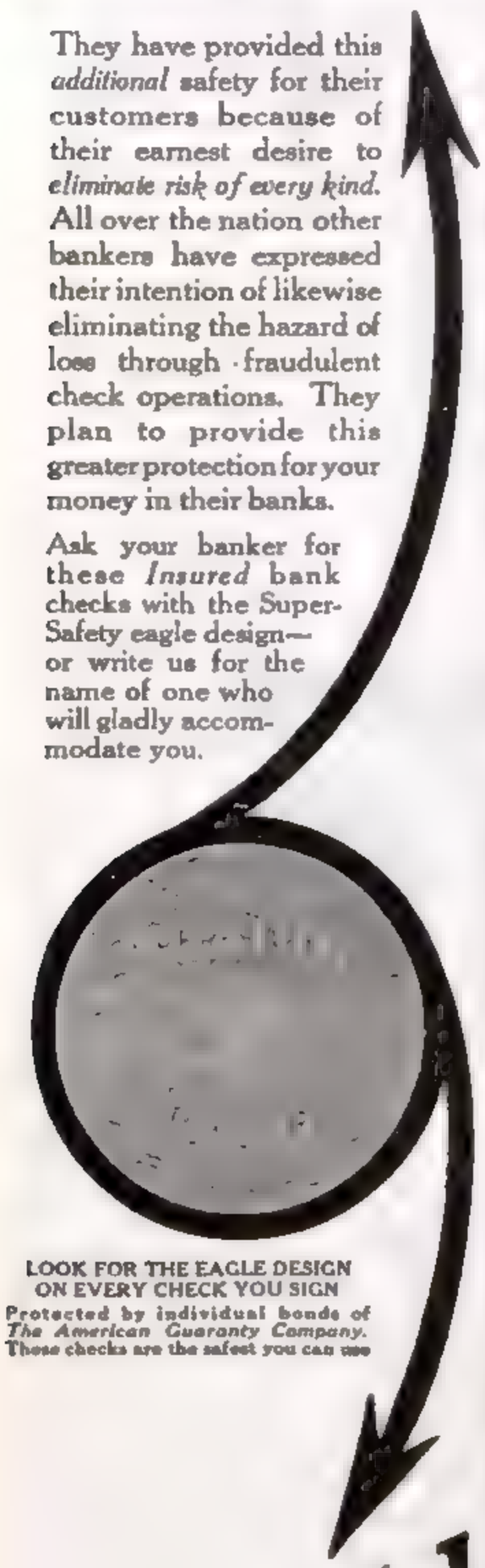

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ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 36)

"No," said Stephen almost brusquely.

"Oh, very well!" She looked at him with a sidelong glance. He was staring moodily in the direction of the Lady Gay hoist.

"But she—she may not be so impossible as you seem to think—even as it is."

"I thrashed it all out with myself," said Stephen. "I've seen fellows like me who were fools enough to marry nice girls and take them away from their friends and all the decencies of civilization, and I've watched the poor things gradually breaking down under the hardships and the solitude, plucky as they were. Their men had their work; but they had nothing but their fight with loneliness and homesickness. I've sworn a dozen times that I would never ask a girl to sacrifice herself for me like that." He brought his fist down heavily on the porch railing. "No!"

"Too bad about them!" said Rose contemptuously. "No stupid novels to read, no sickly bonbons, no dull dinner parties, no dreary dances, no silly plays, or stupid servants to do the things for you that you don't want done! Nothing but being with the man who loves them, and loving, helping and taking care of him and being happy with him! Poor creatures!"

Stephen looked at her for a moment with glowing eyes. Then he said, "Listen!"

She looked at him brazenly. "*Listen, O heart of me, listen!*" she sang softly. Stephen frowned.

"You don't know," he said. "I do. The women I speak of probably thought everything was going to be rosy and lovely. I say a man isn't any man who, with his eyes open, would let them do it."

"You are very silly," said Rose—"if you want to know what I think. Shall we go in? It's rather chilly here after all."

Stephen followed her in, meekly, and was instantly claimed by Adele, who had more to tell him about her book. Dan, it seemed, had something for Rose's private ear, while Fanny was entertaining Addington at the piano. Presently Gus Burt, Carbonate's very prosperous bachelor hardware dealer, dropped in. He was an admirer of Fanny's, and rather resented Addington, in consequence. It had been a joy to him when he discovered that Addington's first name was Percy, and "Moicy, Poicy!" was a favorite exclamation of his when Mr. Addington was in company. That keen and biting shaft of wit passed harmlessly over Mr. Addington's head, however.

Fanny left the piano to greet him, and Addington, giving him a cool British nod of recognition, lounged over to where Rose and Dan were sitting.

"Go back and sing to us," said Dan. "Don't come protruding here. Sing. We'll talk softly, won't we, Miss Blake?"

"Nobody loves me," Addington complained.

"I do," said Rose warmly, and then, at the look that flashed into the Englishman's blue eyes, she colored a little. Stephen heard and saw, and she saw that he did. "You, too," she told Dan, but not loudly enough for Stephen to hear that time.

Mr. Grierson came in. "Hello, Gus," he said, waving a hand to Burt. "What about those shovels?"

"Jones phoned this afternoon from Keno that he had them on his truck. I guess he'll be along about ten o'clock and if you say so I'll have him take them right up to Griggs at the store."

"Good!" said Grierson. "So do, son; we're needing them. Now, Adele, sweetheart; time daddy's little girl was abed. Sally's asking for you."

Adele protested, but eventually gave in and was led off by her mother. Mrs. Blake at once called Dan over to her to explain the legal aspect of a domestic controversy that was occupying considerable newspaper space at the time. Dan went, not too willingly, but with a good grace, considering.

Grierson opened a box of cigars and offered one to Stephen, who declined it.

"You were in Thirty-one stope to-day, weren't you?" he asked the young man. "We opened that in March. That lode, I figure, runs slap into the discovery shaft of the Holy Moses."

"I guessed it might be the same," said Stephen absently. He was looking at Rose and Addington. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, but their occasional laughter was the only part of the conversation that was perfectly audible. Stephen got hold of himself with something of an effort. "By the way, Mr. Grierson," he said, "about this old rooster, Jennifer. You said you knew him?"

"In the early days," said Grierson—"if it's the same man. I haven't heard of him for a coon's age, but he was considerable notorious along about—lemme see—about twenty-five years ago. S'matter of fact, we thought seriously of hanging him, once or twice. Squint-eyed fellow, was he?"

"That's the boy," said Stephen. "I didn't like his looks. What were you going to hang him for?"

"Oh, sort of on general principles," drawled Grierson. "He was a sort of tinhorn gambler and about as crooked as they ever get to be. Mean. There was a story out he had killed a couple of men in Nevada. I don't know how true it was, but I remember him doing some very fancy shooting by way of exhibition. Maybe that was one of the reasons we didn't hang him. No, I don't know about the killings. When he was at Castle Creek he'd get tanked up and act ugly once in a while, swaggering around and shooting out lights or the like of that, but he never happened to shoot at a man. Not as far as I know. Ore thief, too, by all accounts; but he was too slick to catch. I went out to the Cœur d'Alene just before the Pactola excitement, and I didn't get back to this section until I met Garvey in Denver and he hired me to take charge here; so I kind of lost track of people; but I heard that Jennifer married a woman who worked in a restaurant at Pactola, and that she had made him behave and go to work. A decent woman, they tell me. So he's still on earth—at Pactola?"

"He gave me a sample of ore from a mine he owns," said Stephen. "No good."

"It wouldn't be."

"Miss Blake oughtn't to go out there alone if he's that sort of an old devil."

"She won't," said Grierson. "I'll see to it."

"I wish you would," said Stephen earnestly.

Soon after that Stephen left the house and went to his quarters in no enviable frame of mind. Whether Rose cared for him or not, he had made it quite clear to her that he had no hope or intention of becoming her, or any girl's, suitor. For whatever reason—whether mere coquetry, of which he was totally unwilling to suspect her, or a real interest in him, the thought of which made his heart pound—she had encouraged him, innocently perhaps, to declare himself, and he had, as it were, repelled her advances. Crudely, unmistakably repelled them. Almost from the moment of their first meeting he had known himself to be in love with her, and it had been his constant endeavor to conceal the fact from her, the more so because, almost from the first, he had imagined her to be rather more than kindly disposed toward him. At times. It might have been nothing more than imagination, but he had thought so, and the thought was honey of the sweetest and gall of the bitterest. More than once, when upon the very brink and verge of betraying his deep feeling to her, he had checked himself with an abruptness that was almost ludicrous. That had happened on the ride to Pactola. He had been a weak fool to take that ride. Now he believed that he had so wounded her pride that she would resolutely stifle whatever nascent inclination she had felt toward him, and he would be denied even the poor solace of her friendship.

Stephen, it will be inferred, had that weak sort of character that allows itself to by tyrannically dominated by a sense of duty. That was so. He had denied himself much since, almost in his boyhood, the care of his family had devolved upon him. His mother, widowed, and barely subsisting on a pittance, his sister a hopeless invalid, the burden of their care had fallen on the young fellow's immature shoulders and he had carried it ever since with a cheerful and altogether uncomplaining spirit. A sociable soul, he had sacrificed social pleasures natural to his age quite as a matter of course; he had worked unceasingly and with an unswerving purpose that had carried him far, as progress in his profession went. The future now seemed rather bright—or it had, until he had met Rose. Here another sacrifice was demanded.

The conclusion was unavoidable. Rose had been reared in the lap of luxury. Her father, a scion of an old Back Bay family in Boston, had seen to it that she had every disadvantage of her exclusive set, and then, either improvident and reckless, or unfortunate, had departed to a heavenly Back Bay, leaving no adequate provision for his wife and daughter. Not an uncommon story. Stephen had pieced it out during his stay in Carbonate from scraps of information dropped by Dan Brant and by Mrs. Grierson, with whom he was rather a favorite. Well, how could Stephen ask such a girl to marry him, in such circumstances—and remembering Emily Venning?

That was in the Peruvian days, three years ago. Emily was Cal Venning's wife, and Cal was in charge of a small Carabaya concession when Stephen joined him there. She had been five years in that barren, sun-scorched, wind-swept region, and in that time, she told Stephen, she had never seen a white woman's face, save her own in the mirror, and that she looked at that only as often as she was obliged to. It had once been a beautiful face, Stephen guessed. Its charm of animation and cheerfulness still remained, but the alternations of tropic heat and hyperborean rigors of cold had had their way with it; fever had seared it; care, loneliness and what to a delicately reared creature like her were cruel hardships, had all left their mark upon it, withering it to age before her prime.

Stephen never forgot the pathetic eagerness with which she questioned him about her dear homeland, which he had so lately left—scenes, people, changes. How hungrily she listened to the smallest detail! How grateful she was to him for what she called the chance to talk to an intelligent being. The man whom Stephen superseded had been a dull oaf, she said. Cal, poor fellow, came from the mine almost too weary to eat the disgustingly monotonous food that she was obliged to give him. He was killing himself, the dear old fellow! But next year they were to be relieved from slavery. They were going home. "Home!" She cried, overcome with the emotion of her longing as she uttered the word, and then, recovering, laughed at herself. Gay and brave to the end!

For the end came there. Indians dug her grave in the midst of a clump of yuccas, the friendliest spot that could be found. Cal and Stephen lowered the rudely fashioned coffin into its hard, rock-bound chamber, and Stephen had his lesson in the agony and self-reproach of the bereaved husband.

Other instances, not so tragic, but sad enough, Stephen had seen of devoted women following their husbands into the harsh solitudes whither their work had called them. He had perhaps overpitied them; still these girls were as a rule of no sturdy peasant stock—pioneers' wives with the spirit of pioneers—but exiles, unfitted by training and tradition for the lives they lived, and pining, secretly or openly, for all that they had left.

Stephen was still mulling this over, as he had done twenty times before, when Addington returned. He put his head in at the door.

"Busy, old chap?"

"As you see me," Stephen answered.

He had picked up a pen at the sound of approaching footsteps, and to all appearances he was busy. He was not in a humor for talk just then.

"I'll turn in, then. I say, Stevie, that Burt ironmonger chap is a fearful bounder—what? Gives me the hump to see him come in at the front door. I'm democratic and all that sort of rot, but—eh? Well, I had a corking good time this evening. You ought to have stayed, Stevie. Sweet dreams!"

"Good night," said Stephen.

Addington withdrew and Stephen heard him humming happily as he undressed.

A little later Mrs. Blake tapped at her daughter's bedroom door, identified herself, and was admitted rather reluctantly. Rose was also disinclined for conversation, especially as she guessed the turn the conversation was likely to take.

"What is it, mother dear?" she asked.

"I just thought I would look in and say good night," said Mrs. Blake, settling herself in a rocking-chair. "I don't feel much like sleeping. I'm worrying about you, Rose darling. You don't know how I worry. Some nights I hardly sleep a wink."

"You shouldn't drink so much coffee," said Rose unfeelingly, shaking down her hair and beginning to brush it. "Why should you worry about me?"

"About whom else should I worry? Myself? My dear, I assure you I don't care about myself in the least. If I could only see you well settled I should be only

(Continued on Page 40)

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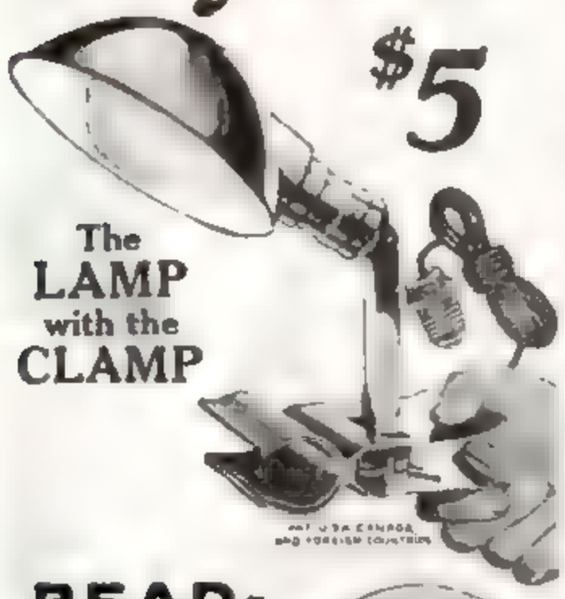

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TRADE FARBERWARE MARK

(Continued from Page 38)

too glad to fold my hands like the Arabs, or whoever they were, and be ready to go."

"Go where?"

"Hence," replied Mrs. Blake solemnly. "To join your poor dear father. This world has little for me now. I have no ambition, except to see you properly established, and that accomplished, I would consider my life's work done. But, Rose, really I must say ——"

"I know you must, darling," said Rose, beginning on her braid. "It's your only flaw, dear heart. Say it, then. You want to see me established, and then you want to go to poor father.

"Well, I'd be a nice dutiful girl if I should lend myself to any such thing as that, wouldn't I?"

This levity exasperated Mrs. Blake, whose temper at its best was no better than it should have been.

"Rose, I definitely and positively forbid you to encourage that young man," she said.

"Mr. Addington?" said Rose. "I thought you wanted me to be nice to him, and I'm sure I did my best to be agreeable to-night."

"You know perfectly well that I don't mean Mr. Addington. I mean Mr. Trainor. I never knew you to give any young man the encouragement that you have given him. And you know he is absolutely impossible. He has nothing in the world but a small salary and ——"

"Do you mean to say that he has no income apart from his salary? No property whatever?" cried Rose in horrified accents. "Mother!"

"I see no reason whatever to assume that he has," her mother replied coldly. "I asked Cousin Ella, and while she didn't know certainly, she thought it very unlikely that he had anything more. She supposed he couldn't be getting more than three or four thousand from the company—five thousand at the outside—and your own common sense will tell you whether he could support a wife at all decently on that."

"Of course not," Rose agreed. "That alters the case entirely, and I'm glad you told me. Why, even Mr. Burt would be a more eligible *parti* than he. Perhaps it wouldn't be quite fair to take Mr. Burt away from Fanny. Still —— Of course, too, he wouldn't do for Boston. We could live here, though. He probably wouldn't want to go to Boston, and very few of the people we know would be likely to come to Carbonate."

"Absurd!" said Mrs. Blake. "I would rather—almost—that you didn't marry at all. No; but, my dear, I can tell you one thing: If Miss Fanny Brant has a chance to she's going to snap up Mr. Addington right under your nose."

"I must keep my nose turned away," murmured Rose.

"I'm not joking. Anything more bold and shameless than the way she flirted with him I never saw. Mr. Burt noticed it, I can tell you."

"Was it as bold and shameless as the way I flirted with him?"

"You were very sweet and lovely," Mrs. Blake admitted. "I was pleased to see you nice to him, and I wish you were so oftener. Anybody can see that you need only raise your finger to have him at your feet."

Rose lifted a finger and looked at it pensively.

"But it put me out of patience, your lingering outside with Mr. Trainor after dinner. And then that brooch! I must say!"

"But, mother, you hadn't told me that he was poor," said Rose.

"Well, I've told you now, and I don't think that I need to tell you again that Mr. Addington is, or will be, one of the wealthiest commoners in England, besides being a charming young man and exceedingly clever."

Rose raised her finger three times in succession. "I'm practicing, mother," she said.

"Good night, my darling. My mind is much easier," said Mrs. Blake, and after embracing her daughter tenderly she left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EATING THROUGH EUROPE

(Continued from Page 7)

most edibles which undergo boiling in England appear to have been first compressed by the boiling water, and then to have had compressed boiling water forced into them. This is particularly true of the popular English dessert known as suet pudding.

Suet pudding looks and tastes very much like the English version of boiled mutton or boiled potatoes, except that it is sweeter and considerably heavier. If English movie comedians ever go in for food throwing in order to get their comedy effects the casualties are going to be terrible, for a man who had the misfortune to be struck in the face by a suet pudding would find himself in as bad a situation as though he had been overwhelmed by an avalanche or a volcanic eruption. He would have to be dug out by a corps of sappers and miners.

The English have one dish, however, that provides balm for the breast that has been harrowed by boiled things. I refer to grilled sole. The grilled sole of England is the world's finest fish. It can give fresh trout, tinker mackerel, butter fish, pompano, broiled salmon and all the other piscatorial delicacies of the world—except sand dabs—a flying start and then leave them as far behind in the race as *chignons* and bustles are behind bobbed hair and roll-top stockings.

The Epicure's Address Book

The sole of France is a very fine and precious thing when it is anointed with one of the many famous sauces for which France is famed. It is difficult not to become oversentimental and to lose one's sense of values when harking back, for example, to sole Dieppoise, whose sauce, being composed of infant mussels, shrimps and mushrooms, would make an old linen collar taste delightful, or to fillet of sole Marguery, which brought fame and wealth to the Parisian restaurant owner of that name, or to any of the other deliciously prepared soles of the Parisian restaurants. None the less, the grilled sole of England is sweeter and juicier and tenderer than all of these French soles in their trick Paris dresses.

If Mount Olympus had been situated in England instead of Greece I have a vague idea that the food of the gods, instead of being nectar and ambrosia, would have been nectar and English sole, fresh from the grill and served without sauce, brown and crisp and succulent, and garnished with two quarters of lemon, to be sparingly applied.

Another soothing English dish is whitebait with brown bread, and the two are as inseparable in the minds of all good Englishmen as are Boston and Maine or Haig and Haig in the minds of all good Americans.

The brown bread is cut very thin, buttered and folded. The whitebait is the callow offspring of practically all the fish that swim in English waters. Some of the little fish are as much as two and a half inches long, while others are so small that one sometimes suspects that the only proper way to handle them is to hold the plate level with the open mouth and let the waiter brush them in with a whisk broom.

It is difficult to believe that the nation which supports grilled sole and whitebait and brown bread can also encourage boiled mutton, suet pudding and the English oyster. The English oyster is a small, overexposed-looking, greenish-brownish mollusk. It isn't necessary to taste an English oyster in order to find out whether or not one would like it. One can find out by taking an American oyster, pouring some copper sulphate on it and swallowing it lingeringly. One's first sensation, on eating an English oyster, is that verdigris has suddenly begun to form on the tongue and tonsils, and that ptomaine poisoning will follow immediately. It is a coppery taste, and the English have become so attached to it that they look with suspicion on an oyster that doesn't have it.

An ordinary, sweet, delicate blue-point oyster tastes flat and mushy to an English epicure, just as a fresh egg tastes weak and depressed and lifeless to the Chinese epicure who has accustomed his palate to eggs that have been buried for a hundred years. The English have become so insistent on having coppery-tasting oysters that tons of copper filings are dumped annually on the English oyster beds whose oysters threaten to be too sweet and normal.

If travelers in England would stick to grilled sole and whitebait they would always leave England with nothing but friendliness and warmth in their hearts for English cooks. Invariably, however, they have to get tangled up with boiled mutton and boiled vegetables and boiled suet pudding, and as a result they almost always leave England with a vague feeling of internal distress and look forward to the restaurants of Paris with a certain elevation of the spirits.

Paris is the home of good cooking, and about 99 per cent of the world's famous restaurants are located there. None the less, if one wishes to be sure of getting one of the sorts of meals that makes the diner wish to burst into tears as did the Marquis de St.-Georges after he had finished his first Potage Germiny at the Café Anglais and kiss the cook, one should know exactly what one wishes to eat. One of the most fluent and successful eaters with whom I ever dined, when pressed to divulge his secret of ordering dinners that were invariably excellent, stated that his knack for ordering always deserted him if he absent-mindedly permitted himself to pick up one of the regulation restaurant menus on which upward of four hundred dishes are set forth.

"As soon as I get a good look at that endless list," he said, "my eyes become blurred and my mind becomes a hopeless blank. I wander helplessly from item to item, and usually finish by ordering something that I don't particularly crave, and two or three dishes more than I ought to have. When I have done that I always find that I have ordered a mediocre dinner. And conversely, if I never look at the menu, and only order what I actually want, I always find that I have ordered a good dinner."

Every restaurant in Paris has a specialty—or rather, every restaurant in Paris makes a specialty of sole and of at least one other dish. On this one other special dish its reputation usually rests. You go to Beauge's, a little brown-fronted restaurant near the Stock Market, for a round cake with a domelike chocolate frosting about two inches thick in the center. You go to the Pére Boivin for veal kidneys. You go to Prunier's for the best of oysters and the fattest snails of Burgundy. You go to the Tour d'Argent for duck served with a sauce made of the juices squeezed from another half-cooked duck. You go to the Bœuf à la Mode for bœuf à la mode.

A Priceless Heritage

Voisin's has certain things that are better than they are anywhere else in the world. So has Paillard's, and so has Henry's, and so has Durand's, to say nothing of La Rue's and Foyot's and Laurent's and the Lapérouse—where the tripe is of such a tender excellence that it would make even a Vermont deacon moan with delight—and Weber's and Marguery's and Lucas'—where the delicious herrings which are served as hors d'œuvres are enough to fill a vegetarian with a violent longing to eat an elephant—and score upon score of other restaurants, small and large, whose equals in the presentation and exposition of soups and sauces and salads and special methods of making a sole sit up on its hind fins and beg to be eaten, and every variety of ground-and-lofty, trick and open-faced cooking cannot be rounded up in any other twenty cities on the six continents.

The recipes for the special dishes at some of these restaurants have been handed down from one proprietor to another with as much care and enthusiasm as though they were pigeon-blood rubies or family plate. The same is true of the recipes for sauces. A Parisian restaurant without a special sauce—usually a sauce for sole—is viewed by the French epicure as something too low and vile to be mentioned in polite society. Distinguished Frenchmen would regard it with the same horror that they would regard a person who appeared at a dance with his suspenders hanging down around his knees. The most celebrated restaurants boast three and four and even five different sorts of special sauces, any one of which is guaranteed to make good eating out of a tomcat, a leather fire bucket of the vintage of 1841, or a great-uncle.

(Continued on Page 43)

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The Selz $Six has won its leadership because of outstanding quality and low price. Men everywhere are buying it.

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(Continued from Page 40)

It is claimed in Paris that a noted French epicure, some years ago, ran across a new restaurant of which he had never heard. He promptly entered, divested himself of his hat and coat, touched up the glossy spots on his large black beard, and fixed the head waiter with an inscrutable stare.

"The special dish of the house," he demanded in brisk tones. "What is it that it is, yes?"

The head waiter shook his head sadly.

"Ah, yes, ' he replied, "but, no! We do not have it, not."

The epicure started in amazement.

"What horror!" he cried. "No special dish! *Sacré!* Is it true, then?"

The head waiter admitted the disgraceful fact once more.

"Zut, then," laughed the epicure, "you have, no doubt, a magnificent sauce, a glorious sauce."

And thereupon he closed his eyes and threw his head back and allowed a beatific smile to shine out from behind his thick black brush in anticipation of the gorgeous mixture that he expected to hear described. But the head waiter hung his head.

"We have no special sauce," he replied simply but sepulchrally.

The epicure snapped his head into position with such force that his well-oiled beard bristled like a shaving brush. White with anger, he rose to his feet, seized the cash box from in front of the lady cashier who sits near the door in all well-regulated French restaurants, and brought it down on the head of the head waiter with a sickening crash. Then he picked up an umbrella stand and hurled it through the plate-glass window in the front of the restaurant. Then he seized his hat and coat and walked out. He was arrested, of course, but the judge acquitted him. To receive such a shock in a Parisian restaurant, said the judge, was an excuse for doing almost anything. He thought the proprietor should have been grateful that he wasn't hunted out and assaulted.

Most of the Parisian restaurants have legends dealing with occasions when famous persons ate their particular special dish or special sauce for the first time. In these legends the grateful personages always summon the fabricator of the dish, and with large glistening tears trickling down their shirt fronts and raising blisters on the bill kiss him on both cheeks and say, "Henri"—or Jacques or François, as the case may be—"I salute you! If I could not be the Grand Duke Kutemoff"—or the King of Neuralgia or General Fussbudge, as the case may be—"I would rather be Henri than any other living man!"

I have never doubted any of these stories; but I have a faint suspicion that the episodes always took place after the fourth bottle of Burgundy, when the famous personages had to do something maudlin or die.

Fried Eggs, Twelve Dollars

Some of the Parisian restaurants are better for lunches than for other meals, and some are better for dinners. Others are better for snacks along about eleven or twelve or one—or two—o'clock at night, while still others are noted as being excellent places into which to stagger around five or six o'clock in the morning in order to round off a night of hard labor at dancing or restaurant hunting with about seven feet of sausages or eight or ten pounds of ham and eggs. The latter class of restaurant is a good class to stay away from, for they have—or had a few months ago—a gay and intriguing manner of soaking a slightly potted American the equivalent of about twelve dollars for a brace of fried eggs. If one held onto his watch they took his purse, and if one held onto both his purse and his watch they got away with his stick pin, his passport, his new French walking stick and his moss-agate cuff links. Most of the other Parisian restaurants are very reasonable.

Every traveler who has been in Paris has his pet restaurant. Whenever he gets back there again he makes a bee line for his pet and wallows in it and soaks up its atmosphere and is happier than he has been since he was last in Paris. My pet restaurant, for example, is the Café de la Paix, which is a large and rather noisy and not at all exclusive restaurant in the big square that faces the Opéra. This is the way of it:

Some years ago I crossed from England to France in a heavy storm, which is a tiring experience, because one has to get out on deck and cling to an exposed stanchion in order to escape the wild shots of the seasick passengers. Then the train going up to Paris got tangled up in a wreck and was six hours late. Consequently when I arrived I was tired and hungry and thirsty and cold and sore. The Café de la Paix was near my hotel, so I crawled up to it and sank into a chair and called weakly for a little nourishment.

The head waiter came and looked at me from both sides, and shook his head pityingly. Then he leaned over me and began to murmur words of cheer in the same sort of uplifting voice that a doctor uses when he wishes the patient to bear up and take the medicine willingly.

M'sieu looked weary; possibly m'sieu would desire some truly exquisite sole Mornay, yes?

M'sieu quickly responded that he would not. What he wanted was simplicity and lots of it. No fishbones, no obscuring sauces, no flubdub—just food.

A Meal to Remember

The mind of the head waiter executed three rapid back somersaults and came up on tiptoe. Hah! Excellent! M'sieu will have one dozen oysters Marennes—ravishing oysters! There is an oyster for you, those Marennes, yes! And a Chateaubriand! Ah, mon Dieu! A genuine Chateaubriand! Heaven, but that is indeed a viand that is a confection! Does m'sieu know the true Chateaubriand?

M'sieu replied that it was a thick steak, not so?

The headwaiter shrank back aghast and flapped his hands imploringly at m'sieu. No, no, no, no! What sacrilege, m'sieu! Look you, m'sieu! The Chateaubriand is a noble piece of flesh three inches in thickness, and so tender that the thumb, when pressed against it lightly, is buried in the yielding tissues. Against the upper and the lower sides are fastened thin pieces of less precious beef, and a bit of bacon, and the whole is then broiled over the coals. The two thin slices are consumed in the cooking, but their presence has preserved all the juices in the great piece. At the end the great piece is lightly browned on each side, and when it is brought to m'sieu it melts in the mouth.

A Chateaubriand—ah, oui—with potatoes au gratin and a salad of lettuce, cress and endive. Then pancakes—he paused and rolled up his eyes and swallowed hard—pancakes prepared singly in the blazer; and then a Camembert cheese and coffee. There, m'sieu, is simplicity that is simplicity, and yet elegant, m'sieu! Chic, yes? And, mon Dieu, but how it is genteel! For the true simplicity, m'sieu must have beer; would m'sieu prefer blond or brunet beer? The blond is truly genteel—not too cold, and very fine. Very fine! A pitcher, yes, no?

Then the head waiter sent one waiter scurrying upstairs and another scurrying downstairs and another scurrying straight to the rear, while a fourth was evidently instructed to run around and around the table in order to look as busy as possible. Eventually the dinner began to arrive, and the head waiter stood first at one side of my table and then at the other side. He loved the oysters, and swallowed every time I swallowed; he adored the Chateaubriand, and chewed sympathetically whenever I chewed; he mixed up the salad dressing and almost wept with pleasurable emotion when he tumbled the endive and cress and lettuce into it and turned them over and over. Then he got a blazer, which is nothing but an overgrown chafing dish, and a pile of hot plates and a dish of thin cakes and placed them all on a near-by table. Then he looked at me inquiringly, and when I nodded he flapped one of the cakes into the blazer, shot in some sweet sauce and a dash of brandy, touched a match to the brandy, and went through a series of setting-up exercises with the cake, tormenting it frequently and violently with two forks. When he had finished he flapped the cake out onto one of the hot plates and a waiter rushed it over to me, crisp and hot and toothsome. When I had finished it another was waiting for me on a fresh hot plate, and so on and so on and so on and so on, until the cakes and the hot plates ran out simultaneously. All things considered, it was about the best dinner that I ever ate in my life. It cost, as I remember it, in the neighborhood of three dollars, and in retrospect it was worth about fifty dollars.

(Continued on Page 45)

Your Sixty-Three Dollars

WE do not mean to pry into your private affairs, but—have you any money in the bank?

You have. Perhaps only $100. The exact amount does not matter.

Taken all in all there are some 27,000,000 depositors in the banks of this country. These banks have invested, approximately, $1,700,000,000 in public utilities securities.

That makes your financial interest in public utility stock at least $63.

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While 35,000,000 Americans enjoy electric service in their homes, there are still 14,000,000 homes in the United States not supplied with electric light, more than half of which sooner or later will demand electric service.

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What does all this indicate to you?

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BEAVER BOARD

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FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

(Continued from Page 43)

Even now, for every five minutes that I devote to writing about it, I spend two hours thinking of it and licking my lips and swallowing hard.

The point of the story, however, is this: Not long after I had been resuscitated by this dinner I left Paris and went up to Poland and down through Central Europe to Italy and over into the Balkans. I had been away more than four months when I left Belgrade to return to Paris again. That trip, too, was a terrible thing of scrambling for places in third-class coaches and sleeping on wooden benches and eating any odds and ends that could be picked up in railroad stations on the fly, all due to railroad strikes. All through the three days of agonizing travel I kept thinking of that dinner at the Café de la Paix—of the oysters and the blond beer and the Chateaubriand and the salad and the blond beer and the pancakes, and so on. When the train finally reached Paris, therefore, I dragged myself wearily up to the Café de la Paix, pushed through the revolving door and found myself confronted by the same head waiter who had ministered to my wants before.

"Aha, m'sieu," he said cheerfully, "you return, not so?"

I confirmed his suspicion and informed him that my hunger was such that I could eat a sea gull or a rubber boot with hashed brown shoestrings on the side.

He smiled knowingly.

"Ah, oui," said he, "and will m'sieu have the same simple dinner that gave him such pleasure before?"

Thinking to call his bluff, I said that I would. Without any further conversation the head waiter, who had seen me only once, and that more than four months before, snapped out a few brisk orders to the nearest squad of waiters. In a few minutes things began to arrive. The head waiter hadn't made a single error. They were all there—Marennes, blond beer, unsalted butter, Chateaubriand, potatoes au gratin, blond beer, salad, pancakes, Camembert, blond beer and coffee. Everything was exactly as good as it had been on the first occasion. Everything was as good as I had visualized it when seated on a wooden bench aboard the Orient Express, stifling my hunger with raw eggs and a loaf of sour bread.

That is one of the reasons why Americans and Englishmen rave so enthusiastically about their pet Parisian restaurants. Once a restaurant has achieved success in the preparation of certain dishes, it maintains its standard of excellence, even though it has to stew a few waiters or keep its chefs handcuffed to the kitchen range. Any other course would be dangerous, for the gourmets of Paris are not to be trifled with. Eating is a serious business with them. All places of business except restaurants lock their doors from twelve until two o'clock every day, so that everyone can devote himself uninterruptedly to eating.

The Tasty Ecrevisse

Suppose, now, that a true epicure took a friend to a restaurant to enjoy a dish of, let us say, *Timbales de queues d'Ecrevisses Mantua*. There would be a forty-minute conference between the diners, the head waiter, the proprietor, the sommelier or wine steward, the chef and the under chef in order to decide on the hors d'œuvres, the sort of wine, the temperature of the wine, the amount of wine and the proper background for the *Timbales de queues d'Ecrevisses Mantua*. Then there would be another long wait while the timbales were being prepared, during which time the epicure and his friend would caress their glossy beards expectantly and converse vivaciously. Suppose, then, that the timbales were brought on imperfectly cooked or poorly flavored or something. Mon Dieu! There could be no more agonizing situation for a Parisian, and he would probably resort to violence without a moment's hesitation. The epicure would consider himself thoroughly justified in pursuing the head waiter, the proprietor and the chef to their lairs and dissecting them messily and irreparably with a carving knife or a meat cleaver. A jury of his peers, too, would probably acquit him of any wrongdoing. The French demand good cooking and get it, just as Americans can get it if they appreciate it and demand it loudly enough.

Some of the most delicious dishes in Paris are based on the écrevisse, which is a small, juicy crawfish about an inch in length with a paper-thin shell and delicate feelers. His profile, complexion and general specifications make him look like an infant lobster. Delicious as he is in soups and sauces and made dishes, he is wholly ravishing when served as an appetizer before a meal, without any fixings whatever. He is brought on in large bowls, two or three or four hundred of him to a bowl; and one picks two or three or four of them up in his fingers and throws his head back and drops them into his mouth like so many peanuts, shell and feelers and all. The feelers gently tickle the roof and sides of the mouth, and are popularly supposed to stimulate the flow of the gastric juices. It is not at all unusual to see an enthusiastic diner dally with and sink without a trace as many as two hundred of these crisp and succulent little fellows before settling down to serious eating. When Americans or Englishmen really devote themselves to écrevisses and beer, as so many of them do after the theater, one is filled with a great fear for the future of the écrevisse. Some of the more conservative epicures advocate the passage of a law forbidding the eating of more than five hundred of them by any one person at a sitting.

The Truth About Bouillabaisse

When one gets away from Paris and out into the provinces one has to hunt good restaurants with more diligence, and even when one finds a good one, one can't be sure of a thoroughly enjoyable time. Marseilles, for example, is celebrated throughout the world for a concoction known as bouillabaisse. The late William Makepeace Thackeray became very much excited over it and wrote a long poem to it. In his poem he stated that:

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

I strongly suspect that Mr. Thackeray was talking about a Paris version of the bouillabaisse. I sampled this dish conscientiously in the place where it is supposed to have been originally invented in Marseilles. The Marseilles recipe is different from Thackeray's. The chefs of Marseilles claim that a bouillabaisse is not a bouillabaisse unless it contains a small Mediterranean fish known as the razcaz. The razcaz is 90 per cent head and teeth and eyes, 7 per cent body and 3 per cent tail. He goes into the bouillabaisse whole; and when the soup, or broth, or brew, or hotchpotch comes on the table, there is the razcaz reclining on top of everything and staring up at you reproachfully out of a pair of prominent hard-boiled eyes. The true Marseilles bouillabaisse also contains large defunct portions of eels, mackerel and two or three unhealthy-looking southern fish; and it is so full of garlic and saffron that when one bends over it to push the haunting eyes of the razcaz beneath the surface the tears trickle down the cheeks like rain.

The food of Paris intrigues me, however, and it is with great reluctance that I speak harshly of any of it. But in the interests of truth I am compelled to state that one of the most futile and impotent things in the line of sustenance that I have ever encountered in a well-stocked country is the average breakfast that is brought to the rooms of all guests in Parisian hotels. It consists of a cup of anæmic coffee, which has a faint flavor of dishwater, two rolls shaped like horseshoes and only a trifle softer, two thimblefuls of honey that wouldn't even take the edge off a bee's appetite, and a piece of butter which if placed intact on an American griddlecake would resemble a poached egg on an army blanket. That is the travesty which is known as a Continental breakfast, and the average person who indulges in one of these things is apt to develop a terrible grouch along about eleven o'clock, brought on by the feeling that his stomach is in the act of wearing a hole through his backbone. He is then in a quandary, for if he eats something he ruins his lunch; and if he eats nothing he will probably murder somebody in his peevishness.

To get a genuine heavyweight breakfast one must move north into Holland, where it is considered little short of criminal to do anything whatever on a partially filled

No vacuum-cleaning needed for this beautiful rug!

No hard sweeping, no beating—nothing that means hard work. It is a Blabon rug of genuine linoleum—wonderfully easy to keep clean and sanitary. A light regular going over with a damp cloth or mop is all that is necessary.

Yet it is as beautiful in its colorings as a woven rug that costs several times as much. It is mothproof, too; and it outwears all except the costlier grades of woven rugs.

The Blabon Rug illustrated here is pattern 8045. There are other artistic patterns and harmonious color combinations in an assortment of sizes at your dealer's. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write us for illustrated booklet of Blabon Art Linoleums.

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The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia

Established 70 years

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

BLABON RUGS of Genuine Linoleum

stomach. The Dutch get away to a running start each morning by serving a breakfast that would last a Frenchman for a month. A guest at any Dutch hotel, large or small, receives a breakfast tray that has to be tipped on one side in order to get it safely through the door. On the tray is a central monument of coffeepot and a few soft-boiled eggs grouped pleasingly around an egg cup. Deployed at the base of the coffeepot and egg cup are several glass bells which house two or three different sorts of cheese, cut in very thin slices, and slabs of gingerbread, honey cakes, rye bread and just plain bread. In the case of the cheeses it is supposed that they are confined under glass for fear that the more athletic varieties may climb up and kick holes in the eggs. In among the glass bells are various small dishes filled with orange marmalade, apple and plum preserve and a generous slab of butter. On the outskirts of this collation are several open dishes containing thin slices of rare roast beef, tongue, Bologna sausage, ham and veal. Some of the hotels drop off one or two of the meats and add sardines and smoked herring. The normal traveler, after eating such a breakfast as this, feels rather like a boa constrictor that has just swallowed a mule, and is obliged to exert a great deal of will power not to go back to bed again and sleep until evening.

Germany is making a rapid recovery in the food line. In the winter of 1920 the traveler in Germany could have roast goose, stewed goose, smoked goose breast, goose liver or just plain goose; or he could have rabbit served in three or four different ways, or he could occasionally have venison and pork. Mostly, however, he got goose; and after a few weeks of it the mere sight of a goose was enough to make him honk loudly and disgustedly. Now, however, the delicatessen stores are filling up with the familiar German forms of delicatess: Westphalian ham, cooked and raw; smoked salmon, chicken salad, herring salad, potato salad, sauerkraut, pickled asparagus, soused herrings, eels in jelly, Limburger, Kräuter, Handkäse, Liptauer and eight or ten other varieties of cheese, some of which are sufficiently powerful to run around on the ceiling if not attached to the counter; calves' heads and feet, pig's heads and feet, sheep heads and numerous other odds and ends of domestic and undomestic animals; and upward of a hundred different sorts of sausage, made out of all sorts of critters from small dogs to large horses, and shaped like everything from door knobs to baseball bats.

The German beer, which during the war and up to the middle of 1920 was one of the nastiest-tasting fluids ever used for drinking purposes, has now become beer in every sense of the word. For an expenditure of the equivalent of thirty cents in American money on the creamy and benevolent Münchner or Spatenbrau or Loewenbrau or Dortmunder one can now easily demonstrate the asininity of the persons who love to remark that it's impossible to become stewed on beer.

The Italians are greatly given to having large bowls of grated Parmesan cheese at their elbows while eating, and to shoveling it freely on nearly everything that enters their mouths. They put it on eggs, soup, rice, spaghetti, macaroni, rice and salad. You can't trust an Italian with a bowl of grated Parmesan cheese. It is my fixed belief that if he were not watched he would sprinkle it in his coffee, his ice cream and his hair. For this he can hardly be blamed, for the addition of grated cheese to certain excellent Italian dishes makes the eyes of the most capricious epicure roll upward in a frenzy of delight.

There is no better food in the world than a heaped-up steaming platter of properly cooked macaroni or spaghetti, prepared with meat sauce or fresh butter and liberally dusted with grated Parmesan cheese, and with a large bottle of one of the fifty-seven hundred varieties of Italian wine beside it—preferably a pot-bellied bottle of delicate, inimitable and light-amber-colored Orvieto. That, as it stands, is a full meal for anyone, and a meal which can be eaten once or even twice a day for an indefinite period without becoming tiresome.

The littlest and the most vine-covered and the most tumble-down inns in the most out-of-the-way Italian towns can produce a plate of spaghetti of such excellence as to make even a king rejoice and be glad. In fact, a scene that sticks in my mind even yet is that of a prince of a reigning house to the north of Italy seated solidly before a dish of spaghetti and a bottle of Frascati in a small Italian hotel and making a hearty lunch on them with every evidence of extreme satisfaction.

There are no halfway measures for an Italian when he eats spaghetti—and he seems to be eating it most of the time. Whether he is a millionaire or a count or a great artist or a cab driver, he communes with it and loves it and absorbs it. I was traveling north one evening in an Italian train. The dining car was well populated with representative Italians: Mayors of several cities bound for a big celebration in Trieste, two factory owners from Milan, a dignified Cavaliere who held a government position, and his beautiful daughter. Spaghetti was served, with grated Parmesan cheese. The man opposite me had a magnificent black beard and a curling, cascading black mustache. When his plate was well heaped with spaghetti he hunched himself over it, jabbed his fork into the heap as one jabs a pitchfork into a mound of hay, hoisted a huge and steaming mass and crammed it into his mouth. His lips were distended to the extreme limit, and a solid column of spaghetti protruded from the bosky undergrowth of his beard and mustache and swept grandly down to the parent mess. Eventually he chewed off the portion that he had wedged into his mouth, and the remainder slumped back on his plate.

A little farther up the aisle, across from the Cavaliere's beautiful daughter, sat a young man, who was unable to take his eyes from the young lady's face. He, too, pitchforked a huge mass into his mouth and sucked it in as far as it would go and then picked up his knife and sawed off the surplus sprigs that projected from his lips. During all this operation he continued to cast languishing glances at the Cavaliere's daughter. It was a romantic scene. The young lady herself was no slouch at inhaling spaghetti. She used the same system—push a bundle into the mouth, suck it in and then trim off everything that is left outside. There is an idea prevalent in America that the true method of eating spaghetti is to take a forkful, hold the end of the fork against a spoon and roll the fork over and over so that the spaghetti is wrapped into a cocoonlike mass, and then eat the cocoon. This is erroneous. The commonest method is to shovel in all the face will hold and then carve off the overhang.

Fond as I am of Italian cooking, it has two aspects which are less appealing than they might be. The first is the habit, prevalent throughout Italy, of sucking warm eggs as appetizers before lunch or dinner. The eggs are dropped into hot water just long enough to take the chill out of them. Then they are brought to the table in large bowls. The diners seize them, poke a hole in one end with the tines of a fork, throw back the head, apply the lips to the end of the egg and start making a noise like a bailing pump which is struggling hard to remove the least bit of bilge water from a boat.

The second is the custom of shooting and eating larks, thrushes, linnets, warblers and any other small song birds that can be found. The Italians make excellent dishes out of these birds, and they are very good to eat; but to the American mind songbird shooting belongs in the class with failure to count golf strokes.

These things, however, are offset by such dishes as *fritto misto* and *zabaione* and *spiedino di mozzarella*. *Fritto misto*, correctly assembled, consists of a blend of sweetbreads, mushrooms, truffles, calves' brains, artichoke meats, cockscombs and two or three other Italian delicacies. When these are fried in the finest olive oil at a temperature of five hundred degrees, *fritto misto*, in the words of either Henry or Jesse James, is one swell little dish. *Zabaione* is made of eggs and cream and sugar and Marsala wine, all beaten up together until they have become a stiff froth. It is served both hot and ice cold, and whatever way it is served it usually brings loud cheers from its devourers. *Spiedino di mozzarella* in the Roman fashion, or *alla Romana*, is made of slices of meaty white buffalo-milk cheese, small slices of toast and a thick anchovy sauce. First a slice of toast, then a layer of sauce, then a slice of cheese, then more sauce, then toast, and so on, until a sufficient number of layers has been assembled for those who wish to eat it. Then the whole business is popped into a hot oven, where the cheese melts and becomes semibuttery and blends with the anchovy sauce and soaks into the toast. If I were offered a choice between a land flowing with milk and honey and a land flowing with *spiedino di mozzarella alla Romana* I would choose the latter. *Spiedino di mozzarella alla Neapolitana* is prepared with tomato sauce instead of anchovy sauce.

I have never been able to get a thrill out of Turkish cooking, in spite of the great reputation of the Turks for sweetmeats and rich foods. All Turkish restaurants are filled with flies, which are never killed because of the Turk's well-known aversion to killing beasts or insects while there are any Armenians or Greeks left to kill. The seats are also placed close together, so that one is as apt to bite off his neighbor's thumb as to close his teeth on his own victuals.

The Turks seem passionately addicted to grease and to a form of sour milk known as yougaht. Yougaht, though an edible, has points in common with the bowie knife, for the dictionary definition of bowie knife, after telling about it, quietly adds, "It can also be thrown." I am convinced that yougaht makes better throwing than eating. The Turks cook eggplant in oil and call it imam bayldi, which means "priest faints." The Turks think the priest fainted because he liked it; but I'm not so sure he didn't faint because it made him sick. Then there is the vegetable mixture called hunkar baysudy, or sultan's praise. I can only remark that the sultan must have been drunk or crazy when he praised it. Tavouk guksi, which is chicken breast shredded with rice, is good but rather gluey.

Compared with European cooking, American cooking is generally conceded to be pretty bad. Yet oddly enough I'm always glad to get back to it, even from Paris.

PRESERVING THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from Page 11)

progress bears the stamp of American imagination, initiative, enterprise, energy, ambition and courage. On every hand one is reminded of American pride in achievement; on every hand one is reminded of the great friendliness of a strong people toward a dependent and unmatured race.

When American sovereignty was instituted in the islands American rights were left out of the calculation altogether, so Americans have never had any rights. They are as alien out there under their own flag as they would be in China. Indeed, they are much more so, because in China Americans enjoy extraterritorial rights coupled with consular representation. In the Philippines they have only such rights as are given them by courtesy in Philippine legislation, and they have no representation of any kind. The governor-general is an American, but there is no law under which he is obliged in any way to intercede for an American unjustly dealt with. He is governor of a Philippines for the Filipinos, and the civilian American in the Philippines is there entirely at his own risk. He can actually be tried for his life before an alien judge—a Filipino—with an alien district attorney prosecuting, without having the right even to demand a jury. It is a rather curious situation all round. Since it was amended for the eighteenth time the Constitution follows the flag at least three miles out, but it has never followed any farther than that on the way to the Philippines.

Manila has a population of about 285,000. The Chinese in the community are supposed to number something in the neighborhood of 40,000; there are a few other continental Asiatics—Indians mostly—engaged in picturesque trading enterprises; there are small British and European groups, representing, incidentally, very large and important investments; the Japanese colony is larger than anyone has yet frankly acknowledged it to be, while the population of the American community is usually estimated at about 5000. The rest are all Filipinos.

Yet Manila is an American city. It is American in its very atmosphere. It is American first in that the American flag flies over it and insures to it everything it enjoys in the way of material well-being and stability in social organization. But it is American also in everything visible. It is American in its cleanliness and beauty; it is American in all its modern aspects, in its curious freshness, in its magnificent new buildings.

And let me not be accused of using language too exclamatory for truthful description. It is American in its schools—in its intermediate schools, its high schools, its normal school, its splendid university, in its hospitals, in its governmental equipment, in its green and flower-bright parks, in its boulevards and miles of paved streets, in its street-railway system, in its suburbs filled with fine homes, in its piers and warehouses and big sheltered harbor, in its hum of motor transportation, in its playgrounds and plazas, in its clubhouses and great hotel, in its sports and its clean spirit in the pursuit of sports.

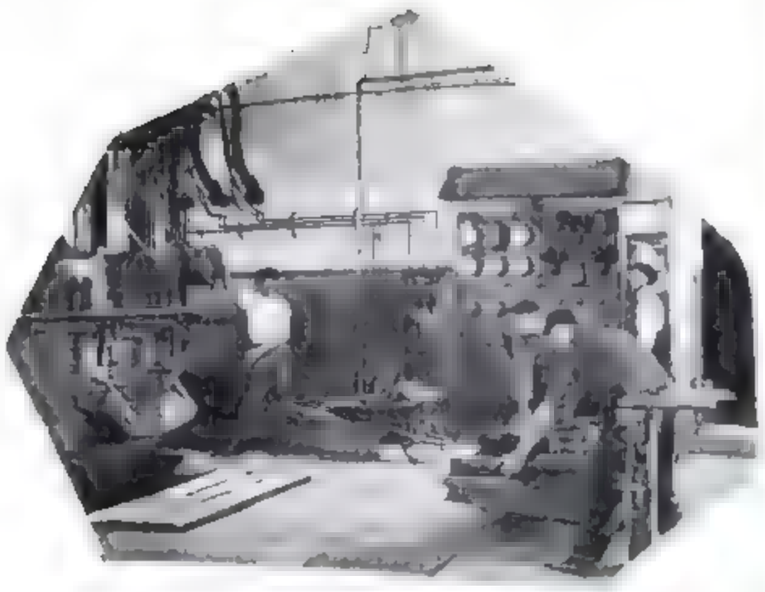
Manila is an American city! Twenty years ago, when it was medieval in every respect, Americans took hold of it and Americans have made it what it is. And while Americans were making Manila what it is other Americans went out into the islands. They cleaned up every *barrio*, village and town; they waged unceasing warfare against the conditions that existed until those conditions gave way to a vast and unbelievable betterment; they instituted orderly systems of provincial and municipal government; they straightened out a terrible tangle of land titles and made every man secure in the possession of his property. The American Government braced up the whole economic structure of the country; the American Government established a circulating medium based on a supposedly inviolable gold reserve. Oh, I could go on for a dozen columns or more! What have Americans not done to make the Philippine Islands fit for men to inhabit?

And in all this unprecedentedly swift and splendid development all in the interest of the Filipinos—what have the Filipinos done—the leading Filipinos, that is, the men who govern, the men who literally control the thinking processes of the unthinking masses? It is not possible in the Philippines to-day to point to a single fine, modern, material achievement that is due to Filipino initiative and enterprise. The high-class Filipinos for the most part have engaged in nothing but politics. They have wanted to rule and they have ruled. I will not say that they have been wholly selfish in this desire; I will not say that they have not been inspired by a noble ambition and such ideals as we all understand and strongly commend. But I will say that they have failed throughout to recognize the relationship between independence and self-dependence; that in this they are failing now, even after all the lessons they have learned, or should have learned by their mistakes, and are thereby making as difficult as possible the task of the sovereign power that rightly and with unquestionable sincerity declares itself to be only the guardian of their liberties, the promoter of their interests and the guarantor of the stability of their future status.

The fact has to be acknowledged that the development of the natural resources of the Philippine Archipelago has come to be a matter of tremendous concern to ourselves. Great changes have taken place in the world within twenty years, and we can no longer afford to be entirely unselfish in our international contacts or wholly unmindful of our own future.

To get a true vision of the importance to us of a tropical source of supply one has only to regard the needs of our 30,000,000 farmers and to contemplate the somewhat illuminating circumstance that without hemp fiber and jute the whole process of agricultural production in the United States and of the distribution of agricultural products would undergo a kind of paralysis and revert to the primitiveness of the days before the twine binder was invented and American grain began to be shipped to the four corners of the earth in

(Continued on Page 51)



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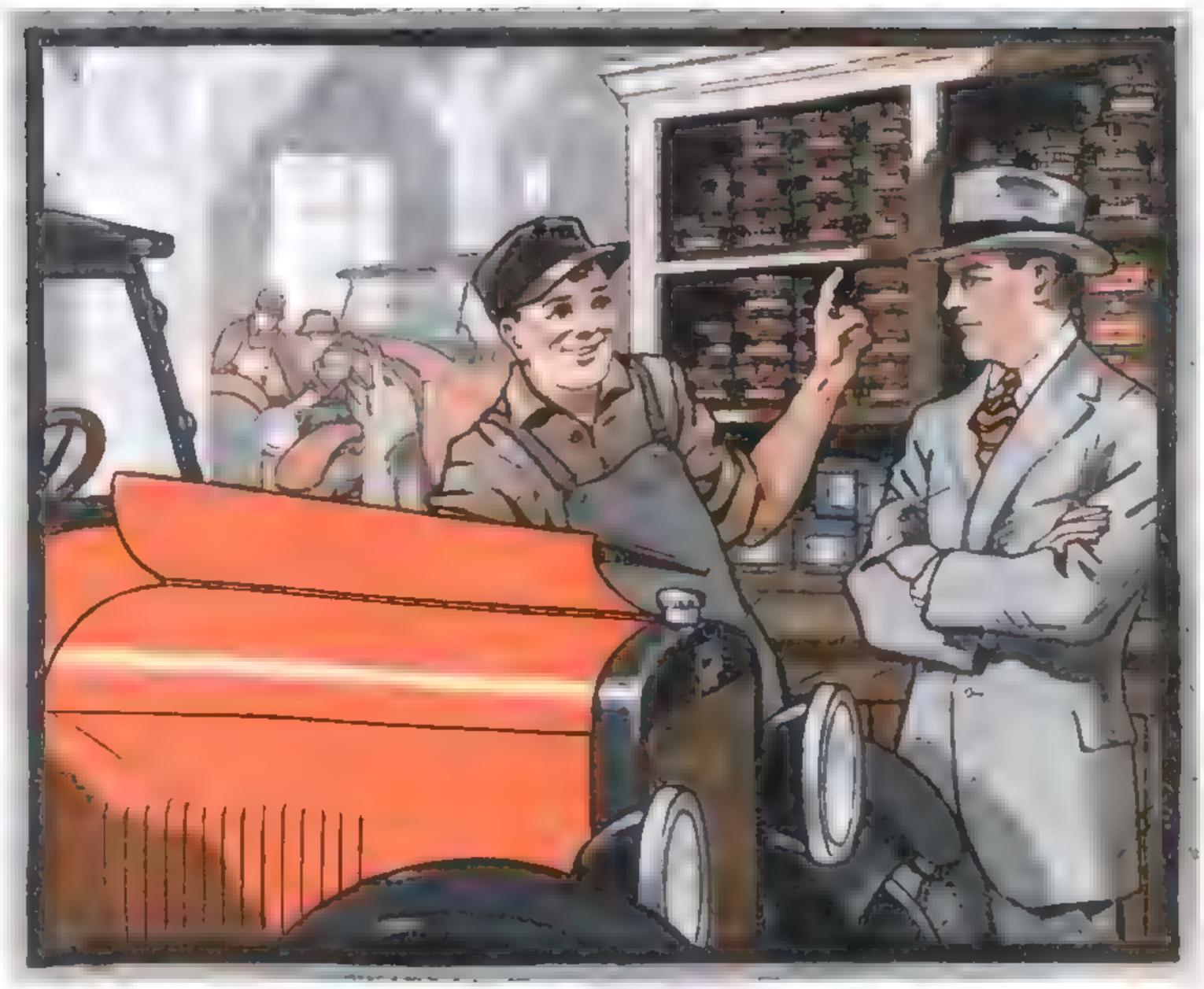

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For those who want a lower-priced installation—a one-piece ring—nothing in the low-priced field equals the *Jiffy-Grip* ring. It has an improved "non-butting" joint and its velvet finish "seats in a jiffy."

All McQuay-Norris rings, including the plain *Snap* rings, are made of the famous Electric Metal. There is a size and over-size for every make and model of motor and at the price you want to pay. Repairmen can install them promptly.

Send for Free Booklet

The relation of piston rings to gas engine power and economy is clearly explained in a free booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power," which we will mail without charge if you will address Dept. "B."

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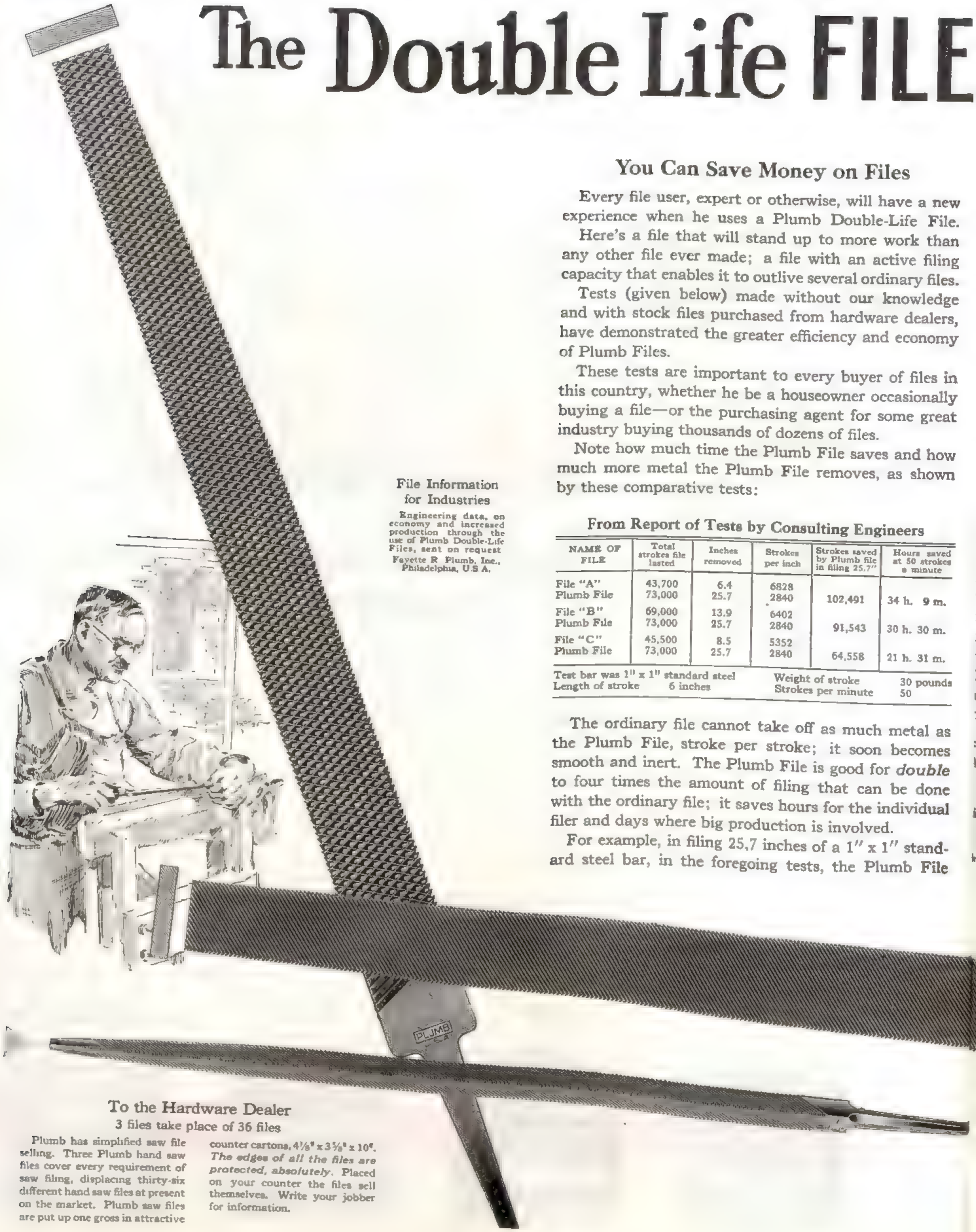
$1.25 $1.00 50¢ *And Plain Snap Rings*

The Double Life FILE



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Every file user, expert or otherwise, will have a new experience when he uses a Plumb Double-Life File.

Here's a file that will stand up to more work than any other file ever made; a file with an active filing capacity that enables it to outlive several ordinary files.

Tests (given below) made without our knowledge and with stock files purchased from hardware dealers, have demonstrated the greater efficiency and economy of Plumb Files.

These tests are important to every buyer of files in this country, whether he be a houseowner occasionally buying a file—or the purchasing agent for some great industry buying thousands of dozens of files.

Note how much time the Plumb File saves and how much more metal the Plumb File removes, as shown by these comparative tests:

From Report of Tests by Consulting Engineers

NAME OF FILE	Total strokes file lasted	Inches removed	Strokes per inch	Strokes saved by Plumb file in filing 25.7"	Hours saved at 50 strokes a minute
File "A"	43,700	6.4	6828		
Plumb File	73,000	25.7	2840	102,491	34 h. 9 m.
File "B"	69,000	13.9	6402		
Plumb File	73,000	25.7	2840	91,543	30 h. 30 m.
File "C"	45,500	8.5	5352		
Plumb File	73,000	25.7	2840	64,558	21 h. 31 m.

Test bar was 1" x 1" standard steel — Weight of stroke 30 pounds
Length of stroke 6 inches — Strokes per minute 50

The ordinary file cannot take off as much metal as the Plumb File, stroke per stroke; it soon becomes smooth and inert. The Plumb File is good for *double* to four times the amount of filing that can be done with the ordinary file; it saves hours for the individual filer and days where big production is involved.

For example, in filing 25.7 inches of a 1" x 1" standard steel bar, in the foregoing tests, the Plumb File

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ved 102,491 strokes or 34 hours and 9 minutes as mpared with file "A"; saved 91,543 strokes or 30 urs and 30 minutes as compared with file "B"; and ved 64,558 strokes or 21 hours and 31 minutes as mpared with file "C." An amazing record of filing periority and file economy!

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Special Plumb Analysis steel, adopted after years of ts for maximum ductility when annealed and cut, d maximum hardness when tempered, forms the sis for Plumb Double-Life Files.

Careful grinding, special filing, skillful cutting—and system of rigid inspection assure a file of maximum tting power and service.

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In place of running files in groups through the vari- s operations of making, as is done with the ordi- ry commercial file, each Plumb File is handled dividually in each operation by individual workmen. "One man to one file"—the Plumb method—costs ore. But it assures files that are truly and uniformly t—that will withstand the most exacting test to ich they can be put—files that save time and oney—that increase production for the individual or the industry.

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A single dry battery of many cellpower

The Columbia "Hot Shot" is a combination of several dry cells in one solid package. No connectors to fuss with—no connections to work loose—*higher power, longer life, lower cost* for the work done.

Portable • Convenient • Moistureproof

For ignition on stationary gas engines, tractors, motor boats, or on Fords while starting; for blast firing; for running toys; for operating burglar and other alarms; for use with the *Columbia Dry Battery Lighting Outfit* in tents, cottages, closets, garrets, cellars, woodsheds, barns, garages, and outbuildings generally, a Columbia "Hot Shot" Battery is the ideal source of current.

At electrical, hardware, and auto accessory shops—garages—general stores. The name *Columbia* appears on every genuine "Hot Shot" Battery. Accept no substitutes.

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for Lighting, use Columbia "Hot Shot" No. 1561 or 1461 with a Columbia Dry Battery Lighting Outfit

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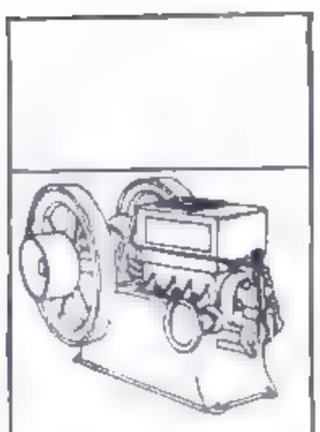
Dealers can now supply you with a completely assembled Columbia Dry Battery Lighting Outfit consisting of a 6-to-8 volt lamp; 12 feet of lamp cord with attaching terminals; 1 socket with switch; 1 sliding hook for hanging up the lamp—ready for immediate use



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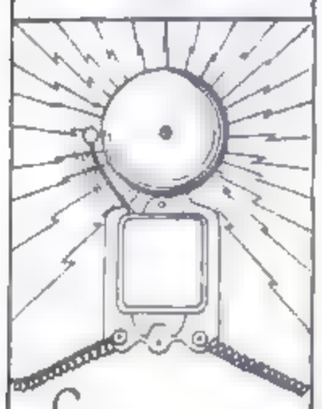

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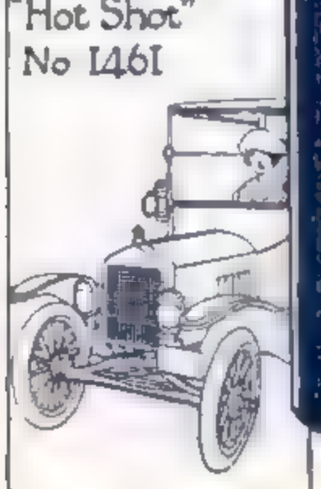

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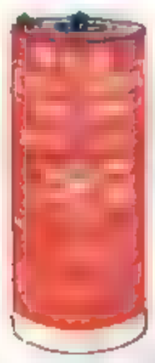

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(Continued from Page 46)

sacks that come from Calcutta. And fibers of all kinds are required to meet innumerable other needs besides the needs of the farmers. I cannot imagine anyone attempting to name them. One would have to know nearly everything about everything pertaining to industry in order to do so.

Nor is fiber very much more important than a number of other things. We need a greater source of sugar supply; we need oils of various kinds, particularly coconut oil, together with the by-products of the coconut. We need rubber in constantly increasing quantities, and we are even now out in every corner of the earth looking with great eagerness for petroleum the source of which we may by some means control.

These are the chief commodities. These are the things we absolutely require, and these things the Philippine Islands can produce in abundance. At least they can produce all but the petroleum. That has not yet been proved. It is only very strongly suspected and very markedly indicated. Also, the Philippine Islands can produce a hundred and one other things that we may not particularly need but that we have learned in our expanding lives to desire.

European Competition

On the other hand we need a very greatly broadened and extended market for our own products. It is not difficult to realize that in the volume of trade which might be developed between the United States and the Philippines the balance would always be overwhelmingly in favor of the islands and their peoples, and that they would be enriched; but beyond the islands, forty-eight hours away, we reach the Pacific coast of Asia, behind which there is a slowly but surely awakening population of 800,000,000 souls. Dreams of the possibilities resolve themselves into fear that we may not discover in ourselves the ability to take advantage of them.

They are going to run railroads into that great area from every part of Europe: railroads that will tap the treasure stores of the whole inner Asian world. They are going to lay extraordinary lines down across it from the richly productive regions of Manchuria and Siberia. They are going to criss-cross it with feeder lines as the United States is crisscrossed. They are going to build motor highways by thousands of miles throughout its whole extent. They are going to barter life's modern necessities for that which will buy life's luxuries. They are going to barter the trappings of civilization for that which will insure a continuation of their multiplication and an enhancement of their glittering qualities. And for many years they are going to exploit, in their dumb plodding millions, the peoples of this vast region.

It is not in the nature of the American to be an exploiter of peoples. He is the original and consistent protester against injustice in all its forms. He hates low wages and low standards of living. He wants everybody to be healthy, to have an education and a suit of Sunday clothes, and he understands all that is included within the range of these requirements. That is why the Filipinos to-day, in their somewhat animated discussion with us with regard to their political future, can find no use for the word "oppression"; why their leaders are so badly in need of an argument against the indefinite prolongation of the existing status of our association with them.

And who, you might say, are they who will do such wonderful things? They are the seafaring peoples of the earth, every one of which will get its ships upon the seas in increasing numbers and a secure hold sooner or later upon some center of supply and demand, some base of activity in this new world of untold possibilities for commercial expansion. We are handicapped as a competitor in this vast market by the fact that we are too far away from it. We have the fatal long haul to take into consideration. Our own country is 3000 miles across, while beyond our western coast there is a stretch of ocean anywhere from 6000 to 10,000 miles in extent, depending on where you are bound for. It is 6238 miles from San Francisco to Manila on as direct a route as can be navigated. But from Manila to Hong-Kong it is only 640 miles. Hong-Kong is the British base, but eventually foreign traders dealing with the Chinese will go on up the river to Canton, which must continue to develop in importance as a distributing center for South China. It is five days from Manila to Singapore and another five or six days on up to Calcutta. But there are many other ports in this quarter of the globe, and we have only just begun to sail the seas. There is Saigon, only 883 miles from Manila, with all of French Indo-China for a hinterland; there is Siam, just coming to life under a very modern king, and with Bangkok only 1500 miles away; there are the Dutch East Indies, including the romance-aromaed Isles of Spice that lie directly south of the Philippine Archipelago.

It is the time element that counts in trading operations, and what we need is a distributing base near the principal centers of present and future commercial development in these localities. We need on the other side of the earth a turning-round point for our ships that we ourselves control; an advanced headquarters, so to speak, from which our operations in this limitless new field of trade may be the more easily directed. Have we won the right to believe that we would be justified in converting the port and city of Manila into such a terminal and trading post? That our Department of Commerce is fully alive to the possibilities of some such plan of action is proved by the fact that late last year a joint commission, including representatives of the Army, the Navy and the Shipping Board, was appointed to investigate existing conditions and to make a report embracing such recommendations as might have a guiding influence upon the United States Government in its future deliberations on this subject, and this commission has recommended the appropriation by the United States Government of $50,000,000 to be spent on port works in Manila: port works that would include an enlargement of protected harbor space, new piers, additional warehouses, better equipment in every line for handling cargo and adequate facilities for ship repair. But the old-timers in the American business community, though they would hail with joy and thanksgiving the actual carrying out of any smallest fraction of such a program, say: "All very well and very wonderful, but not at all necessary. Just give us a decent government in these islands, with a few protecting and encouraging laws to work under instead of the legislation that we are now up against, and let Nature take its course."

Hampering Laws

It would be easy enough to understand some of this legislation if one could believe that the governing Filipinos are sincere in their demand for political independence. In such a case one could appreciate and might even applaud a desire on their part to loosen and cast off every bond that might bind them to controlling and dominating foreign affiliations. But they are not sincere. Yet they are, too, if you regard them as merely emotional men. Most of them have fine big hearts filled with longings to be free. Most of them have soul-stirring and altogether honest visions of themselves as representatives of a self-governing people welcomed within the proud circle of the developed peoples of the earth, and from a purely social standpoint they are quite worthy of belonging to that circle. But few of them have any conception whatever of the idea of national self-dependence. Say to any one of them—I don't care who he may be; in this they are all alike—that the only kind of independence they can ever expect to get from the United States is absolute independence, that when American sovereignty is withdrawn from the islands everything will be withdrawn that goes with American sovereignty—protection, special privileges, economic guaranty, international prestige—and he begins at once to make a noise such as might be expected from a small boy whose heartless mother was just about to drop him into a deep dark hole in the ground. It is therefore not so easy to figure out the whys and wherefores of some of their governmental procedures.

The most hampering laws on the statute books of the Philippines are those that deal with land titles. These laws originated in the Philippine Bill—Act of Congress of July 1, 1902—that was framed with the purpose in view of making really effective the declared American intention of preserving the Philippines for the Filipinos. It was decided then that there should be no exploitation of Philippine resources for American benefit, so it was decreed that in the case of agricultural lands the area that could be acquired from the government, either by purchase or lease, should be limited for individuals to about forty acres—expressed in hectares—and for any corporation or association of persons to 2529 acres. And I wish to say that both Mr. Taft and subsequently General Wood, then in command of the United States Army in the Moro Province, recommended a much more liberal decision than this, and expressed a belief that a few examples of American enterprise in agricultural development on a large scale would be infinitely beneficial to the population.

It is estimated that the area of the islands is approximately 74,000,000 acres, and of this, when the original land laws were enacted, not more than 5,000,000 acres was cleared and improved for agricultural purposes, while it was occupied for the most part by squatters who had never dreamed of private ownership as being among the possibilities so far as they were concerned.

The Catholic brotherhoods owned more than 400,000 acres, a considerable part of which was the best land in the archipelago, and these holdings became widely advertised under the name of the Friar Lands when Mr. Taft went to Rome to negotiate with the Vatican for their purchase by the United States Government. They are now a part of the Philippine public domain, along with a very large percentage of the rest of the 74,000,000 acres. I have not been able to learn just how much land has passed into private ownership during the last twenty years, but I wish to point out that at any rate the illiberality of the laws is not due to a scarcity of unimproved and unoccupied territory.

Philippine Propaganda

Two thousand five hundred twenty-nine acres sounds like a good deal of land, but for a corporation or association of persons it is plainly inadequate for profitable planting operations in any of the principal Philippine products. And what an individual American would do with forty acres unless he were willing to slump to the level of the small Filipino farmer and adopt the standards of living common to that level it is not easy to imagine.

However, the present Philippine government is not responsible for these laws, although with their unlimited power to legislate the legislators might have liberalized them by modification and amendment instead of spending their time working out new schemes to discourage foreign capital and foreign participation in the economic development of their country.

To be set down as something to think about in connection with everything they have done is that they made an appropriation of 1,000,000 pesos a year—to be continuing—for the support of a commission of independence. The American people can get along without being constantly reminded that the Filipinos want independence. We know they want independence, and if they would just gently remind us of it about once a year it would be quite sufficient. We are not likely to forget it. We know they want independence; they know we know, and they know we would grant it to them if there were any way on earth to do so with safety and justice to everybody concerned. We know they don't want independence of the only kind they have any right to want—independence absolute and self-dependent—and they know we know this also. So why go on clamoring about it?

But the commission of independence, duly appointed by the Philippine legislature and backed by 1,000,000 pesos a year, was sent to the United States with instructions to engage in ceaseless propaganda for independence and—astonishing idea of concomitance!—"to promote better understanding, greater confidence and closer economic relations between the United States and the Philippines."

This commission maintains in Washington a press bureau that devotes itself exclusively to independence agitation, while in New York an economic bureau is established to disseminate information about Philippine resources and presumably to urge upon possible investors in their development the very great desirability of such investment. But they have no idea of permitting any large American investments to be made in the islands if they

(Continued on Page 54)

"The best tobacco-bargain I've ever found"

Here is the story of a man who wouldn't take something for nothing:

1540 Hillcrest Road, Cleveland, Ohio

Larus & Bro. Company
Richmond, Virginia

Gentlemen:

About a year ago, in Richmond on a business trip, I was fortunate enough to be allowed to go through the factory where you manufacture Edgeworth Tobacco. Until that time I had supposed that tobacco manufacture was a comparatively simple operation, and I was very much impressed by seeing how carefully you choose the leaf tobaccos used in Edgeworth, how exactly you blend and treat the various kinds of leaves, how scrupulously clean your factory is kept.

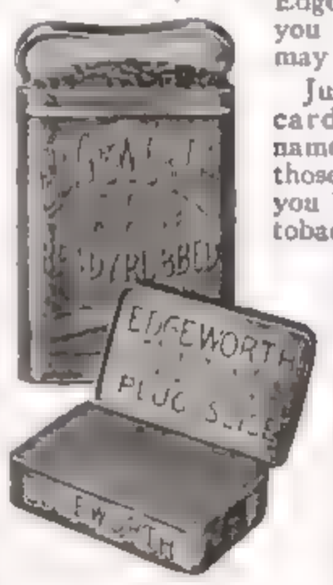
During my visit I helped myself to a can of Edgeworth from a pile on one of the packing tables. I'm enclosing 16 cents to pay for that can. I know you'd have been glad to give it to me, but I want to pay for it because I consider it *the best tobacco-bargain I've ever found.*

Until that time I'd never used a pipe tobacco that really suited me. One kind was too strong—it left me groggy. Another burned unevenly and wouldn't stay lighted. Still another gave me a sensation like heartburn. None tasted quite right, and practically every kind, after two or three pipefuls, left me with a sore tongue and a parched mouth and a dark, dark brown taste.

Well, I smoked that package of Edgeworth from your factory and, to be brief, it suited me down to the ground. It was a real find. I've stuck to Edgeworth since that time and so far I've failed to notice any of the bad qualities that bothered me in other tobaccos. Several of my friends also have adopted Edgeworth on my recommendation, and they're as enthusiastic about it as I am.

Yours very truly,
[Signed] Edward A. Evans.

We can add nothing to such a recommendation. Would you like to learn if Edgeworth would suit you as perfectly? It may not—or it may.



Just drop us a postcard bearing your name and address, also those of the store where you buy most of your tobacco. We will send you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice consists of flat cakes made up of a large number of thin, oblong slices. One slice rubbed between the palms of your hands furnishes an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is the same tobacco already rubbed up for you and in form to pour right into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly to the very bottom of the pipe.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Dust so fine that only air can take it out

Tap your foot gently upon the rug, and thousands of tiny dust particles are released to be revealed in a single ray of sunlight. This is dust that air brings in—only air can remove it. A single cubic inch of air often contains as many as 25 million tiny dust particles. The air that comes into the average house during one week carries in as much as two pounds of dirt and dust—dust so fine that only air can take it out

What a Sunbeam proves about the Royal way of Housecleaning

As the bobbing lid of a tea-kettle showed James Watt how steam could do man's work, so the dancing dust motes in a sunbeam show why air MUST *do the work of women*

"Where does all the dirt come from! I don't seem to be able to keep this house clean!" That exasperated exclamation is so common among good housewives that it is taken as a matter of course. When they are asked "Where do *you* think the dirt comes from?" the common answer is, "Oh, I suppose it is tracked in, in one way or another."

The fact is that the dirt which causes most of the trouble is not tracked in at all. *It is carried in by the air.*

Meteorologists and geologists estimate that the air carries as much as two pounds of fine dirt into the average home each week. It is this air-carried dirt that a ray of sunlight reveals—finely divided dirt that settles down in the house and can only be removed by air—air used in the Royal way.

Cleaning out the household dirt-traps

The unsuspected air soon converts your floor-coverings and furniture into dirt-traps. Your rugs, carpets, hangings, mattresses, upholstered furniture, and the like, receive the air-carried dirt as it settles down.

Part of it stays on the surface—a powdery grayish film. Part of it works itself into the very yarn and thread and pores of coverings, hangings, and upholstery—embeds itself deeply.

High air velocity and movement of large air volume, in proper proportions, are required to take out embedded dirt This has been provided for exclusively in the Royal Electric Cleaner by the Geier Suction Intake, perfected by Philip A. Geier and his staff of engineers after three years of testing with 136 experimental types

Broom, dust cloth, and brush can be kept busy all day but they never wipe or sweep up all of it. Air brought it in—only air used in the Royal way seems to sweep it up completely.

Beaters can be plied by strong arms but they cannot force out the embedded part of it. Not even water will take it all out. Air brought it in—only air used in the Royal way seems to be able to get it out.

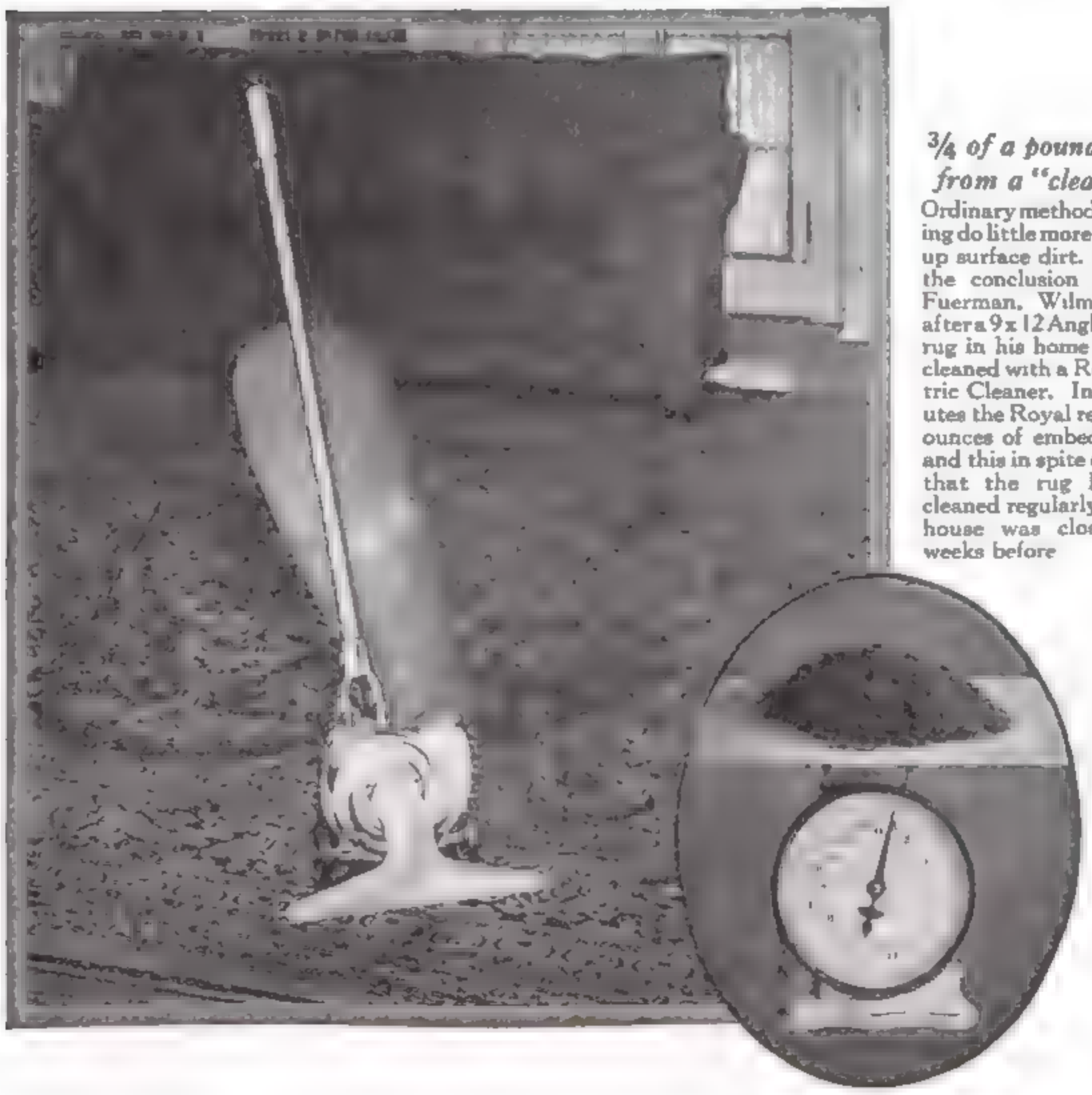
Rugs have even been sent to the cleaner's and washed. When they returned they were

Sent free

Your copy of the interesting book, "The Modern Method of Cleaning," is ready Tells how to clean rugs, carpets, hangings, upholstered furniture, mattresses, hardwood floors, walls, ceilings, concrete floors, etc. Just write "Send booklet"—copy will be sent free

THE ROYAL

QUALITY SERVICE



¾ of a pound of dirt from a "clean" rug

Ordinary methods of cleaning do little more than take up surface dirt. This was the conclusion of C. A. Fuerman, Wilmette, Ill., after a 9x12 Anglo-Persian rug in his home had been cleaned with a Royal Electric Cleaner. In 6¼ minutes the Royal removed 12 ounces of embedded dirt, and this in spite of the fact that the rug had been cleaned regularly until the house was closed three weeks before

gone over with the Royal and quantities of dirt that the water had failed to get were removed.

Cleaning from cellar to garret—with air

With the Royal Electric Cleaner you can clean the living room, the sleeping rooms, the attic, the cellar—thoroughly, quickly, and easily.

It is so light that you can carry it upstairs and down almost as easily as you would a broom.

No matter what kind of rugs you have—whether they are Axminster, Chenille, Wilton, Brussels, Velvet, or Orientals—the Royal sweeps up surface litter such as paper, lint, hairs, and the like. It removes with air the embedded dirt that even washing often fails to get, and leaves the nap straightened, cleansed, and unharmed.

Sweeps hardwood floors—cleans mattresses and pillows

We believe that the Royal is now the only electric cleaner that will sweep concrete and hardwood floors thoroughly. With its convenient Attachments you can clean upholstered furniture, mattresses, and hangings as thoroughly as your floors.

So versatile are these Royal Attachments that with them you can in a few minutes clean fireplaces, registers, and between and behind radiators.

With one of them you can even renovate feather pillows.

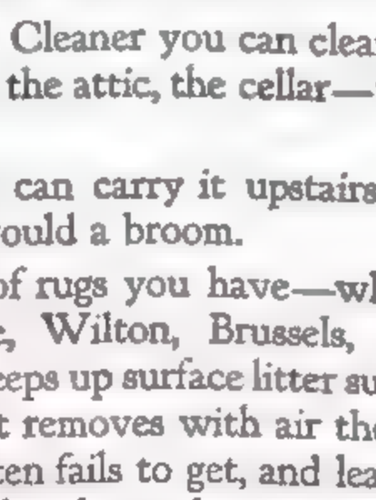
Before you go farther with your fall housecleaning you would do well to find out about the many ways in which the Royal can save money and work for you. If your electrical dealer or department store does not have it, write us and we will send you the Royal Book or arrange for a demonstration in your home—without cost or obligation to you.

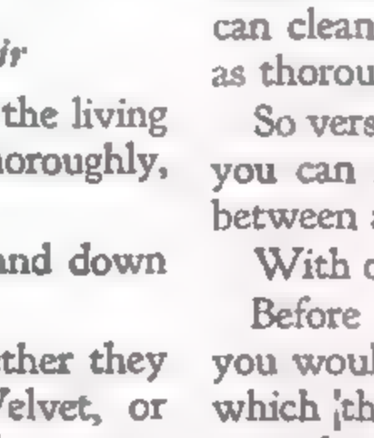
THE P. A. GRIER COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

Cleans furniture

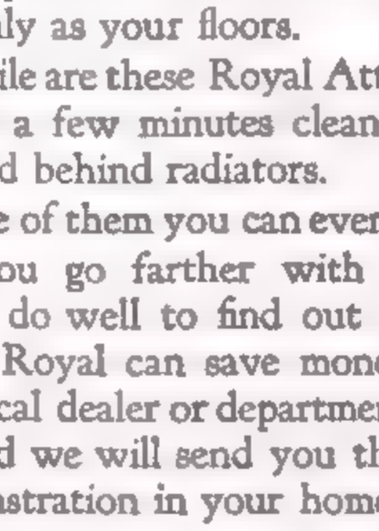
It takes but a few seconds to connect the handy Royal Attachment which cleans the davenport and upholstered furniture as easily and thoroughly as you have cleaned the rugs





Mattresses, too

And mattresses are renovated just as easily. How clean and fresh they are after a "going over" with the Royal

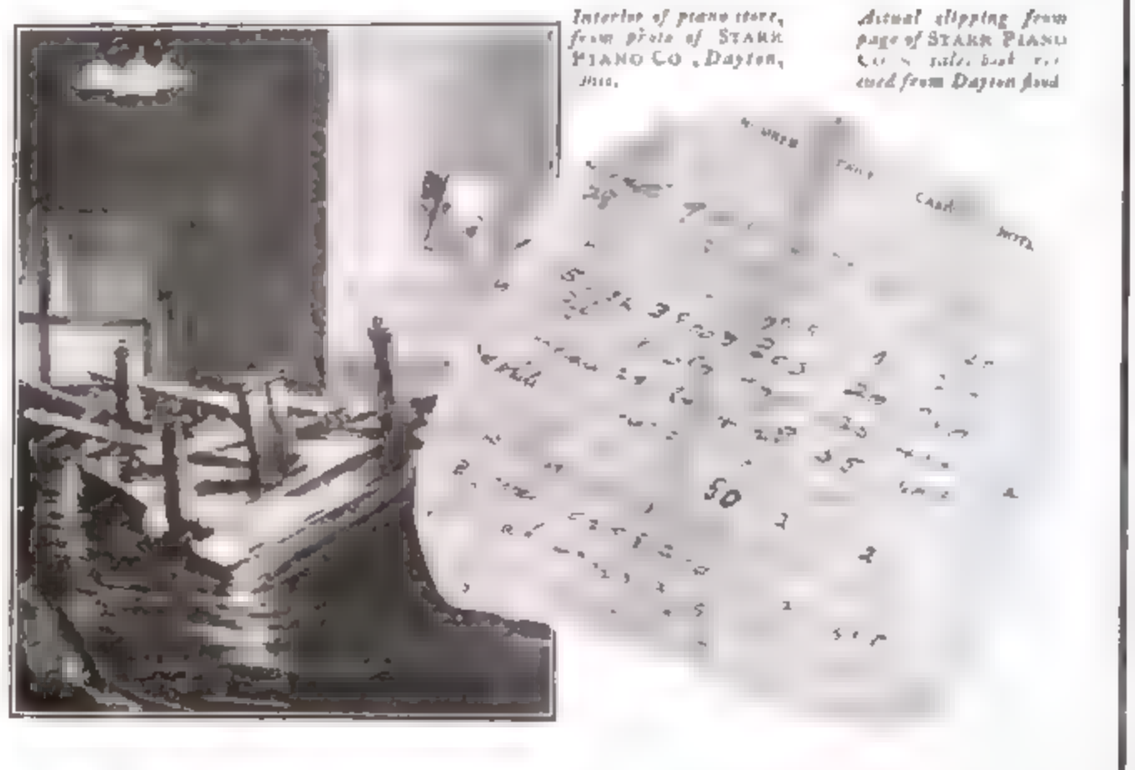


And hard-to-reach places

Dresser drawers, fireplaces, plate rails, under the radiators, and other out-of-the-way places are quickly cleaned. How much easier than the old-fashioned housecleaning upheaval is the regular use of the Royal

ELECTRIC CLEANER

Cleans By Air Alone!



Interior of piano store, from photo of STARR PIANO CO., *Dayton, Ohio.*

Actual clipping from page of STARR PIANO CO.'s *sales-book recovered from Dayton flood*

They sponged the mud from the sales-books—

Then they opened the doors for business!

WHEN a firm sells pianos it usually takes pianos in trade. The STARR PIANO COMPANY of Dayton, Ohio, carefully kept all its sales records for years back, to know what allowance to make on a trade-in.

Then the Miami River came into the store on its mad flood through Dayton, rose to 8 feet, stayed for three days, and left a wreck, with the floor ankle-deep in mud.

Remember how Dayton came back? The factor that helped the Starr people to hang out a plucky sign "Business As Usual" was the sales-book, with every entry from 1906 to 1913 clear and legible, though the mud had to be sponged off each page. It was written in

CARTER'S

WRITING FLUID

No one knows how many thousands of dollars Carter Inx have saved in fires and floods and wrecks during the last 63 years. (If it has saved for *you*, write us about it.)

Are you insured by Carter permanence when your test *does* come?

No one who has used Carter Products in every-day use, in the office or the home, has found a flaw in the quality the Carter Laboratories are constantly on watch to maintain.

Every representative dealer can supply you with Carter's Writing Fluid. It flows freely, writes deep blue, and dries a permanent black. All sizes, from an ounce to a quart.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Manufacturing Chemists
New York · Boston · Chicago · Montreal

CARTER INX PRODUCTS
Writing Fluid, Fountain Pen Inks, Red Ink (Carmine), Real black Ink, Ink Eraser, Cico Paste, Photolibrary Paste, Cement, Glue Pencils, Great Stickist Mucilage, Copying Inks, Drawing Inks, Indelible Inks, Stamping Inks, Vel Vet Show Card Colors, White and Gold Inks, Violet, Green and Blue Inks, Typewriter Ribbons, Carbon Papers, Numbering Machine Inks, etc.

(Continued from Page 51)

can help it, and while the economic bureau invites investment in New York the legislators in Manila do everything they can to drive out such investments as are already made.

It is generally supposed that American institutions have been accepted by them as being worthy of imitation in their processes of establishing a democratic government; it is supposed that they are engaged in establishing a democratic government which follows in form the American model; but surely nothing could be more un-American than some of the acts of their government as they are now conducting it.

In connection with their schemes for the preservation of the public domain and for the purpose of placing as great restrictions as possible upon the efforts of anyone seeking to engage in any kind of mining or mineral oil producing industry, they have resurrected a principle that has never been recognized by the American Government, and is about as much in conformity with American ideas as is a belief in the divine right of kings. This is called the regalian doctrine, the word "regalia" so employed being defined as the rights and prerogatives of a king, and its essence is that all mineral deposits and everything beneath the soil of a domain are the property of the crown. In the United States it has recently been employed to a slight extent in connection with our program of conservation, but only with regard to public lands. No grant or concession of land under this doctrine carries with it ownership of any minerals it may contain unless express provision is made to that effect.

Stupid Legislation

Prior to American occupation the regalian doctrine was the basis of the mining code in the Philippines, just as it was in Mexico, both codes being of Spanish origin, and when Spain ceded to the United States the Philippine Archipelago the ownership of all mineral deposits passed to the United States Government. But the United States had a parallel experience in the acquirement of the territories ceded by Mexico in the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, and in a number of cases, notably the case of Gen. John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder, versus the United States in a petition to determine the rights of the plaintiff to the mineral deposits in a Mexican land grant in the territory of California, went on record as being definitely opposed to the principle of governmental interest in the possession of land in connection with individuals, and it is perfectly certain that in framing the original Philippine Bill, upon which the form and character of American sovereignty was based, the idea of including and continuing the regalian doctrine in Philippine law did not suggest itself to the United States Congress even for momentary consideration. Section 21 of this bill says:

"That all valuable mineral deposits in public lands in the Philippines, both surveyed and unsurveyed, are hereby declared to be free and open to exploration, occupation and purchase by citizens of the United States or of said islands."

The policy of the United States to regard mineral deposits as being free and to declare that a man had a right to claim as his own anything he might happen to find was adopted for the purpose of encouraging exploration and individual adventure into undeveloped regions, and it resulted in the tremendous mining operations in the United States that have added so much to the wealth of the nation. When the time comes in the history of a people for that people to begin to think seriously about the conservation of its resources, then the application of the regalian doctrine in some form or degree might be regarded as a wise procedure; but to apply it during a period of initial development of virgin territory is to stop the flow of national wealth at its source. Yet the Philippine government, empowered under the Jones Law to dispose of the public domain as it might see fit, passed a public land act in November, 1919, in one section of which it is declared that: "Patents or certificates issued under the provisions of this Act shall not include nor convey the title to any gold, silver, copper, iron or other metals or minerals or their substances containing minerals, guano, gums, precious stones, coal or coal oil contained in lands granted thereunder. These shall remain to be the property of the government."

This act refers only to grants of public land to be made subsequent to its approval, but there is a bill that was slated to be passed at the last session of the legislature, and that was crowded out by a long and bitter political squabble over a bill which was designed to place the judiciary directly under the control of the legislative branch of the government, which provides that: "The ownership of all minerals is vested in the government of the Philippine Islands, without limitation or exception other than expressly provided in this Act, whether the deposits are found in the soil or the subsoil, in lands of the public domain as well as in lands of private ownership. The ownership or the right to use the usufruct of lands originally acquired in any manner not in pursuance of the mining laws then in effect and for purposes of mining operations does not confer ownership of the mineral deposits which may be found in such lands nor any right to extract or work such mineral deposits."

This sounds confiscatory to me, and that is the way it is interpreted by men who have mining properties at stake.

One of the real curiosities of this mining code comes under the head of Penal Provisions and provides that:

"Any person who, being the owner of any share or interest in one corporation, should become a shareholder or have an interest in another corporation formed for the same purpose, and any mining corporation which has any shares or interest in another corporation having the same purpose, shall be, upon conviction, punished by a fine of not to exceed 2000 pesos and with imprisonment of not to exceed five years, or both penalties in the discretion of the court." Which, if it should become operative, would put a good many men I know into jail.

I cannot go any further with these illustrations of what seems to be nothing but legislative stupidity except to say that with the application of such a law would disappear the last vestige of the principle that was laid down by the United States Congress when it decreed "that all valuable mineral deposits in public lands in the Philippines" should be "free and open to exploration, occupation and purchase." Also, I would call attention to the fact that though the act is aimed at the foreign investor it hits the small landowner—Filipinos mostly; exclusively, as a matter of fact—whose holdings happen to be in districts in which minerals or petroleum have been discovered or in which there may be a prospect of such discovery; while as for the small group of Americans who have been struggling for twenty years to make a paying proposition out of working a few gold deposits, they would simply have to bid good-by to their investment, turn their backs upon the wasted years and look for other means of livelihood.

Petroleum Possibilities

The most important immediate prospect in the Philippines lies in the very definite possibility that petroleum may be discovered in large quantities, but it is unlikely that anyone with sufficient capital to undertake the expensive operations incidental to the exploration of oil fields will be tempted to offer himself as a sacrifice under the terms that are demanded by the government.

One of the richest oil men in the United States was a fellow passenger with me on a voyage across the Pacific at the beginning of this year. He was on his way to Manila with an idea firmly fixed in his mind that he was going to invest large sums of money in a scientific investigation of the prospects for oil production in the islands. He was an enthusiast out looking for new fields to conquer. He may not be exactly an eleemosynary institution, but I believe him to be a man who does not work so much for the sake of making money as for the sake of working. He has plenty of money, but idleness has no attraction for him. He was filled with optimism and talked largely about the general benefits to be derived from extensive and successful enterprise.

He landed in Manila. The American community received him with its usual display of public-spirited hospitality—doing the honors of the city—and assured him with its customary robust hopefulness that he was on the right track. He made a trip down to the southern island upon which the zone of his prospective operations was

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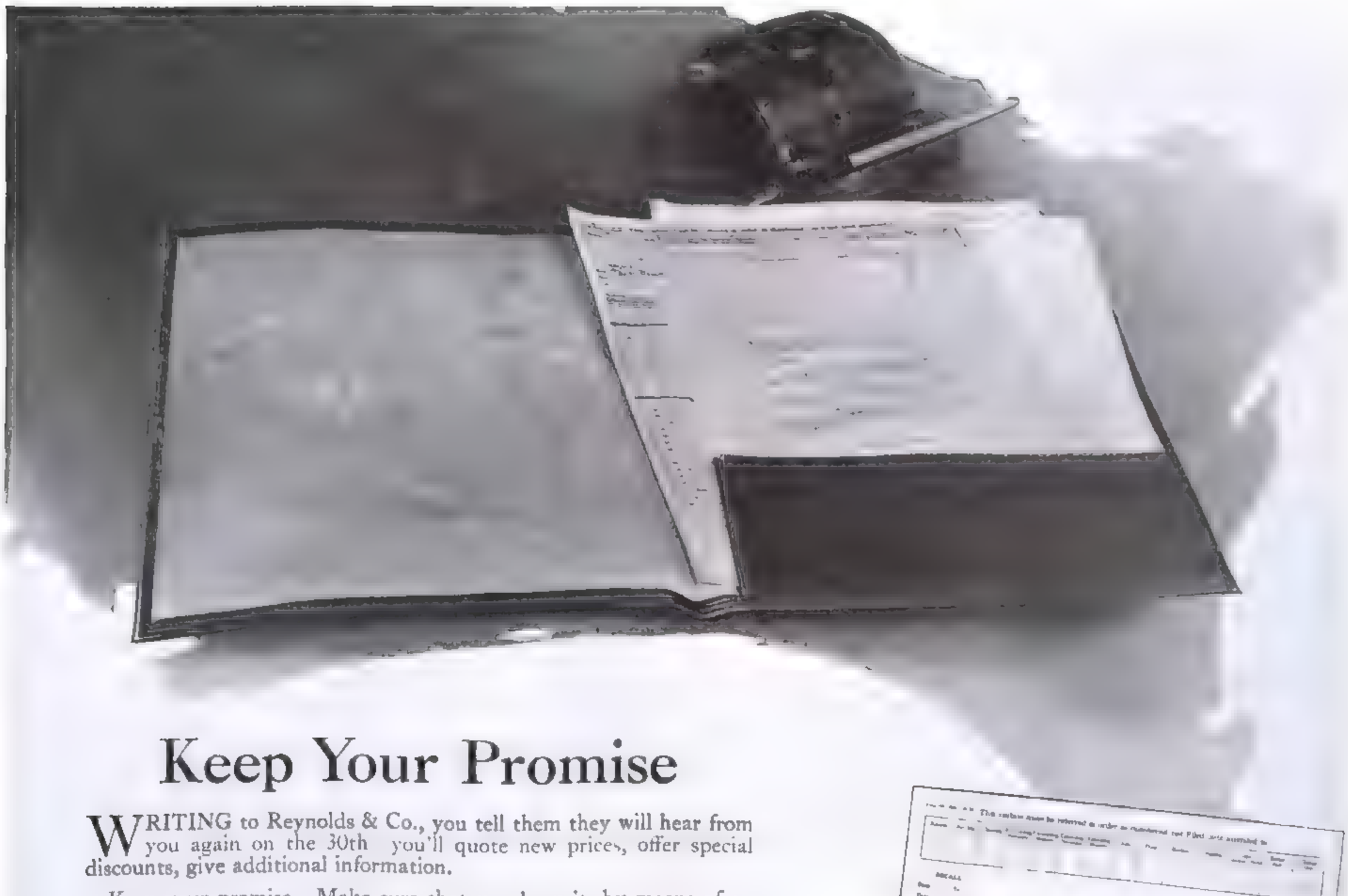


Keep Your Promise

WRITING to Reynolds & Co., you tell them they will hear from you again on the 30th you'll quote new prices, offer special discounts, give additional information.

Keep your promise. Make sure that you keep it, by means of an extra "tickler" carbon of your letter, filed in your "tickler" file.

A day or so before the 30th the carbon is brought to your desk, and you cannot forget to write the promised letter—as you might if you trusted your memory.

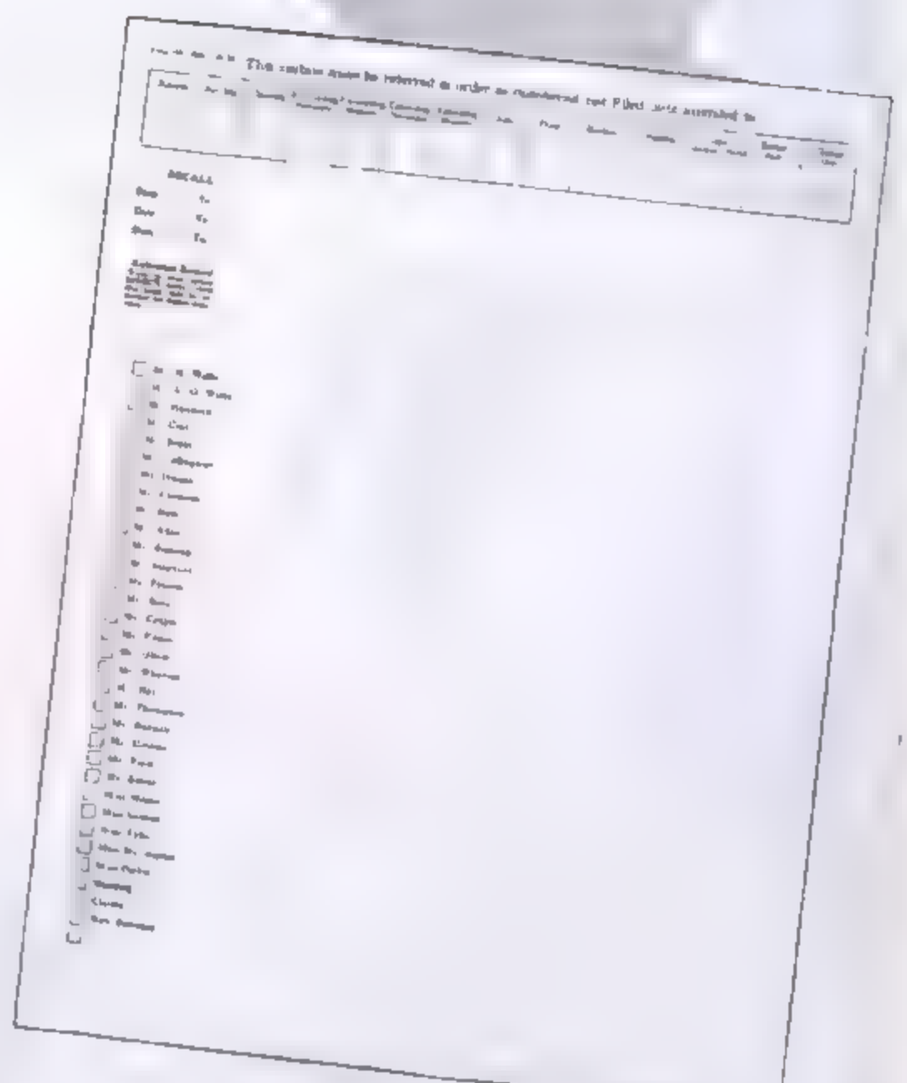
Save your employees' time, avoid mistakes and delays, by standardizing all your office routine on printed forms.

Then standardize your business stationery on Hammermill Bond, and save time needlessly spent in going over paper samples whenever you order printing.

Hammermill Bond is the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market. It can be used for forms thrown away as soon as used—and it has the snap-and-crackle quality, the strength and toughness that you must have for your letterheads and your permanent-record forms.

Supplied in twelve colors besides white, Hammermill Bond enables you to give color-distinction to your forms and stationery—the "Signal System" of business.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.



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(Continued from Page 54)

located and looked it over. Then he returned to Manila with his proposition all ready to be presented to the authorities. It seems that he was prepared to spend any amount of money that might be necessary in an exploration and geological survey of the greatest river valley in the archipelago, a valley that is practically as virgin to-day as it was the day it was created, and he was willing to accept all the terms of the insular petroleum leasing act that were in any way reasonable. Whereupon he encountered the powers that be; in this case the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources, backed up by the Council of State.

They offered him a five-year lease on a restricted area without any continuing or renewable privileges of any kind. He told them that a five-year lease was not long enough to justify the kind of investment he proposed to make; that it would afford him no leeway at all for a possible recovery of his capital in case his very expensive investigations should be crowned with success, and that—hang it all!—it was a mighty narrow-chested proposition on the face of it. But they stood pat. He stormed round a little, but it didn't get him anywhere. His enthusiasm oozed out of him and he finally shook his fist at the whole outfit, so to speak, and took his departure.

In connection with the recommendation that the United States Government spend $50,000,000 on port works in Manila there is definite support for the local contention that no such expenditure is either necessary or desirable, and that the only thing essential to the rapid and natural development of American commerce through the port of Manila is a little generosity and farsightedness on the part of the Philippine government.

Development Discouraged

Last year the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, an altogether American concern, having acquired from the Shipping Board a number of the new American ships, having opened up a new direct route from San Francisco to Calcutta and return via Manila and Honolulu, and being greatly in need of a base of operations on the other side of the Pacific, such as British shipping enjoys at Hong-Kong and Japanese shipping has in Japanese ports, asked the Philippine government for a ninety-nine-year lease on an unoccupied section of the water front for the purpose of building a new pier, establishing necessary shops for ship repair and providing all the facilities for which American shipping must now depend on Hong-Kong and the ports of Japan.

On these improvements this company proposed to spend between $3,000,000 and $5,000,000, but the Philippine government refused to do business with them on their terms or on any terms that they could accept. The lease they wanted was too long. Very well, they would compromise and try to work it out on a fifty-year lease. But no. The government offered them a twenty-five-year lease and would not budge from that decision. In vain they protested that after a period of construction that would account for at least five years, on a twenty-five-year lease they could not hope to recover their investment. This argument failed to make the desired impression, so for the time being, at any rate, there will be no port improvements provided by private capital in the harbor of Manila.

There is one feature of the proposition that the United States undertake these improvements which intrigues one's very cheerful interest, and that is that in case Congress should decide to act on this recommendation the Philippine government would not have to be asked what might be done; it would merely be instructed with regard to what it should do. The power of the United States Congress is still primary and supreme in the Philippines.

And this is not all that has to do with shipping and ocean-borne commerce, either. You know the Philippines are an archipelago. That sounds as though it were meant to be funny, but it is not. They are a many-islanded and most magnificent archipelago, and most of the things they produce are produced on islands that are separated by considerable distances from the main island of Luzon, on which the port of Manila is located. Each principal island has a port of its own. Panay has Iloilo; Cebú, the city of Cebú; Mindanao the lovely and alluring Zamboanga; Palawan, Puerta Princesa; the Sulu group, the quaint old Moro town of Joló, and so on. And this means that among the chief economic interests of the country interisland shipping occupies a very important place.

Away back in the early days, when the original Philippine Bill of the United States Congress was getting under way in its more or less successful operation, the Philippine collector of customs—an American then—was authorized to issue a Philippine certificate of registry to any vessel owned either by a citizen of the United States residing in the Philippine Islands or a native of the Philippine Islands who should have previously taken the oath of allegiance, and this authorization was promptly amended to include any "corporation or company created under the laws of the United States or any state thereof or of the Philippine Islands."

All of which was eminently fair and quite sufficiently broad and generous. It excluded foreigners from coastwise shipping, but it did include Americans, which was something very unusual. As a matter of fact, no American individual, company or corporation that I know of ever took advantage of this law, because the interisland trade is a staid old business, and has always been in the hands of Spaniards whose firms have been established for generations, and who, to meet the requirements of the regulations, promptly Filipinized themselves and formed themselves into Philippine corporations. And it is worthy of note that these regulations weathered the fine storm of legislation that was blown up by the first Filipino assembly and continued in force, without material change, until under the Jones Law the Philippine legislature was instituted.

This was in the midst of the Great War, and within a few months after it happened the United States was at war with Germany. In the meantime the war had brought great prosperity to the Philippines. Far removed as they were from any zone of frightfulness, their products were in unprecedented demand, and interisland trade became more important than it had ever been. Freight rates took a leap to skyward, and fortunes were made.

The Unfair Shipping Laws

When the United States went to war seventeen German ships were seized in Manila Bay, and because the port of Manila had to be fed with supplies in never-before-demanded quantities a number of them were put in repair on the shortest possible notice and made immediately available for interisland service. By that time the Philippine—wholly Filipino—legislature was in full control, and the only authority that could check its activities at any point was vested in Governor-General Harrison.

The German ships were all allotted to Filipino companies, and this may have been all right. There is no harm in taking care of your own, looking out for Number One and believing generally that charity begins at home. But on February 23, 1918, a special session of the legislature was called for the purpose of amending the old and time-honored coastwise shipping law, and on that day an act was passed—to become effective on the instant of its approval—which very materially decreased the legal rights of Americans, had the effect of putting the Spanish companies out of business altogether and took cognizance of the rights of Filipinos only.

It was decreed that Philippine certificates of registry could be issued only to "citizens or native inhabitants of the Philippine Islands; citizens of the United States residing in the Philippine Islands; or any corporation or company composed wholly of citizens of the Philippine Islands or of the United States or both, created under the laws of the United States or of any state thereof or of the Philippine Islands."

It was the "composed wholly of" that eliminated the Americans and the Spaniards. The Spanish companies were incorporated under the Philippine law, and therefore their vessels, operating under Philippine registry, were exempt from the new regulations; but their stockholders were mostly Spanish citizens, many of them residing in Spain, so it could never be possible for them to acquire any new vessels to take the place of old ones that might have to be scrapped or that might be destroyed

(Continued on Page 59)

Let the Boy Decide

If you feel that oats don't differ much, please let the boy decide. Serve Quaker Oats and some less flavory oats.

Do what he says about it.

The mother's problem is to make the oat dish tempting. This is the children's premier food—the greatest food that grows. It supplies 16 needed elements—1810 calories per pound. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

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Your grocer will supply it if you ask for Quaker Oats. He will charge no fancy price.

The larger package—price, 30 cents—will serve 62 liberal dishes. Don't forget this when you order oats.

Quaker Oats

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

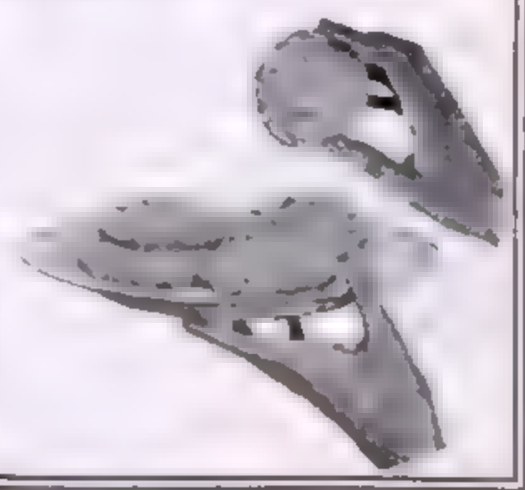
Flaked from flavory queen grains only

For Children's Delight

Quaker Macaroons

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven Makes about 65 cookies.



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CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 57)

by typhoon or shipwreck, very common occurrences in those waters. In other words, they could only go on from where they were to the end of the very short string that was left to them. In the meantime, naturally, the value of their company shares went down. They very promptly called attention to their predicament. There was a conference, and I am told that Mr. Quezon said it was a shame and a great mistake and that something would have to be done about it. Mr. Osmena is reported to have said nothing, but to have indicated an opinion that the situation ought to be remedied.

Whereupon the legislature met once more, and leaving the composed-wholly-of phrase strictly alone added a subsection to the bill which says: "Any corporation or company created under the laws of the United States, or of any state thereof, or of the Philippine Islands, provided some duly authorized agent thereof, or the agent, master or administrator of the vessel resides in the Philippine Islands; provided that the certificate of Philippine register issued to a vessel because the owner thereof comes under the provisions of this subsection, shall extend to the vessel the privilege of engaging only in the foreign or high-seas commerce, but not in the Philippine coastwise trade."

It sounds as though someone had said it who had a very marked impediment in his speech, but in effect it is equivalent to taking the Spanish coastwise shipping out on the high seas and drowning it.

They ought not to be allowed to go on that way, but the Jones Merchant Marine Law passed by the United States Congress says: "Section 21: That until Congress shall have authorized the registry as vessels of the United States of vessels owned in the Philippine Islands, the government of the Philippine Islands is hereby authorized to adopt, from time to time, and enforce regulations governing the transportation of merchandise and passengers between ports and places in the Philippine archipelago." So there is nothing anybody can do about it.

At the present time there is an old American shipping company with an office in Manila that wants very much to establish an interisland service as a feeder for its ocean-going ships plying in and out of Manila. Such a service is not necessarily, in fact is very seldom, profitable in itself, but it facilitates and expedites the service of the main line, and in this case it certainly would speed up interisland commerce and have the effect of encouraging increased production of exportable commodities. But unfortunately this company is not composed wholly of citizens of the United States or the Philippine Islands. Some misguided foreigners have invested a little money in it, and it cannot therefore obtain a charter from the Philippine government.

Injustice to Chinese Merchants

And now I think I must tell the story of the Chinese merchants. It is to be remembered that when civil government under American authority was established in the Philippines the United States Chinese Exclusion Act—wisely or unwisely—was extended by Congress to cover the islands, and that consequently all the Chinese in the archipelago, except such as have been smuggled in, are there by right of priority to American control. Indeed, there are a good many Chinese families that are able to claim right of priority to Spanish dominion. And it is the universal opinion among foreigners—Europeans and Americans, that is—that the best blood in the island population is that which shows a cross strain of Chinese. The cross strain of Spanish simply adds to the Malay character a certain brilliance without any of the solidity and substantiality peculiar to the Chinese. Yet curiously enough the Chinese are disliked by nearly all Filipinos, including the Chinese mestizos. It has always been so.

The history of the Philippines is filled with stories of persecution of the Chinese. They have been restricted and abused, segregated and banished, and on a number of occasions massacred by the thousands. In Spanish times none of them ever had the honor of being addressed as señor. They were always Chino this and Chino that. Their docility has given way to wrath in a few instances, when they have turned upon their persecutors with excellent effect; but on the whole they have pursued their frugal and industrious ways, engaging for the most part in small commercial undertakings, some of which have grown into very important enterprises, and by their willingness to accept small profits and to go on working day after day, year in and year out, they have gradually attained the position they now occupy.

At no time within the past three centuries could the Chinese have been expelled from the islands without disastrous results to the general economic welfare; to drive them out now would be suicidal. It would mean either that some other people less reasonable in its demands and less adaptable would take their place in the commercial life of the country or that the Filipino would be headed back toward the jungle. That is, if they should succeed in driving the rest of us out along with the Chinese.

It is only necessary to take into consideration the fact that the Chinese control at least 85 per cent of the merchandising business of the islands to be convinced that the Filipinos are not commercially inclined; that they have no aptitude for business; and that they are wholly incapable of taking the place of the Chinese even if they had an opportunity to do so. There are some 10,000,000 of them, while there are only about 50,000 Chinese all told. And, incidentally, the Chinese pay at least 65 per cent of the insular taxes on mercantile establishments and transactions, and are otherwise useful citizens, being public-spirited, progressive, charitable, peaceable, honest and law-abiding; law-abiding, let us say, when they are not engaged in smuggling opium or doing something else they shouldn't. They are not a community of Celestial angels by any means, but their general value and usefulness should be emphasized. And I doubt if they get very much out of smuggling opium, either.

A Bas the Abacus!

But the Filipino desire to eliminate foreign elements in the population has not been directed solely against Americans, and they have made their attack against the Chinese by means of as unusual an act of legislation as could possibly be imagined. It is entitled An Act to Define the Language to be Used in Keeping Books of Account and Providing a Penalty for the Same, and it reads:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Philippine Islands, in Legislature assembled and by authority thereof, that: Article 1. It will be illegal for any person, company, firm or corporation engaged in business, industry or other activity for purposes of profit in the Philippine Islands, in accordance with existing laws, to keep their books of account in a language other than English, Spanish or any native dialect.

"Article 2. Any violations of the provisions of this law will be punished upon conviction by a fine of not exceeding ten thousand pesos and imprisonment not to exceed two years or both.

"Article 3. This law will be in force on November 1, 1921."

Sounds reasonable enough, does it not, even though there is no similar law in force in any country on earth. But it requires more than a glance to penetrate to its intent. Or is it again only stupidity? I can imagine this law as being the outcome of nothing but Filipino incompetence. I can imagine a Filipinized Bureau of Revenue complaining to a Filipinized Department of Finance that it had to employ a lot of educated Chinese clerks to translate the ideographic mysteries of innumerable Chinese account books into something that a human being could understand, and that by so doing they were cutting out of profitable employment an equal number of deserving Filipinos. And I can further imagine the Department of Finance blandly acquiescing in this patriotic blurb and passing it on up to the Council of State with a recommendation that the Chinese be required to keep their books in some language that Filipinos can read. Whereupon the Council of State drafts an act and sends it down to its unanimous legislature to be passed into law.

The result of it will be, if it is permitted to go into effect, either that the insular prisons will be filled with Chinese shopkeepers or that there will be a general exodus of these excellent citizens back to the friendlier if more crowded shores of their own country. The majority of them are in business in a small way, and they must keep books; the law requires it. They are unable to write any language but Chinese; they could not possibly employ Filipino bookkeepers even if there were Filipino bookkeepers to employ. And if their business was large enough to justify the employment of Filipino bookkeepers and there were Filipino bookkeepers to employ they would not be able to tell the Filipino bookkeepers what to put down in their ledgers because the Filipino bookkeepers would never know what in the world they were talking about. And there you are!

Naturally the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, a strong and very dignified body, took immediate action, and drafted a protest, together with a petition to Governor-General Harrison, in which he was asked to veto the measure. The Chinese Consul General to Manila, Mr. Chow Kwo Hsien, went himself to Malacanan Palace to see the governor and present the petition, but he accomplished nothing.

After which the only recourse the Chinese had was to send their own representatives—at considerable expense and inconvenience—to Washington to lay their plight before the President and Congress. Their protest is supported by every important firm in the city of Manila—American, British, Spanish, French, Dutch, Swiss, Jewish and even Japanese—whose general managers got together and drew up a set of whereases to the effect that the law is wholly unnecessary in its nature; that the islands are passing through the most acute financial crisis in their history, and that the enforcement of the law will augment the severity of the economic depression on account of its detrimental effects on the Chinese merchants; that the Chinese merchants have contributed largely to the economic development of the country and have always been found to be honest, reliable and public-spirited; that the law is highly unwise, extremely unjust, utterly impracticable of enforcement, greatly inconvenient for all concerned, absolutely unnecessary; and that, therefore, be it

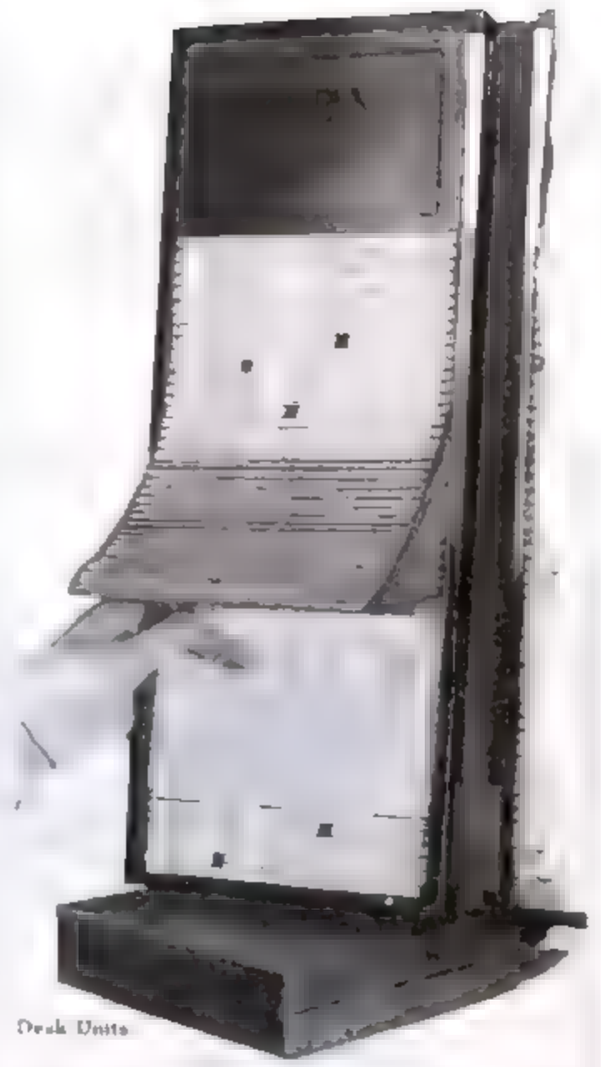
"Resolved by the undersigned firms, representing several nationalities other than Chinese, to express, and we do hereby express, our full concurrence in the just and reasonable protest of the Chinese colony against the enforcement of this law."

The Unkindest Cut of All

In the meantime the exodus of the Chinese has begun, numbers of them having closed out their businesses and embarked for China within the last two or three months. The Philippine legislature meets again in October, and it may just be that in response to the general protest or the recommendation of the new governor-general it will repeal the law. But otherwise Congress will have to act or pressure of some kind will have to be brought to bear from Washington.

And now, just by way of a fitting climax to this tale of woe, I think I must refer to the unkindest cut of all. In 1918 the Federal Revenue Act reached out from Washington and gave American enterprise the *coup de grâce*. This act applies to Americans wherever they may be, and in the case of those resident and engaged in business in the Philippines it works a discrimination which makes it practically impossible for them to compete with their trade rivals of other nationalities. The Philippines have an income-tax law, but it is wholly impartial in its application and is eminently fair. It is imposed upon Filipinos, Americans, Britishers, Japanese, Chinese, Indians and citizens of whatever nationality resident in the islands, and at present the burden of it is a normal tax of 3 per cent, with a maximum surtax of 20 per cent. And, of course, the point is that no citizen of any country except the United States has to pay any other income tax save this. The American gets this deducted from the amount he has to pay to the Federal Government, but even so he is left at a disadvantage. The inequality of the position it places him in is plainly evident.

Taken all in all, it is a very extraordinary situation for the adventurous American in this far-away land whose every liberty and blessing is bestowed and guaranteed by the American flag, and if we are really sincere in our visions of an expanding life and of making the world a better world for Americans to live in we ought to manage in some way to do something about it.



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Sometimes Harley wondered whether he was a widower or a bachelor.

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MOST motion pictures end with a marriage. But here's one that begins with a marriage—a marriage of just two such young people as started their great adventure next door to you this summer.

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Author and director worked for one year on this picture. Together they evolved the many little touches that make it so amazingly lifelike. Such close co-operation is the result of Goldwyn's plan of bringing American authors into direct contact with picture production.

This picture *lives*. It is something refreshingly new in the art of the screen.

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RUPERT HUGHES'

comedy drama of American married life—with Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix

DIRECTED BY E. MASON HOPPER

Helene Chadwick makes a bewitching and adorable Phoebe

Do you know the ten great dangers of married life?

1. **The Daily Divorce:**

   Every morning he has to leave her for the office; and every evening he has to get to sleep early so as to wake up early so as to leave her alone again in a hurry.

2. **The Office Overtime:**

   Harley now has two bosses; if either makes him late, the other makes it hot for him.

3. **The Loneliness of the Bride:**

   Phoebe finds that it takes more than a husband to kill the girl in a woman's heart.

4. **The First Baby:**

   Phoebe learns that there is a lot besides poetry about bringing up babies.

5. **The Midnight Marathon:**

   Harley used to laugh at this, but now he discovers how much human misery it takes to make an old joke old.

6. **The Suddenly Diminished Importance of the Husband:**

   After the baby's arrival Harley sometimes wonders whether he is a bachelor or a widower.

7. **The Cataract of Bills:**

   Harley finds that nobody gives a Daddy any credit except the tradespeople. They have to.

8. **The Long Business Trip:**

   It means for Harley, the Big Chance; but for Phoebe, more loneliness, and—

9. **The Old Lover:**

   Phoebe feels virtuous when she snubs him, but when he snubs her she feels vicious.

10. **The Lure of High Society:**

    There are three Phoebes: the loving wife, the devoted mother, the social aspirant. Which wins?

RUPERT HUGHES writes:

"As in my picture, 'The Old Nest,' it is life itself that provides the difficulties and the heart-breaks. This is a sort of Pilgrim's Progress. I have tried to picture the life of every girl in the experience of one girl, and to show how tortuous a motor-road existence is. As soon as one dangerous curve is rounded another waits ahead."

"The Old Nest" was a portrait of the American mother. "Dangerous Curve Ahead" shows the American daughter venturing out to build a nest of her own.

The Daily Divorce—Every morning Harley had to tear himself away from her to get to the office—late!

Also watch for
Goldwyn Week
Oct. 23

Oct. 2nd · A GOLDWYN PICTURE

A MILLION NEW HOMES means a million new opportunities to sell furniture, and the dealer who has the best furniture at the money is going to get the lion's share of the business.

SHOWERS furniture exactly and precisely meets the present demand of the people for substantial, good-taste furniture at *reasonable* and *reachable* prices. Present conditions call for no change whatsoever in Showers method; from the very beginning Showers policy has been tailor-made to meet just such conditions as have now actually arisen—conditions which make it impossible for any dealer or any manufacturer to do business unless he is actually giving *real value*. Money making in these times is purely a matter of delivering the right goods at the right price. The people *will buy* if they are sure they are getting their money's worth.

Everywhere Showers dealers are doing business and *making money*. As a result, the great Showers factories in both Indiana and Iowa are running to capacity.

The significance of this fact cannot be ignored.

W. D. Showers

President
SHOWERS BROTHERS COMPANY
BLOOMINGTON, IND.

SHOWERS

America's Largest Furniture Makers

DOUBLE TROUBLE, DELAWARE

(Continued from Page 10)

There was, of course, consternation among the local charities. They had had great expectations, it was clear. But there the matter ended. Alexander Jeffreys had left no relatives to contest his will. There was none to say Selma Masters nay.

Then something happened. About a week after the probate of the will a courthouse attaché entered Larry Toler's office. Larry knew this man by sight, as he knew fifty other courthouse attachés. But he did not know the man by name, nor did he know to what office the man might be attached.

"Surrogate Devers," said this man, "would like to have a talk with you about the size of this estate. Matter of his fees or something. He asked me if I found you in to fetch you up with me."

"I'll go with you gladly," returned Larry.

As they went out Trimmer's office door was open. Trimmer was standing just inside his outer room. He came to the door as the two men swung down the hall. He nodded genially to Toler.

"Oh, hello, Dave," he said curtly to the courthouse attaché. Trimmer knew this man; knew just where this man belonged. Trimmer watched the two with interest until the elevator door had closed upon them and they were out of sight.

Once inside the courthouse the attaché led the way past the surrogate's suite, on toward the rear.

"We're to see the surrogate," Larry reminded him.

"He isn't in his office," returned the officer. "We'll find him here."

They pressed on, into another suite. And then Larry remembered, for the first time, that this man had no connection with the surrogate. This man was one of the most confidential of the prosecutor's staff of detectives. Swiftly he steered Larry into one of the prosecutor's private rooms. There Larry found the surrogate. There he found the prosecutor of the pleas. The latter took the initiative.

"Oh, hello, Toler," said the prosecutor. "Take a seat, Toler," he went on, "something's happened in the Jeffreys matter that we think you ought to know."

"Something serious?" queried Larry.

"You wait and see," nodded the prosecutor. "Toler, just two days ago there was delivered to the surrogate, via the mails, this envelope. It is addressed, as you may see, Office of Wills, River City here. There is no office of that name, but the letter reached its mark. Note that the envelope bears the postal stamp of Dover, Delaware. Note that it is dated three days ago or so."

"I see," said Larry. "And what did it contain?"

"It contained this scrap of paper," proceeded the prosecutor, "on which was written this very sinister suggestion. The note is not signed; it is anonymous. You can read it for yourself."

Larry took the scrap of paper and the envelope. Both were inscribed in lead pencil, carefully and painstakingly written, every *t* crossed, every *i* dotted.

The note informed the office of wills briefly and to the point that the will of Alexander Jeffreys was a forgery; that it was very certain he had never made a will; that if the office of wills didn't believe these charges they could investigate and find out for themselves.

Larry's eyes would have bulged had he had the bulging kind. As it was, he regarded the prosecutor with a startled glance.

"As the result of the receipt of this letter," queried Larry, "what has been done?"

The prosecutor picked up three affidavits from his desk. "Alexander Jeffreys," he went on, "had three bank accounts in town. Toler, yesterday and to-day we have submitted this original will to the paying tellers of those three banks. All three pronounce the signature a clever forgery."

"Jumping Jerusalem!" cried Larry Toler. "Clever forgery! Rot! I tell you I saw this Alexander Jeffreys sign this will myself."

The prosecutor glanced at the surrogate. This was the admission that they had wanted most to get.

"I don't mind saying to you, Toler," went on the prosecutor, "that if this will is a forgery the state is entitled to these millions."

"I understand that very clearly," nodded Larry. "I talked that matter over with old Jeffreys."

The surrogate glanced at the prosecutor. "The attorney-general," went on the prosecutor, "has been notified. He will want to take a hand. The attorney-general wants to know from you whether you have reduced any of the assets to possession, or whether the estate is still intact."

"You could have answered him," returned Larry. "I haven't had a chance to touch it yet. The inheritance-tax appraiser has got to have his fling."

"Now, Toler," said the prosecutor, "I don't mind telling you that there's going to be an indictment in this case. The grand jury is sitting. It will get the evidence this afternoon."

Larry turned pale. "In those circumstances," he faltered, "perhaps the less I say the better."

"Decidedly," nodded the prosecutor.

"You—want me to stay here?" queried Larry.

"Not at all," returned the prosecutor. "Until there's an indictment you are free to go."

Larry went. He went direct to the Alexander Jeffreys homestead, which was what the surrogate and prosecutor expected him to do. He was admitted by a male servant, a butler, whose face he did not know. This was Larry's first visit to the Jeffreys house; he wondered vaguely why it was that he had never seen the inside of it before. He revealed his identity to the butler and asked for Miss Masters.

The butler slowly shook his head. "Miss Masters," said the butler, "left for New York three-quarters of an hour ago." He did not know when she was likely to return.

"All right," nodded Larry. "When she gets back tell her please to call me up. There's something else I want," said Larry; "I want to see a servant of the name of Martin Peters—a servant in this house."

"Martin Peters?" mused the butler. "There's no servant here, sir, of the name of Martin Peters."

"There was," returned Larry. "How long have you been butler here?"

The other man bowed. "I have been butler here, sir, for seventeen long years," he said.

Larry thought it over. "But there is a man here of the name of Joseph Morris," persisted Larry.

Again the butler shook his head.

"No one here, sir, of the name of Joseph Morris," he returned.

Larry was flabbergasted. He knew not what to say. He looked at the floor, he looked at the ceiling; he looked at the four walls of the room. Then he started violently. There was a portrait hung over an old-fashioned marble mantelpiece. Larry jerked his head toward it.

"That is a likeness of—whom?" he demanded.

The butler switched on the lights above it. "That, sir, is Mr. Alexander Jeffreys. Done by Newcomb, sir, five years ago."

Larry stared at it. "Have you a photograph of Mr. Jeffreys?" he queried.

The butler shook his head once more. He smiled.

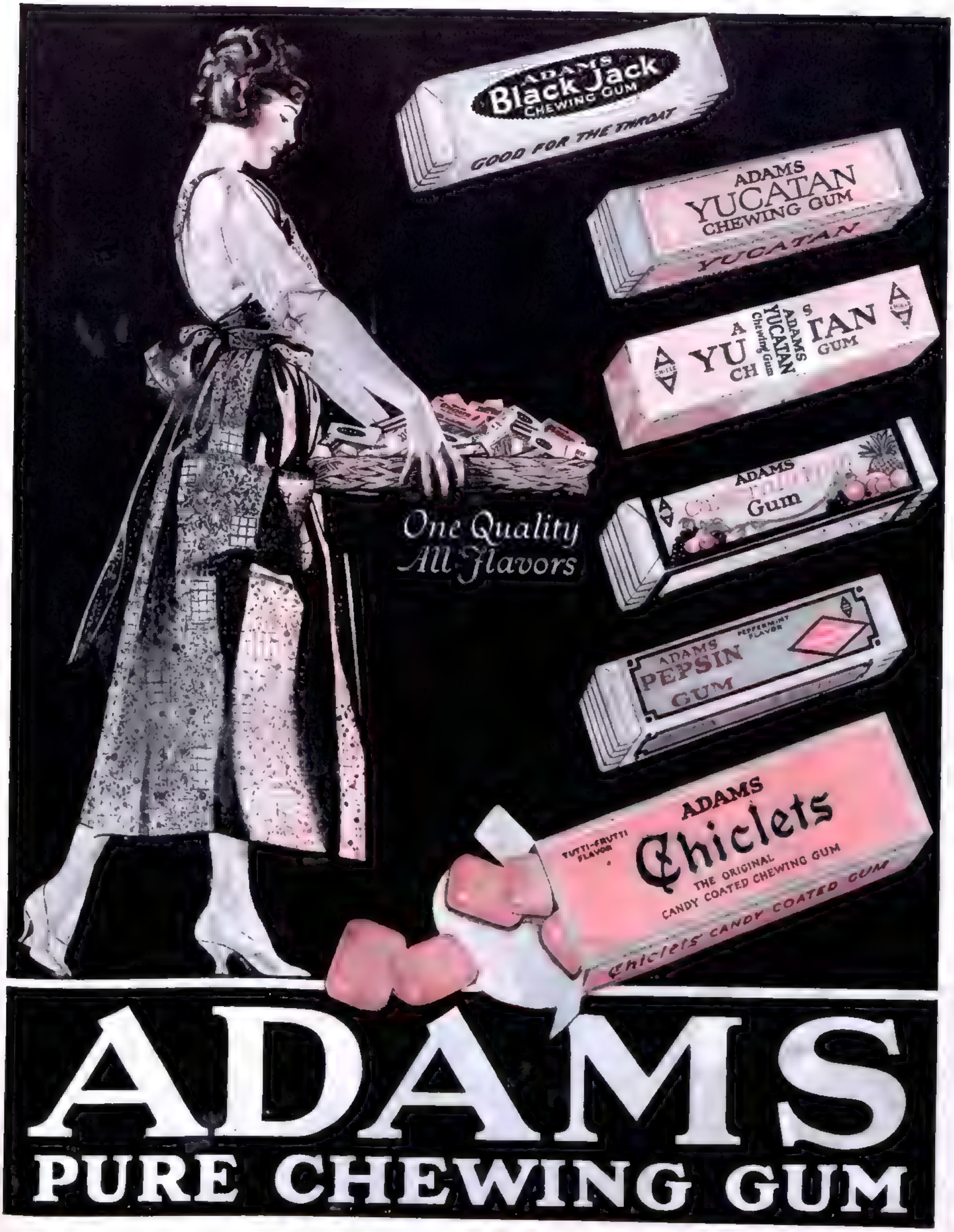
"Dozens of newspaper men have asked that question, sir. Mr. Jeffreys never had his photo taken. One young man made a rough sketch of the painting, sir, last week. But it was very bad."

"If you don't mind," said Larry, "I think I'll wait."

He waited in the library until nine o'clock next morning. Selma Masters in the interval had not returned. When Larry ultimately left the house he was immediately taken into custody. The grand jury had indicted him late the afternoon before. He was immediately taken before a county judge and held in heavy bail for trial. By three o'clock that afternoon the town had it; so did the sob sisters. Larry Toler was branded as a forger who had played cleverly for exceedingly high stakes, and lost. The decent little reputation which he had spent his youth in building up was completely swept away.

Prepared as he had been by the prosecutor's warning, Larry, nevertheless, was stunned. As swiftly as possible he got himself in hand. He must get bail. There was but one man he could turn to. In his extremity he called up Trimmer. Trimmer responded with alacrity. Trimmer swiftly got Larry Toler bailed. Trimmer installed himself as Larry Toler's counsel.

(Continued on Page 85)


ADAMS
Black Jack
CHEWING GUM
GOOD FOR THE THROAT
ADAMS
YUCATAN
CHEWING GUM
YUCATAN
ADAMS
YUCATAN
Chewing Gum
ADAMS
Gum
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PEPSIN
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All Flavors
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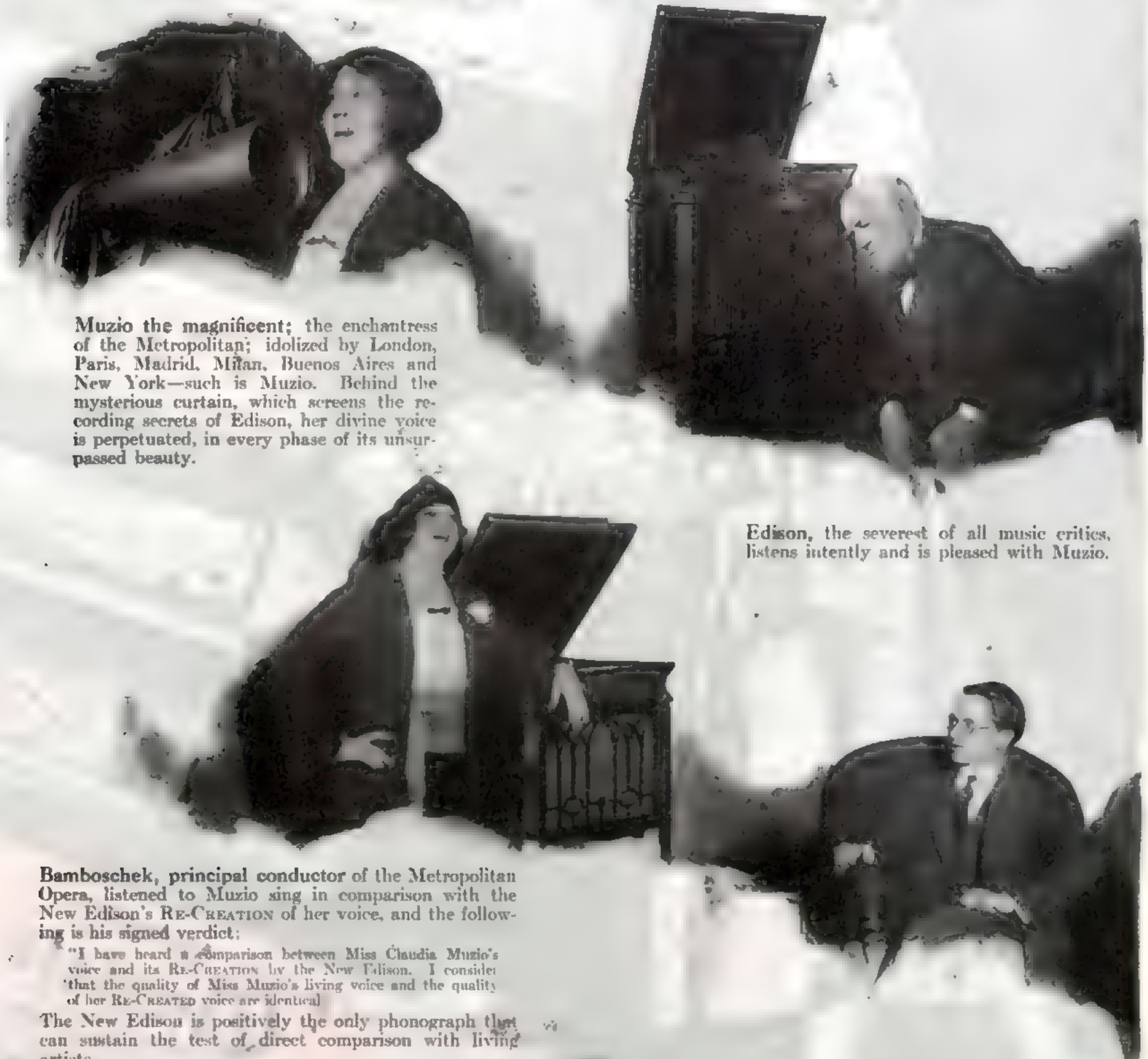
Muzio the magnificent; the enchantress of the Metropolitan; idolized by London, Paris, Madrid, Milan, Buenos Aires and New York—such is Muzio. Behind the mysterious curtain, which screens the recording secrets of Edison, her divine voice is perpetuated, in every phase of its unsurpassed beauty.

Edison, the severest of all music critics, listens intently and is pleased with Muzio.

Bamboschek, principal conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, listened to Muzio sing in comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of her voice, and the following is his signed verdict:

> "I have heard a comparison between Miss Claudia Muzio's voice and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. I consider that the quality of Miss Muzio's living voice and the quality of her RE-CREATED voice are identical"

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(Continued from Page 62)

"Larry," he nodded, "it's the woman. The woman, Larry, is a crook."

"I can't believe that she's a crook," said Larry.

"Tell me the whole story," went on Trimmer.

Larry told him for the first time what he had hitherto kept to himself as a confidential matter. He explained to Trimmer, step by step, the manner of the making of the Jeffreys will and the circumstances surrounding its execution.

"Funny I didn't see these people," remarked Trimmer. "My door's open half the time."

Larry reminded Trimmer that the latter was away at the time.

"But," protested Trimmer, "there was somebody—a stenographer?"

"I typed the will myself," said Larry.

"Didn't any clients interrupt you?"

Larry shook his head. "My door was locked," he said.

Trimmer stared at him almost hopelessly. "Great guns, man," cried Trimmer, "your version of the execution of this will depends upon you alone! This bunch of crooks has disappeared. And you're the goat. Good gosh!"

Trimmer started up. He slapped Larry Toler on the back. "They can't get away with it," he exclaimed; "not while I'm alive! Over my dead body, Larry—only that. Son, I'll give up all my time and all my money to track these beggars down."

From that time on young Larry Toler secluded himself in his office and gritted his teeth. He lived at a boarding house. It was far from being home. He rose early in the morning and ate his breakfast before anybody else was down. He slunk through the back streets to avoid acquaintances. He couldn't show himself in public. He lost his nerve. He was undone.

Trimmer watched over him with growing concern. "Now look-a-here, Larry," he exclaimed, "this thing is killing you."

"It is," said Larry, shivering.

"Do you know just how you look?" demanded Trimmer.

"Guilty," nodded Larry.

"Right," said Trimmer. "You're not guilty, but you look it. Larry, I want you to do two things and do them right away."

"Name them," nodded Larry.

"I want you to put yourself unqualifiedly in my hands," said Trimmer.

"I'm doing it," said Larry.

"You only think you are," said Trimmer. "As a matter of fact you're trying to help yourself, and you don't know how to go about it. As a matter of fact you're only in my way."

"Tell me," nodded Larry.

"Larry," said Trimmer, "I want you to go away until your case comes up for trial."

"I can't do that," said Larry. "It won't look right."

"It'll look a darned sight better than you look now," said Trimmer. "From now on you've got to get your nerve back. I'm going to see to it that you do. Imagine yourself in a place where nobody will know who you are or what you're charged with—where you can look every damned man in the face and tell him to go to. Does a transition of that kind appeal to you?"

"It sure does," said Larry. His eyes were wistfully eager. "But," he added, "the thing doesn't look quite right to me."

The more he thought of it the more he was against it. Finally he said so once again.

"Son," returned Trimmer sadly, "you know me. You know that at times I'm just a bit too gay. There are occurrences that even you don't know about. There are times when a man like me feels he must relax. This man De Lorme is a bit of a crook in his way. He's a bit of a smuggler, Larry. Contraband, I mean. What I'm afraid of is that he may be a bit of a blackmailer quite as well. I'd like to know just what he knows of me. I'd like to know whether this man De Lorme is cooking up anything against me."

"Who," asked Larry, "is De Lorme?"

"He's an innkeeper, back behind the railroad, off the beaten track. I've put up there—never mind with whom—well, several times in the last two years. He's got a corking place, Larry, but little frequented by outsiders, with a good view of the bay. You can do me yeoman's service, Larry."

"I'll do anything for you!" returned Larry, holding out his hand.

"You put up at Wayside Inn," nodded Trimmer, "as Leonard Tompkins, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. You keep an ear open for anything that's said of me. De Lorme may be hatching nothing. But I spend money there—he may conclude that I'm his meat. You pick up what you can."

"I'm on," said Larry. "Where is this Wayside Inn?"

"It's a place you never heard of," nodded Trimmer. "You won't find it on the time-tables, but you will find it in the telephone book. De Lorme's place, Larry, is at Double Trouble, Delaware."

IV

LARRY'S judgment was entirely gone. He was in Trimmer's hands and let it go at that. Vaguely he felt that there was no good reason why he should be Tompkins, of Philadelphia, when in reality he was Toler, of River City. But when he found, on a center table at the Wayside Inn, a Sunday supplement slavering over the features of the forgery, he changed his mind about it. Trimmer was right and he was wrong. Vaguely Larry wondered why Trimmer had asked him to keep ears open. The hotel register of the Wayside Inn gave no hint that Trimmer, in this place, had played the part of a gay Lothario. Larry was forced to conclude that Trimmer had added this suggestion as an extra inducement toward Larry's rustication.

De Lorme's Wayside Inn was all that Trimmer's fancy painted it. Larry was dropped off by a small car that carried passengers and mail. Larry was the sole passenger. He registered. He told De Lorme and De Lorme's big, good-natured wife that he was a nervous wreck; that he had brought his fishing tackle; that he needed rest. Mrs. De Lorme piloted him to his room—a comfortable one, with a fine view of the distant bay. A young girl was engaged in tidying up this room.

"Kitsie," said the woman to this girl, "this is Mr. Tompkins, from Philadelphia. He's a sick man. He's come to stay with us for a spell."

The girl caught up a dust cloth and started for the door. At the door she stopped. She was very swift and graceful in her movements.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. ——" she began.

"Tompkins," said her mistress.

"Mr. Tompkins," said the girl. She bowed to him and immediately disappeared.

Mrs. De Lorme smiled and shook her head. "You mustn't mind Kitsie," she warned him. "She's a bit of a natural. Never has been right so far. Never will be right."

"She's a—pretty girl," said Larry.

Mrs. De Lorme stared at him. "Now think of that!" she cried. "You're the first man to talk that way of Kitsie. Pretty! Why, she ain't got any pickings on her bones."

Larry dined alone that evening in the small, comfortable dining room of the inn. The girl Kitsie waited on him. There was a ribbon in her wispy hair. Her face was flushed from the kitchen heat. She seemed unusually excited.

"It's evident you can't keep still," he said.

"But you don't mind?" she asked him a bit saucily.

Nevertheless, she subsided into a corner. From this seclusion she watched Larry with her large dark eyes.

"I guess," she suddenly exclaimed, continuing the conversation, "it's because I like thin people. I don't see many of them here. You're nice and thin yourself."

Larry laughed and thanked her banteringly. There was silence. The girl stared at Larry intently. She rubbed her nose.

"No," she said vaguely; "I'm no relation to them, the De Lormes. They just take care of me." A wistful smile lit up her face. "It's good of you to ask," she said.

"I—didn't ask," said Larry. The girl's face went blank. She pressed her lips together as though trying to get herself well in hand. It was clear she was annoyed. "But," added Larry, "I'm mighty glad to know."

She was silent for a moment, thinking it over. Then her smile broke out again. "I figured, somehow, that you'd want to know," she said.

She leaped nimbly to her feet.

"Yes'm, I'm coming," she exclaimed.

She said it as though answering a summons from the kitchen. Larry had heard no summons. The girl sped swiftly out. She returned immediately with a plate full of hot biscuit. Larry's mouth watered. He forgot his troubles. It was years since he had seen biscuit of this kind. The girl watched him break one and butter it. Then she started.

"Oh, you eat molasses with 'em," she exclaimed. She caught up a glass jug from a side table. Larry wondered.

"How did you know," he demanded, "that I liked 'em with molasses?"

The girl giggled with embarrassment.

"I imagine," she returned, "it's because I do myself."

After supper the girl Kitsie relieved De Lorme in the office while De Lorme and his wife ate their supper in the kitchen. The girl perched herself upon a stool while Larry leaned idly against the counter of the hotel desk and leafed over the pages of the register.

"I'm looking for—Philadelphians," he explained to her.

It was on this occasion that he looked up Trimmer. Trimmer, it seemed from the pages of this register, had put up there three or four times in the last eighteen months. On each occasion he had put up there alone. His last visit had been three months before. The girl was silent, a bit listless, while Larry turned the leaves. He felt that her big eyes were upon him. He felt, too, that he was once more in the dumps. The sight of Trimmer's name registered from River City brought Larry's troubles once more pell-mell upon him. He caught his breath sharply. The girl touched his hand.

"You're a pretty sick man," she said.

There seemed to be a note of complete understanding in her voice. Larry glanced at her gratefully. Glancing at her he forgot Trimmer, forgot River City. He thought only of this queer little wisp of humanity perched on top of the office stool—another marchioness set down in Double Trouble, Delaware.

The girl started suddenly, as though she had come to the complete realization of a great truth. She glanced at herself sidewise in the office mirror. She smiled archly at Larry.

"There's one thing about you," she said to Larry; "you don't say anything unless you really mean it. Do you?" she demanded.

"Its one of my failings," returned Larry.

The girl shook her head at her likeness in the looking-glass. "From now on," she said in low tones, as though talking solely to herself "from now on I am good-looking." An expression of doubt crossed her face. But she looked once more at Larry. Reassured, she turned back to the mirror. "We can take it," she added convincingly, "as a fact."

"We certainly can," said Larry earnestly.

She touched him on the hand again. Her face was radiant.

"It's something that I've wanted all my life," she went on solemnly, "to be good-looking. I've hoped and hoped and hoped—that's all. Until you came along." She drew a long breath. "But now," she said, "I know."

She hopped nimbly from the top of the stool. In turn she darted to the doors leading from the office. She stood an instant, peering from each one, listening. Then she flew back to her stool. She caught Larry by the sleeve.

"Mr. Toler!" she exclaimed.

Larry started and pulled himself together. He tried to act as though he had not heard.

"Mr. Toler!" said the girl again. Her tones were insistent, incisive.

"Toler?" mused Larry. "Toler? You mean me? My name is Tompkins, don't you know?"

Impatiently the girl shook her head.

"Mr. Toler," she persisted, "in case I die to-night, or anything, let me tell you what I have to tell you now. The old man with the white face—he did come to your office. He did sign that will. He did! I know he did!"

Larry caught at her.

"How do you know?" he demanded eagerly.

"I know," returned the girl, "because I believe everything you tell me. I know you always tell the truth."

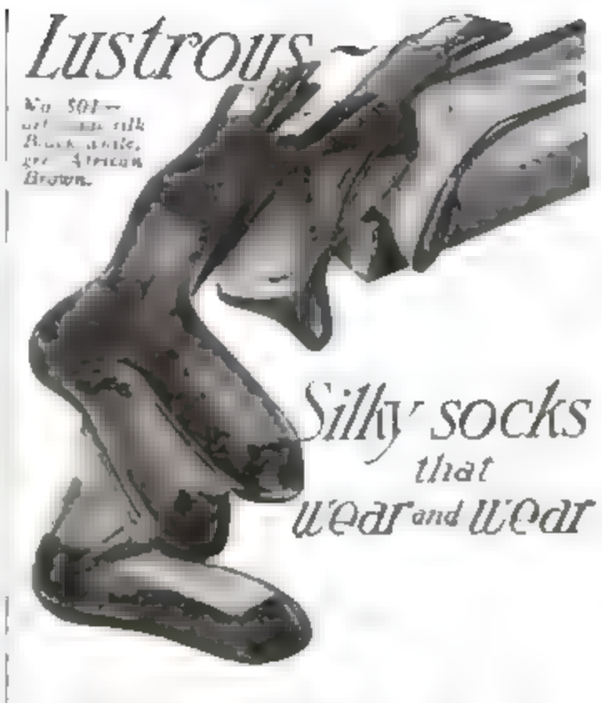
She put her finger to her lips. In another instant De Lorme padded into view. The girl slipped from the tall stool and made off. De Lorme slumped into a chair.

"Feeling better?" asked De Lorme sympathetically.

Larry thought he was. But he didn't look it.

"You mustn't let our Kitsie Inness bore you," said De Lorme; "she's nosy and

(Continued on Page 68)



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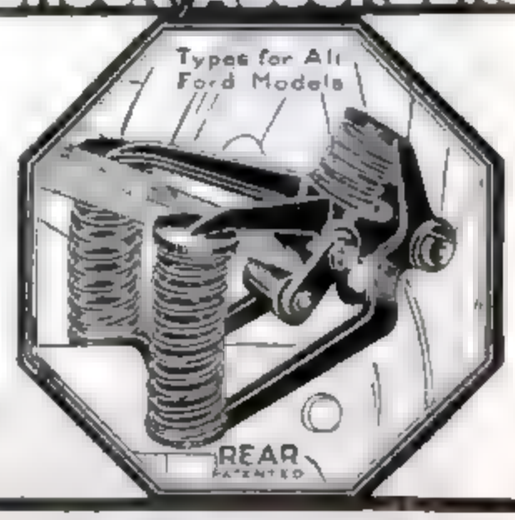

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We Counted the A Housewife Takes in

2,113 Steps Every Day—1,592 Unnecessary

Harrington Emerson, "Father of efficiency engineers," finds, by scientific measurement, 2,113 steps taken in average kitchen every day. Proves 1,592 steps can be saved. Most important scientific time and motion studies ever made for women show how to prevent fatigue in kitchen work.

Mr. H. H. Tice of "The Emerson Engineers" making time and motion studies on the preparation of meals with the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet. Note the two stop watches, one to record the time of each individual operation, and the other the total time of getting the meal. The operator wears a pedometer to register every step taken.

A Statement by Mr. Harrington Emerson*

It is very clear from our scientific studies made of the preparation of meals with and without a Napanee Dutch Kitchenet, that its economies are along three entirely distinct lines:

1—Saving of effort, fatigue elimination
2—Saving of time 3—Standardization of work

The saving of energy, shown by the large reduction in the number of steps, is very striking. By accurate quantitative measurement, three-fourths of this physical exertion is saved. It is reduced to one-quarter.

The standardization of kitchen work by the use of a Napanee is of the greatest importance. The Napanee standardizes and stabilizes. It makes kitchen work automatic.

Harrington Emerson

*Mr. Emerson is a member of the Committee on the Elimination of Waste in Industry, organized by Mr. Herbert Hoover.

Number of Steps Preparing a Single Meal

734 Steps Saved on Dinner Alone!

These scientific tests by noted authorities prove the hours of useless drudgery and the terrible burden of fatigue that women suffer. These proofs are dedicated to the American housewife. They solve her greatest problem. Now all women may know the actual value to them of the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet.

In making these scientific studies Mr. Emerson made discoveries of supreme importance to all women. This announcement is to tell you of them.

Scientific time and motion studies were made on the preparation of meals. Two famous domestic scientists were employed as counselors. Thousands of dollars were spent on the studies. Many days were spent preparing meals under scientific observation. Stop watches were used to record the time of preparing each meal and of each individual operation in preparing it. Pedometers, which measure distance, were used to register every step taken.

349 Steps Saved on this Breakfast Alone

Fruit	Biscuits
Scrambled Eggs	Coffee

This simple breakfast was prepared in an average kitchen without a Napanee Dutch Kitchenet. The same meal was then prepared with a Napanee. Stop watch and pedometer recorded the time consumed and the steps taken in each individual operation in preparing the meal. Each operation was repeated by different operators to insure accuracy of result.

By this scientific method it was found that in preparing and clearing away breakfast without a Napanee Kitchenet in an average kitchen, 466 steps were taken.

That in preparing the same meal, by the same operators, in the same kitchen, with a Napanee, only 117 steps were taken.

349 steps were saved! And 10% of time was saved! Good news this for overworked women!

Supremely Important Results

By the same scientific procedure it was found that in preparing luncheon the steps saved by the Napanee actually totaled 509. And lunch was ready in 15% less time when the Napanee was used.

In preparing dinner 734 steps were saved! And 10% of time.

In preparing the three meals without the Napanee, 2,113 steps were taken and only 521 in preparing the same meals with the Napanee.

Thus 1,592 steps were saved—three-fourths of the total—by the use of the Napanee.

We Were Amazed

We ourselves were amazed at these discoveries. Mr. Emerson's studies prove any woman can be free of the fatigue and strain of kitchen work. Their value is beyond measure because constant fatigue is the greatest of hardships, as footsore and weary women everywhere know.

Now we know the exact value to women of the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet.

The vitally important story of Mr. Emerson's tests is told in a book, "Scientific Studies of Kitchen Work." In justice to yourself, learn all the relief you can get from the burden of kitchen work. Send us the coupon for the book. Go also to your dealer. Let him demonstrate the Napanee for you. See for yourself the more scientific design, the superior construction, the greater conveniences that give the Napanee its amazing value.

What the Stop Watch and Pedometer Showed

Preparing	No. Steps without Napanee	No. Steps with Napanee	No. Steps Saved	Time Saved
Breakfast	466	117	349	10%
Lunch	651	142	509	15%
Dinner	996	262	734	10%
Hot Biscuits	176	25	151	13%
Roasting Meat	160	30	130	15.9%
Combination Salad	100	66	34	8.5%
French Dressing	80	5	75	50%
Apple Pie	260	36	224	6.9%
Coffee	100	15	85	41.5%

In making a single batch of bread 312 out of 330 steps were saved! Only 18 steps were taken using the Napanee!

Stop useless waste of energy and health. No one will endure it longer. A dealer near you has the Napanee.

Go today and see its scientific superiorities.

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Please send me "Scientific Studies of Kitchen Work," giving the report of the tests made by the Emerson Engineers on the preparation of meals.

Name _____

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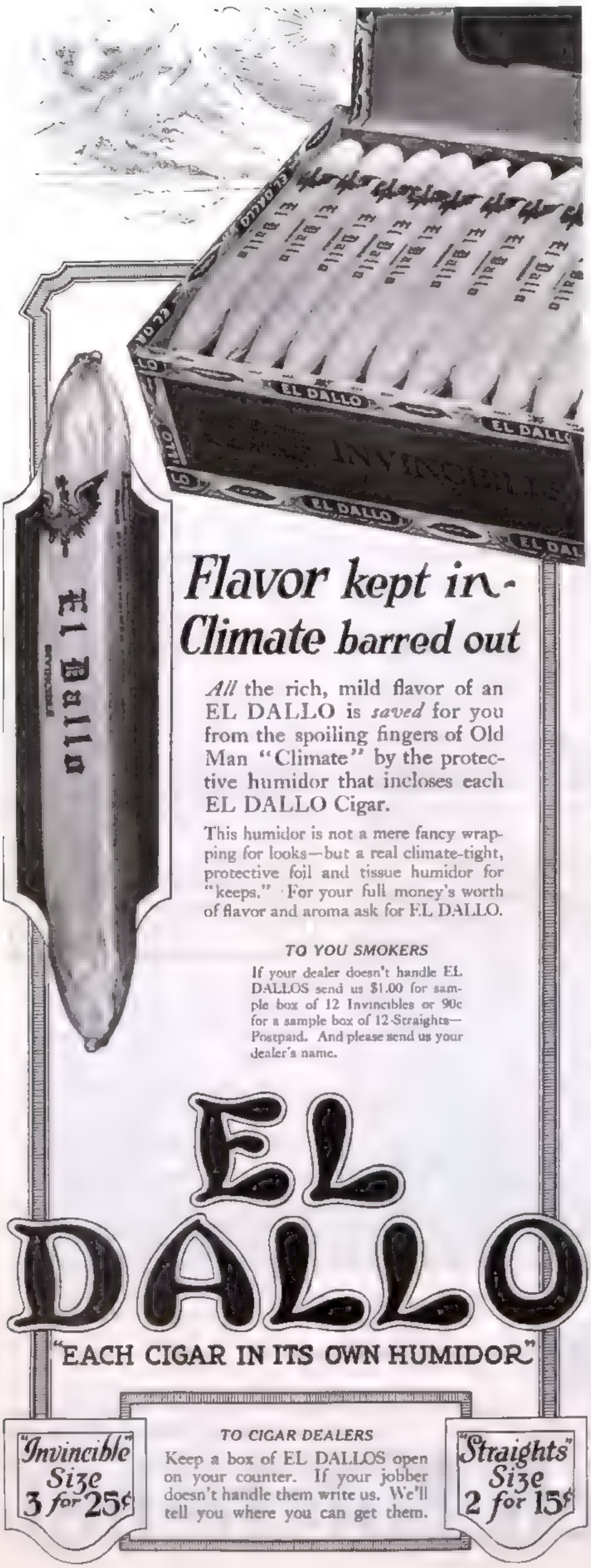
Napanee Dutch Kitchenet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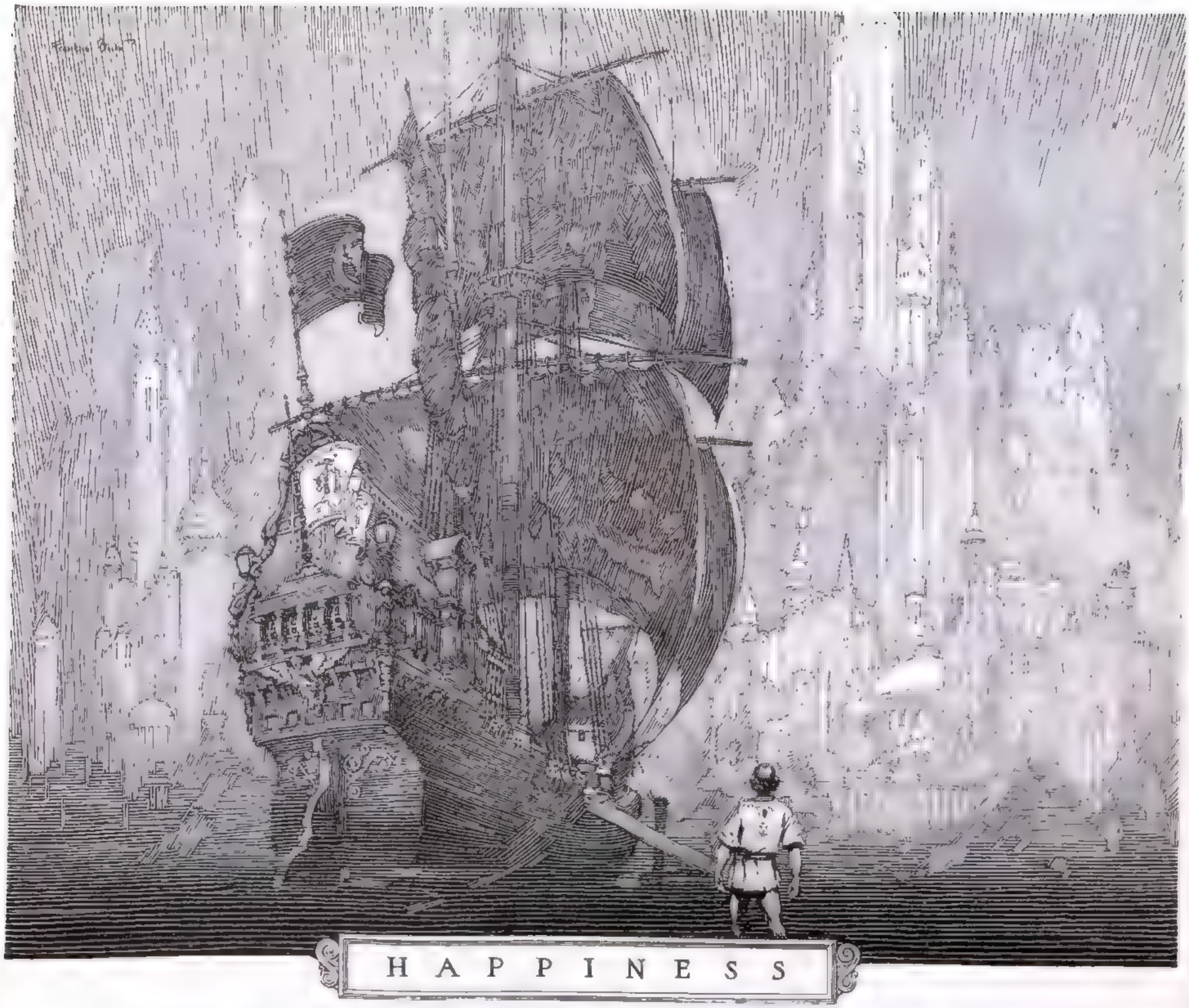

HAPPINESS

DOWN the sea of the centuries man sails the ship of his dreams, seeking the harbor of happiness.

This is the deathless expedition of the ages. Centuries slip into eternity, philosophies flourish and fall, truths live their hour or two and are truths no longer, but the quest for happiness goes on forever. The discovery of continents, the making of nations, the conquest of earth's forces—these are incidents of the great adventure.

In pursuit of happiness man has enlisted art, which is of the spirit; science, which is of the mind; and industry, which is of the flesh. In the yearning of their own hearts for happiness Michelangelo and Pasteur helped others toward happiness; the one with his art, the other with his great humane discoveries.

And in the yearning of millions for happiness America set up a new form of government, reared cities where desolation was, drove railroads through mountains, converted barren plains into fertile fields, made new discoveries and inventions for the enjoyment and advancement of mankind, and created a great force called advertising, to carry to the doors of the people the message of a higher standard of living.

The quest for happiness goes forever on, not because happiness is an illusion, but because its ideals are forever advancing.

The work of industry is to keep pace with these ideals. The work of advertising is to open the eyes of men to the treasures which industry bears.

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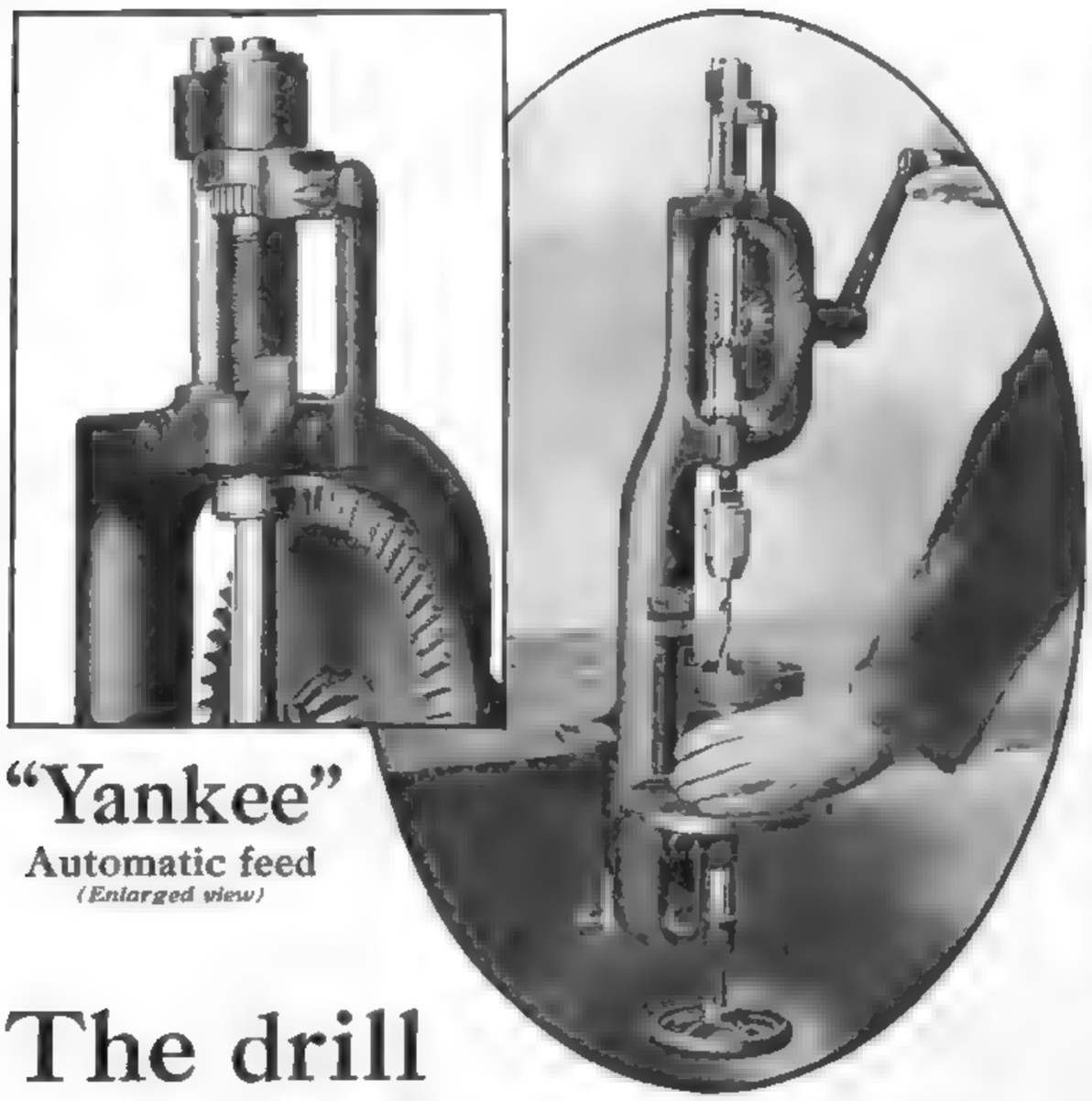

"Yankee"
Automatic feed
(Enlarged view)

The drill that plays a thinking part

The "Yankee" Bench Drill with its Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed takes the guess-work out of drilling. It does the thinking for you.

Turn the crank and the drill runs rapidly down *to* the work. Then the "Yankee" Ratchet automatically operates and feeds at the proper rate and with the right pressure.

This automatic feed (see enlarged view at the left) is positive, fixed for all drills from the smallest up to the limit of chuck capacity. It requires no adjustment, no attention from the operator. Automatic throw-off prevents jamming.

It does away with the breakage of drills from inaccurate, uncertain hand feeding; for *no hand feeding is required* with the "Yankee" Bench Drill.

No. 1005 (illustrated) has two speeds; 3-jaw chuck, holding drills up to ½ in. Entire length, 28 in.

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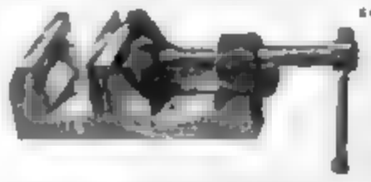

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

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(Continued from Page 68)

"We go north," returned the girl, catching him by the arm and dragging him along.

"River City?" queried Toler. He was wholly bewildered.

"No, no!" cried Kitsie. "Not River City—yet."

They caught a train that made connections for New York. Once safely on this train Kitsie placed a hand over her eyes. She shivered.

"Mr. Toler," she pleaded finally, "will you promise me—no matter what happens, will you promise me that you'll never let Mr. Trimmer get me?"

"Get you?" demanded Larry.

The girl nodded.

"All along Mr. Trimmer thought—he used to think—that I was just impossible. He never noticed me, in fact. Maybe he took pains not to notice me. The De Lormes might wonder if he did. Anyway, he thought me just an ugly little bundle of bones. He thought he could get along without me, don't you see? Now he finds he can't. And now, just yesterday, he saw me; and he knows what you and I know now. He knows that I'm good-looking. Mr. Toler," she went on, shivering some more, "this Mr. Trimmer wants to marry me."

Larry stared at her. "Why, you're crazy!" he returned.

Vigorously she shook her head. "Mr. Trimmer saw me yesterday, I tell you," she insisted, "and he wants to marry me. He wants me for his wife."

Her face was flushed. Her eyes were glowing.

"Well," said Larry Toler, "to tell the honest truth I don't blame any man for wanting you for his wife. I have known you for something less than a whole week now, and somehow or other I begin to feel that way myself."

Perhaps Kitsie Inness had been fishing for an avowal of this kind. But there was terror still within her eyes.

"Mr. Trimmer is going to try to get me!" cried the girl.

"Not while I'm around," said Larry.

Late that night they reached New York. "We go to the Paralak Hotel, on Forty-eighth Street," said the girl. She produced the business card of the Wayside Inn and handed it to Larry. On the back of it in pencil appeared the name of the New York hotel. "De Lorme always sends people there," she said.

They got rooms at the Paralak without trouble and at reduced rates.

Next morning at police headquarters they were closeted with one of the heads of the detective bureau. The girl produced a sheet torn from a Sunday newspaper. It contained the story of the crime. The official glanced it over. He'd heard about it. The bureau had had some general instructions from the River County prosecutor in the matter, so it seemed. But that was all.

"What's it to you?" asked the chief detective.

Larry smiled dolefully. "I'm the only man that's caught," he said.

That was different. The sleuth began to sit up and take notice.

"Well, what's eating you?" he demanded.

"My alleged accomplices," nodded Larry, "are both in the city of New York."

"And you're going to give up on 'em?" queried the chief.

"Nothing but ——" said Larry. He wrote out their addresses on a slip of paper. "You'll find them there," he said.

The chief thought about it.

"Has the River County prosecutor got his extradition papers ready?" he demanded.

"The River County prosecutor doesn't know where these people are," said Larry.

"It's dangerous," cried Kitsie Inness. "We can't lose any time."

The chief stared at the Sunday supplement. Here was a big, big capture for his office to negotiate. He drew out a sheet of paper—a printed blank.

"You're a lawyer, Mr. Toler," he nodded; "you draw up a count that'll hold 'em for conspiring here in New York to commit this crime in River City, and with being fugitives from justice—anything to get 'em. I'll get 'em if they're there. Listen, counselor, do you know 'em when you see 'em? You'd better go along."

"I know them," said Larry, "but they know me. If they see me first—good night!"

Kitsie Inness interposed. "I shall know them!" she exclaimed. "I shall go along. I have seen the white-faced man."

"You?" cried Larry, thunderstruck.

"Do you know the woman too?" demanded the detective.

Kitsie Inness nodded. "I shall know the woman too," she said.

"How about their knowing you?" queried the chief.

"Neither will know me," returned Kitsie. She glanced with complacence into the chief's mirror. "Not as I look now," she said. She said it with a self-satisfied little smile.

The chief turned to Larry. "We'll send this little lady along," he nodded, "and you stay here. The instant that they get these birds, you hop to River City, you see the prosecutor, and you get him to get out his extradition papers right away. You put him wise. If these birds are what you say they are they'll have the best talent in New York to get them out."

To tell the truth, Larry had not the slightest idea that they would get the birds. He was wrong—they got them. Larry waited for Kitsie Inness to come back. When she arrived, good-looking as ever, he took her with him to River City. At the station they hailed a taxi and drove direct to the prosecutor's office. They saw the prosecutor privately. To the prosecutor Larry told his story. The prosecutor's office immediately got busy on the case.

"Now, Toler," said the prosecutor, "I don't mind telling you that I hadn't quite lost faith in you. If you've steered me straight this time there's no man will be more pleased than I. Where can I get you, Toler? Who's your counsel anyway?"

"You know—Trimmer," returned Larry.

The prosecutor shook his head. "I don't believe I've seen him in this matter since he pleaded you not guilty. Trimmer. All right. I'll send word to him."

Kitsie Inness stepped forward. "Not to Mr. Trimmer, please," she said.

The prosecutor looked her over. "My—stenographer," said Larry. He introduced her. "The fact is," he told the prosecutor, "I haven't paid Mr. Trimmer any money and I am in his debt. It's better not to bother him. This address will get me any time."

"I may want you here," nodded the prosecutor. "I may want to spring you on these people. If you're willing, but not otherwise. Better see Trimmer about it first."

Larry didn't see Trimmer about it first. He couldn't see Trimmer without taking Kitsie Inness along with him. And Kitsie wouldn't go. And not for one instant would Kitsie Inness consent to be left alone, except behind locked doors at night. That settled the matter. Larry yielded to her insistence. Why shouldn't he? So far, by hook or crook, this girl had done him yeoman service.

"Are you sure this Mrs. Reggon is Selma Masters?" he asked Kitsie.

"I'm positive. I saw her," said the girl.

"When did you see her?" demanded Larry.

"When they arrested her," the girl returned.

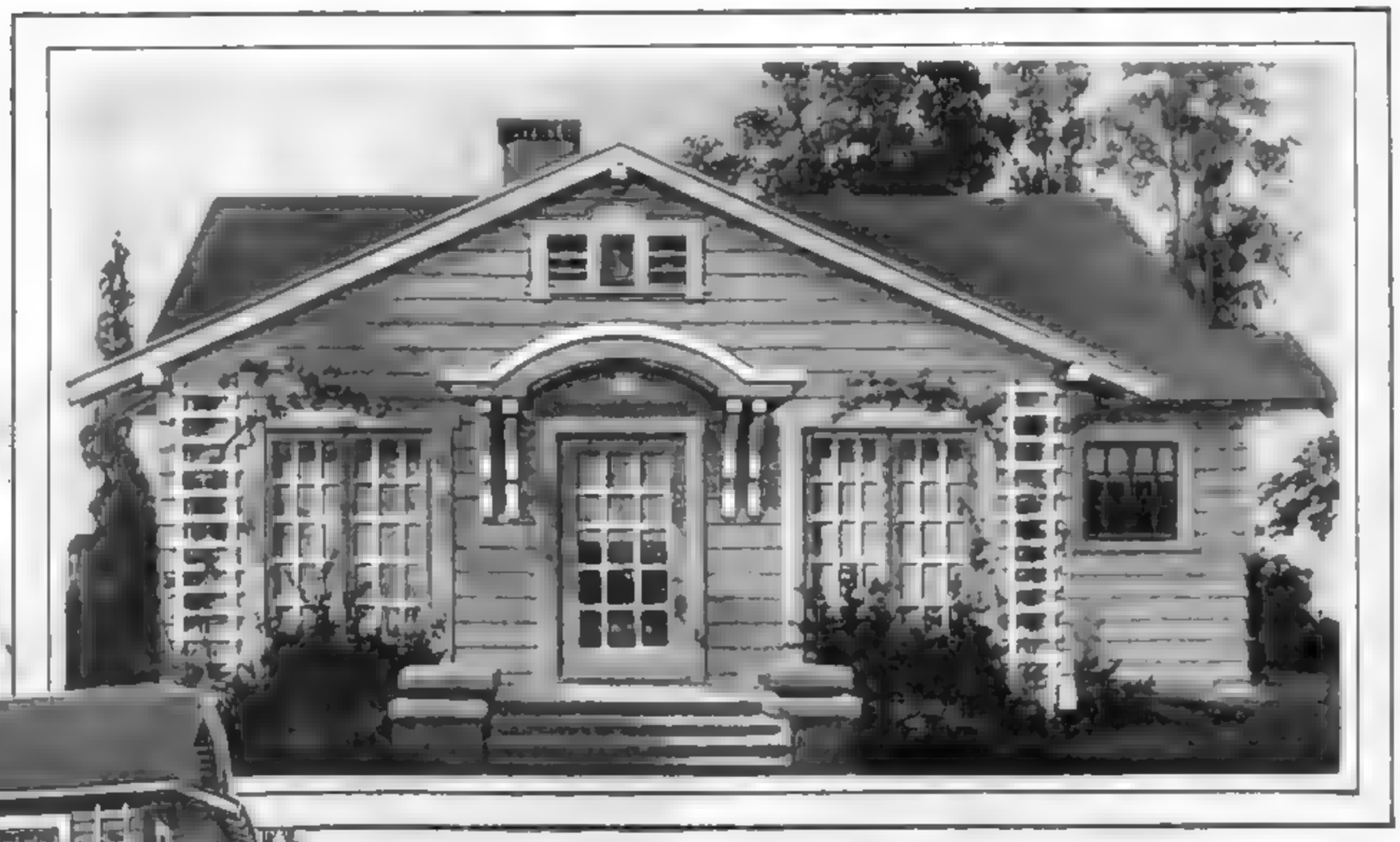
"Before that?" persisted Larry.

"That was the only time," said Kitsie.

But she was right. The woman who had been arrested was Miss Selma Masters. Larry found that out for a certainty when he confronted her in the prosecutor's office. Larry was exceedingly embarrassed when he looked into Selma Masters' eyes. Selma Masters was not embarrassed. She glanced at him coldly. Then she turned away.

The prosecutor called in his stenographer. Selma Masters was very obliging. She was willing to make a statement, and she made one. She had never been convicted of a crime; had never been charged with any crime before. Her name was Selma Masters. The name Reggon belonged to her married sister, with whom she lived when she was home. The prosecutor exhibited to her the forged will. She admitted that she had seen it twice before, once at Mr. Toler's office after Mr. Jeffreys' death. Mr. Toler, when she protested, had told her that he had induced Mr. Jeffreys to make the will. Looking back over a whole train of circumstances, she believed that Mr. Toler had had his eye on this Jeffreys' money from the start; she believed that Mr. Toler had thrown himself in her way, had pretended to become infatuated with her, had intended to marry her, if possible, to get the benefit of the money. At the time she had faith in Mr. Toler. She had been ready to believe anything that he had said. She saw the will again at the surrogate's office when it

(Continued on Page 73)



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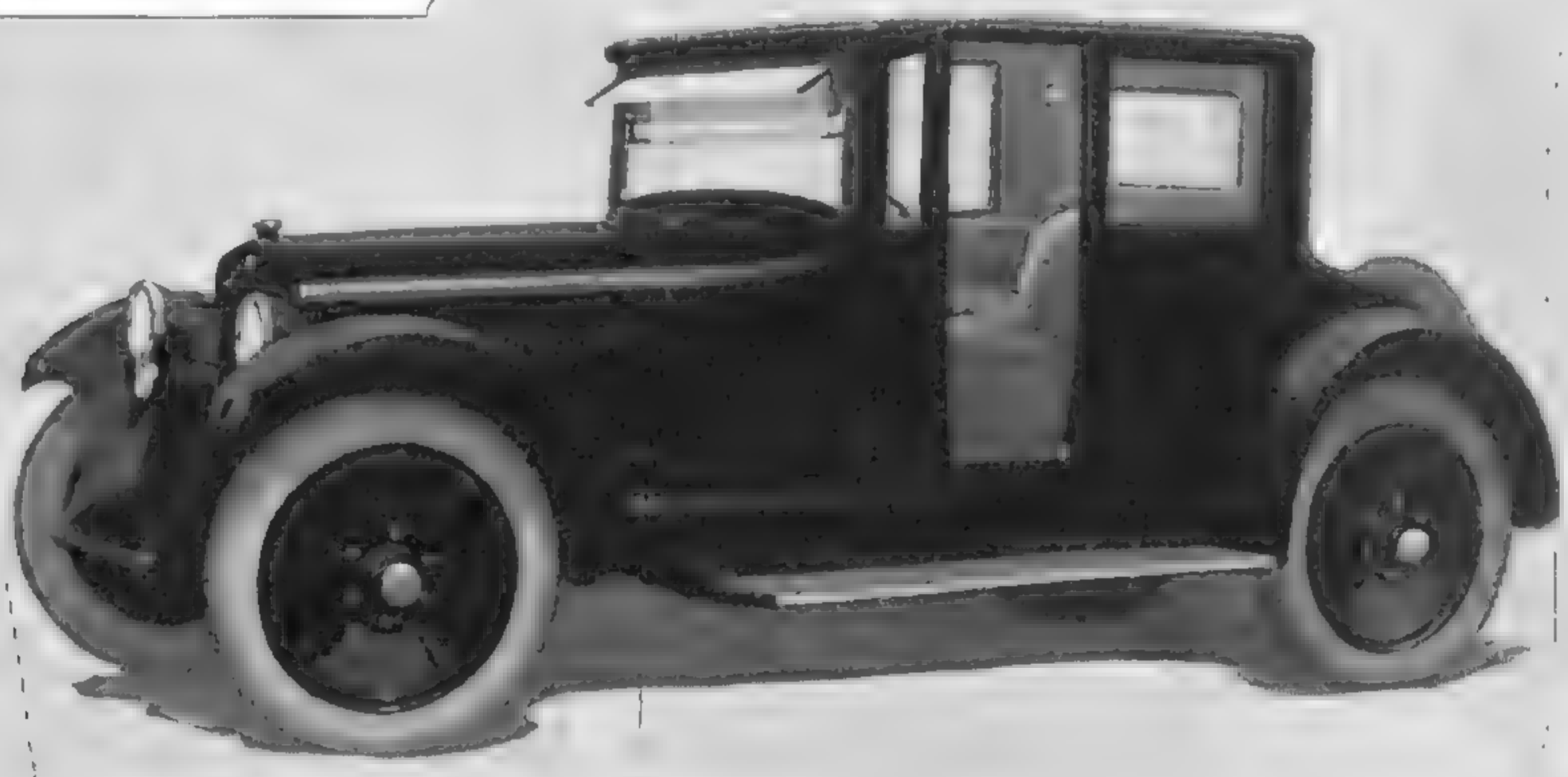

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(Continued from Page 70)

was offered for probate. The two witnesses who then appeared were strangers to her. That was all she knew.

The prosecutor asked her why she had left on the eve of discovery. She answered readily. She had left to consult her sister. She was scared at getting all this big estate. She had not come back for a very good reason. By the time she was ready to come back the newspapers had an account of Mr. Toler's arrest. She was then more scared than ever. She felt that the whole thing was a trap. A crime had been committed. She would have been the beneficiary of the crime. If the police found her they would arrest her. They would believe her guilty. They would send her to prison. She did what any woman would have done—she stayed away.

That was all. Browbeat and threaten her as the prosecutor might, that was all that the woman had to say.

"Take her away," nodded the prosecutor, "and bring up her accomplice, this Lagay."

As the woman left, the prosecutor nodded to his stenographer. "Write out what you've got," he said, "such as it is."

Kitsie Inness whispered to Larry. Larry stepped up to the prosecutor. "This young lady here has taken notes," he said.

"I didn't see her," said the prosecutor.

"She wants time to write them out," said Larry.

"Let's see your notes," smiled the prosecutor.

Kitsie handed a soiled envelope to the official. On the back of it were perhaps a dozen words. The prosecutor glanced at them, then he looked at Kitsie Inness.

"Why can't you tell us what you know?" he asked.

"I—I want to write them out," pleaded the girl.

The prosecutor looked at the envelope again. "Go into that room," he said, "and dictate them to my stenographer. She's the swiftest girl on earth."

It took twenty minutes to get Kitsie Inness' material on paper. At the end of that time she slipped back into the room and placed the typewritten sheet in the prosecutor's hands. Her face was white as chalk.

"Please read—read now," she said.

The prosecutor read. He stared at Kitsie Inness in amazement.

"Where did you get all this?" he demanded.

"She—the Reggon woman told me," faltered the girl.

"You mean this Selma Masters?" demanded the prosecutor.

"Yes," said Kitsie Inness.

"When did she tell you this?" queried the prosecutor.

"Now—here, in this room," said Kitsie.

"You're crazy!" cried the prosecutor.

Kitsie Inness plucked at his sleeve. "Listen," she persisted; "listen. You show that to this man Simon Lagay. Show it to him. See what he says."

The man Lagay had not yet been brought in.

"I'll do something besides that," grunted the prosecutor; "I'll take a chance on you." He turned to an attendant. "Get me Paterson headquarters on the wire," he said.

He got Paterson headquarters on the wire. He told Paterson headquarters who he was. He told them what he wanted.

"Belle Reggon—shoplifting—two years ago or so," he said. He hung up the receiver.

Ten minutes later Paterson got him on the wire. He listened carefully. Then he turned to Kitsie Inness.

"You know more about this woman than you should, it seems to me," he said.

"Please," persisted Kitsie Inness, "show that statement to the man Lagay."

The man Lagay was ushered in. He bowed humbly to the prosecutor. Larry Toler confronted him; the man's face was a blank. "Shake hands with Toler—your accomplice," said the prosecutor.

The white-faced man shook his head. He had never seen the gentleman before. He didn't know a soul in River City. He had passed through the city only twice.

"One of the times," nodded the prosecutor, "was when you forged this will."

He handed the document to the white-faced man. The other glanced at it and shook his head. It was all news to him, he said.

The while he talked, Kitsie Inness, with a little red tongue held between her teeth, scribbled away on a piece of paper for dear life, her eyes glowing as she wrote.

"Well, at any rate," nodded the prosecutor, "you know this Belle Reggon that we've just had here? This Selma Masters?"

The white-faced man yawned politely behind his hand. "I don't know anybody of those names," he said, "nor do I know this young man here. I don't know anything about the matter that you've talked of. I beg to remark that you've made a serious mistake."

The prosecutor picked up the statement that Kitsie Inness had dictated.

"Lagay," he said, "this Selma Masters is a good-looking young woman. My idea is that a jury is going to believe her story. My idea is that a jury will believe that you made a cat's-paw of her, just as she says here."

He thrust the paper into the hands of the white-faced man. The white-faced man took the statement and began to read. Suddenly the color rushed into his face. Then it retreated, leaving him paler than before.

"That," cried the man Lagay, "cooks this woman's goose."

"And yours," remarked the prosecutor.

"Not by a darned sight!" said Lagay.

Further than that the man declined to talk. The prosecutor had him taken to an anteroom. The prosecutor turned a bit eagerly to Kitsie Inness.

"Well," he said, "your fairy story is a fairy story, nothing else. It isn't evidence, you know."

"Please," pleaded Kitsie Inness, "can I dictate these notes too?"

"You go the limit," said the prosecutor.

Kitsie slipped into another room. The prosecutor stared at Toler; Toler stared at him.

"Toler," said the prosecutor, "how does this girl come to be mixed up with these people anyway?"

"Search me," said Larry Toler.

"She was right about the shoplifting," mused the prosecutor. "This woman, with a mole under her left ear—she's the woman that they had in Paterson. This girl surely knows."

He lit a cigarette and thought about it.

"Toler," he said suddenly, "I'm a gentleman. Your counsel, Trimmer, is a bulldog. Hanged if I don't send for Trimmer here and now, confront these people with him, let him drag the truth out of them in his own way. Trimmer's entitled to know about this thing I'm doing with you anyway. This man Lagay is the man I'm after. I'm going to get him any way I can."

He left the room. Fifteen minutes later he came back with Kitsie Inness. He had a freshly typewritten sheet with him.

"Well, well," he smiled, looking it over; "we'll call up Atlantic City now."

He called up Atlantic City and asked some questions and he got some answers.

"Forgery," he nodded finally; "that's my man. How many years? I want all the details, please. Yes. And who defended him?"

VI

HE HAD just finished with Atlantic City when Trimmer came into the room. Trimmer fell back in amazement when he caught sight of Larry Toler.

"My boy—my boy!" cried Trimmer. "You did get nervous, after all. But you shouldn't have done this—never. Putting your head in the lion's mouth."

"It's in so far, Trimmer," smiled the prosecutor, handing Trimmer a cigar, "that he needs all your help to get it out. Trimmer," he went on, "I am now satisfied that Larry Toler didn't forge that will. The forgery was actually committed by a forger of the name of Simon Lagay."

Trimmer patted Larry on the shoulder. "I told you," nodded Trimmer, "that the prosecutor was going to help you out—if he could. Now, who is this man Lagay?"

"He's a jailbird," returned the prosecutor, "and we've got him under lock and key."

"Couldn't be better," nodded Trimmer. "And what does this man have to say?"

"Not a blamed thing," returned the prosecutor. "That's why I sent for you. I can't get him to give up. I think you can."

"Couldn't be better," repeated Trimmer. "Have him in here. I'll take a turn at him."

The prosecutor rose. "Miss Kitsie!" he exclaimed.

Kitsie crept out from one side of the prosecutor's desk, where she had been

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sitting in the shadow. Trimmer heard her name, he saw her.

"Well, bless my soul!" said Trimmer. "Our little fairy of the Wayside Inn. How does this happen, Kitsie? Larry?"

Larry smiled sheepishly. He didn't know just how it had happened.

"We—we sort of ran away together, I imagine," he returned.

"Miss Kitsie," nodded the prosecutor, "if you'll come with me I'll make you comfortable. This man Lagay may use rough words. This scene may not be for a lady. My stenographer will take good care of you."

His stenographer did take good care of Kitsie Inness. His stenographer took her into the room of an assistant prosecutor and left her there.

The assistant prosecutor looked Kitsie Inness in the eye. "Are you afraid of this man?" he queried.

"He—he wants to marry me," said Kitsie Inness.

"This man Lagay?" demanded the assistant.

"Oh, no; not this man Lagay," she answered. "No, I'm not afraid of him at all. He doesn't know me. He doesn't know anything about my affairs—not at all."

"You're not afraid of him?" persisted the assistant.

"No, not at all," returned the girl.

The prosecutor's assistant bent over toward her and whispered in her ear. She whispered back. This whispered conference lasted for half a dozen minutes. Then the assistant pressed a button.

"Bill," he said to an attendant, "you take this young lady in to see Lagay. Leave them alone. Don't interrupt them unless you hear her call."

Kitsie was led into another room. The white-faced man was there, thoughtfully smoking a cigarette. The girl crept up to him.

"Mr. Lagay," she said, "you don't know me. My name is Kitsie Inness. I belong at the Wayside Inn, at Double Trouble, Delaware. You stopped there once."

Lagay thought about it. "What if I did?" he demanded. "It's not a crime."

"I was sent in here to talk to you about it," nodded Kitsie, "but I came here for another reason. I don't like Mr. Trimmer. Mr. Trimmer has never treated me right; he never has, Mr. Lagay. And now he wants to marry me."

"I don't know that I'm interested in your love affairs," said the man.

"I didn't come to talk about them," said the girl, flushing. "I came in here to tell you that Mr. Trimmer has accused you of this crime."

"Trimmer?" grunted Lagay. "And what has this Trimmer that you talk about—what's he got to say of me?"

"Listen," went on the girl eagerly; "this is what Mr. Trimmer tells about this crime."

She spoke rapidly, and with a wealth of detail, for perhaps a space of twenty minutes. She stopped as suddenly as she had begun.

"Great guns!" cried Lagay. "When did this Trimmer tell these things about me, I'd like to know? Who did he tell 'em to?"

"Not half an hour ago," returned the girl; "to me—in the prosecutor's office. Mr. Trimmer's in there now."

The man Lagay started up.

"I'll be double-damned if I let him put the double cross on me! If anybody's going to tell this story, by gum, I'm going to tell it first!"

A moment later, with an officer clinging to each arm, he swept into the prosecutor's office and dashed up to the prosecutor's desk.

"I turn state's evidence," he said, merely acknowledging Trimmer's presence with a glance. "State's evidence, that's me. I give up the woman. And I give up Trimmer. You take down what I say."

The prosecutor handed him a typewritten sheet of paper. It was the last statement that Kitsie Inness had dictated.

"It has already been taken down—from you," nodded the prosecutor. "Just take a squint at that."

The man read that statement through. "How did you get that?" he demanded. "I've never told the story to any living man."

"The point is, is it true?" queried the prosecutor.

"It is," nodded the bewildered forger.

"Sign it," said the prosecutor. The man signed it. "Now," went on the prosecutor, "you've turned state's evidence all right. You're the first over the bars. I promise you it will be considered when you're sentenced. All right. Now take this man away."

"Let me make it clear," nodded the man, "that I never saw the Reggon woman, not before that day. Let me make it clear that I only got five hundred down on this job here. When the proceeds came in, I was to get ten thousand more."

"I get you," nodded the prosecutor. "Take him away."

They took him away. The prosecutor placed before Trimmer the first statement that Kitsie Inness had dictated.

"Trimmer," he said, "that is the statement that the Reggon woman is about to sign. We had her in here about an hour ago. Trimmer," he went on, motioning to two of his attendants to guard the doors, "you will consider yourself under arrest for conspiring with these people to commit this forgery."

Trimmer's forehead was dotted with little drops of dew. He took out his match box and attempted to relight his cigar. He couldn't make it. His hand shook as with palsy. "May I—may I telephone to—to get bail?" he asked.

Kitsie Inness sprang forward. "Please, please," she pleaded, "it's in his safe! He tells me so before. He tells me now. It's in his safe. He wants to telephone for that. Please send men down there, now, at once, and have his safe sealed up, his office closed. Please!"

"I don't know what you're driving at," said the prosecutor, "but it's a simple matter, and I promise you I'll have it done."

He gave directions to an officer.

"Trimmer," said the prosecutor, "you defended this Reggon woman in Paterson for shoplifting. You got acquainted with her. You sustained intimate relations with her. You got her taken on as nurse—her regular profession—in Alexander Jeffreys' house. You saw your chance of getting this entire fortune for yourself. She was to get one-third, and you two-thirds. You were too liberal. You could have blackmailed her. She was a crook."

"He liked her," interposed Kitsie Inness. "He likes her yet."

"Trimmer," went on the prosecutor, "another client of yours, this Lagay, came out of prison, where he'd served a term for forgery. He was your man. But both these people were too close to you. You couldn't officiate—you didn't dare. What you did do you did with consummate skill—I'll give you credit for that. The instant that that will was questioned Larry Toler was the only man out of five people left in sight. So far as this office was concerned, four of those people were a garden variety of myth. You were clever, Trimmer, because you were entirely safe. Everybody would have been safe. Lagay, the woman, the two unknowns, Toler and yourself—all safe. Because there was nobody to say you nay. Nobody in creation, except a curious young woman who read the newspapers and put two and two together. She wrote a letter which I have here, addressed to the Office of Wills—you know about it. It tells us that the will is a rank forgery. She knew ——"

"She knows nothing about me," protested Trimmer. "She is a little slavey at a fishing place I go to now and then. I go there to relax."

"You went there," nodded the prosecutor, "on one occasion, to meet this man Lagay."

"She knows nothing about me," reiterated Trimmer. "This man Lagay was a client of mine. That much is true. The records show that. Lagay followed me to Double Trouble when he got out of state's prison. He needed aid. I aided him. And that was all. Lagay and this woman admittedly put up this job. What does this young girl know of me?"

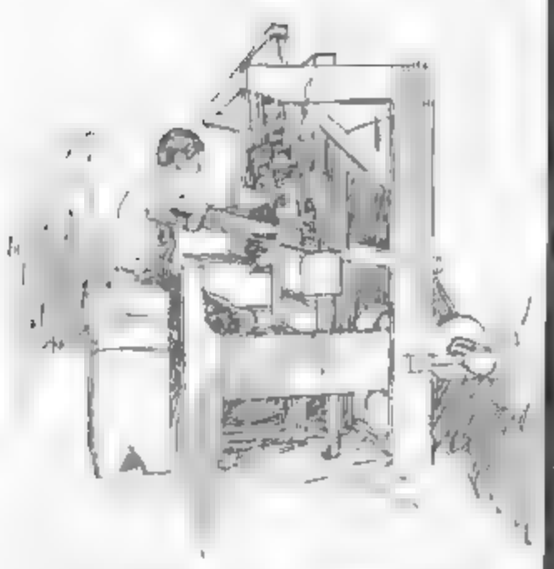
"I know," said Kitsie Inness, "that you arranged this thing with this man Lagay down at our Wayside Inn."

Trimmer shrugged his shoulders.

"You see," he said, "you give me credit for some cleverness. Do you assume that I would permit this girl or anybody else to overhear me with another man concocting crime?"

"I didn't overhear you and this man Lagay, Mr. Trimmer," said the girl. "It was you, and you alone, who told me what you intended to do about making the Alexander Jeffreys will."

(Continued on Page 77)



The Irish Homespun, as its name implies, has its origin in a spinning wheel such as this. Its irregularity of color and texture was then the result of chance and not of intent

Illustrating a Kahn Four-Button English-Type Sack Suit

Imported Woolens in Kahn Fall Clothes

An impressive variety of fine foreign suitings and overcoatings is now on display by three thousand Kahn dealers. From England, Scotland and Ireland come Crombies, Gardiner mixtures, striped Worsteds, Homespuns, Donegals, Ballygarney mixtures, Saxonys, Kynoch suitings and bright Tweeds; while from France come handsome fabrics for formal evening clothes.

These exclusive imported woolens have hitherto been obtainable only at a few of the most expensive custom tailors. Through Kahn enterprise they are now available at surprisingly moderate outlay. Kahn Made-to-Measure Clothes are likewise procurable of worthy American woolens, and Kahn fall prices of $35, $40, $45 to $75 cannot fail to impress the man who seeks value.

Perfection of fit is an important advantage Kahn Clothes possess.

KAHN TAILORING CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS
MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

The Round Oak Porcelain Combination Range, the Porcelain Coal Range and the Boiler Iron Chief Range are illustrated

A Display You Ought to See

If you are interested in the betterment of your home, you should visit the nearest Round Oak display of new ranges, stoves and heating systems to see the latest in such conveniences.

At reduced and guaranteed prices, more than ever is your Round Oak dealer prepared to serve your interests in a manner that will assure you full and lasting satisfaction at low annual cost.

You will find this dealer a specialist, an authority on how to make cookery more convenient, more attractive and less costly, or in advising people how to enjoy all-winter health and comfort with economy in home heating.

He will be glad to demonstrate how the Round Oaks he exhibits attain these ends for their users. Especially will you be attracted to the Porcelain Combination Range, the Porcelain Coal Range and the Boiler Iron Chief Range, above illustrated. To possess one of these handsome ranges is to enjoy lasting pleasure in cooking and constant pride in its ownership.

Without obligation, visit your nearest dealer, or write for fully descriptive literature.

THE BECKWITH COMPANY, Dowagiac, Michigan
"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK
STOVES AND HEATING SYSTEMS

Just one good store in a city or town handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features. Round Oak *Porcelain* Coal and Combination Ranges, Round Oak Copperoid Chief Range, Round Oak Boiler Iron Chief Range, Round Oak Three Fuel Range, Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range, Original Round Oak Heating Stoves, Round Oak Pipeless Furnace; Round Oak Moustair Heating System, Round Oak Ironbilt Furnace—for pipe installation. Write for literature on any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million and a quarter.

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The Round Oak Folks — ROUND OAK STOVES RANGES — Make Good Goods Only

(Continued from Page 74)

Trimmer laughed outright. "There you are," he said. "Am I crazy, or is she?"

"When Mr. Toler got you down again," the girl went on, "I learned what I hadn't learned before. When Mr. Toler saw you in the little parlor I was there, behind the sofa, hiding, watching you."

"Watching me?" smiled Trimmer. "What did I say?"

"You told me where to find the woman—where to find the man," answered the girl. "You remember. It was the same day that you made up your mind to marry me."

"To marry you?" retorted Trimmer. "But Larry Toler was there with me. Larry, did you hear me tell this girl ——"

"Enough!" cried the prosecutor. "The answer to it is that the girl and Toler immediately located the woman. They immediately located the man. The mystery to me is, why you had the nerve to send Larry Toler down there when there was somebody there who knew all about you."

"There was nobody there who knew anything about me," returned Trimmer.

Kitsie Inness nodded her head eagerly.

"He overstepped the mark," she said. "I know this Mr. Trimmer very well. He makes a specialty of being very, very frank and being very, very reckless. But he thought our place was the best place to keep Mr. Toler. He had to keep Mr. Toler somewhere away from River City. If he didn't, Mr. Toler would find out that Mr. Trimmer was doing nothing to help him, and everything to hurt him. And he asked Mr. Toler to keep a sharp lookout for any gossip about him down at the Wayside."

"That was a blind," said Larry Toler.

"It was not a blind," returned the girl. "There were things he was fearful we might know. If we gossiped he was sure that, no matter what the consequences or what the nature of the gossip, he would get the news direct from Mr. Toler. He would get it that way first."

"What news—what gossip?" demanded the prosecutor.

The girl sprang forward eagerly and caught the prosecutor once more by the sleeve.

"It's in his safe—he tells me so," she cried. "He always keeps it in his safe."

"Toler," said the prosecutor sharply, "have you the slightest idea what this girl is talking about?"

"I haven't," smiled Toler, "but I'm alfired sure she has."

"Mike," commanded the prosecutor, "get our big closed car. We'll all adjourn to the immediate vicinity of Trimmer's safe."

VII

AT TRIMMER'S office they found two uniformed men on guard. Trimmer's scared stenographer and his office boy—the latter quite serene—were huddled in a corner of Trimmer's private room.

"Open that safe," said the prosecutor to the stenographer.

"I don't know the combination."

"You open it," said the prosecutor to the boy.

"I don't know the combination, either," said the boy. "There's nobody knows it but Mr. Trimmer here."

"And Mr. Trimmer," smiled that gentleman, "declines to tell."

Kitsie Inness rushed from Larry's side.

"I know the combination!" she exclaimed.

She did. She gave the directions to the prosecutor. He followed them, and an instant later he swung back the safe door.

Kitsie glanced eagerly at Trimmer's face. Then she sprang to the safe.

"It's in that drawer!" she cried. "And Mr. Trimmer has the key—on his key ring—in his pocket."

There was a sharp struggle, but they got the key ring. Unerringly the girl picked out a key. The drawer was opened. The prosecutor took therefrom two sets of papers. One of these sets was far bulkier than the other. Trimmer, with an oath, hurled himself upon the prosecutor and tore the papers from his hands. A moment later he surrendered them with a groan of pain, and rubbed his tortured wrists and arms.

The prosecutor picked up the slender bundle first. He glanced it over. And then he spoke.

"'This,' he said, 'is a report made to Alexander Jeffreys of an investigation made by Trimmer here. It is made on Trimmer's letterhead. This is a copy. It details a search ——"

"For next of kin of Alexander Jeffreys," snarled Trimmer in a rage. "There's no secret about that. I made the search and I found no relatives. When he died that ended it. Alexander Jeffreys knew that. And Toler knew it too. That's why Toler put up this game with the nurse that Jeffreys had."

"Please, please!" cried Kitsie. "Look at the other bundle, please."

"Look here," demanded the prosecutor of the girl, "do you know what is in all these papers here?"

"I do, I do!" returned the girl, almost beside herself.

"Have you ever seen them before?" queried the prosecutor.

She shook her head.

"I only know," she answered, "what Mr. Trimmer told me, different times when he came down to the Wayside Inn."

"We'll have a look at these," nodded the prosecutor.

For fifteen minutes he delved silently into the contents of the larger bundle. At the end of that time he uttered an exclamation of sharp surprise.

"Glory be!" he said softly, as though talking to himself. "Then Alexander Jeffreys did leave an heir. By gum! Toler," he demanded sharply, "what is this young lady's name?"

"Kitsie Inness," returned Toler.

The prosecutor rose and bowed to her profoundly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we stand in the presence of one of the wealthiest young women in this commonwealth."

But Kitsie Inness searched the prosecutor's countenance.

"Is the proof all there?" she demanded. "Is it all right? Does it prove that I am Alexander Jeffreys' heir? Does it prove that, to you, I mean?"

The prosecutor eyed her quizzically. "Can't you tell that without asking me?" he demanded. "Can't you get the truth unless I actually speak the words?"

"Not this time," said the girl. "I am too much flustered, sir."

"Let me tell you then, by word of mouth," nodded the prosecutor, "the proof is here. It is conclusive proof."

"Oh, well," said Trimmer, with a grunt of surrender, "have it your own way."

The prosecutor sighed with relief. "I wasn't quite sure, Trimmer," he returned, "that I was going to have it all my own way until I came across this proof these proofs that you didn't let your rich client Alexander Jeffreys see."

It seemed hours before Larry Toler and the girl were once more alone. Larry chuckled.

"If it hadn't been for you," he said to Kitsie Inness, "they would have broken me in prison."

"Larry," cried the girl, "I didn't know how to fight, or what to do, until you came along. I don't know what happened to me then. You are the only man in the whole world that knew, somehow, that I was worth while. You were—infatuated with me from the first. You told me so."

"I wanted to tell you so," returned Larry Toler.

She put her arms about his neck. The blood rushed into her face.

"Listen," she whispered, "I know everything that you've thought about me—everything! Larry," cried the heiress of the Jeffreys millions, "I'm ready to marry you any time and anywhere you say."

Larry drew a long breath. "And afterwards—what a life! What a wonderful life, with you."

"Do you mean it, Larry?" she implored.

"You know I mean it. I don't have to tell you, do I?" he returned.

"Once more, I'm flustered," she replied. "This time I've got to hear you say it with your lips."

Larry said it with his lips. He kept on saying it pretty continuously for the next few weeks. And one day when they were on a visit to the De Lormes at Wayside Inn, Double Trouble, Delaware, something occurred to him for the first time.

"By gosh," suddenly said Larry, "I never thought of that!"

This time Kitsie had been thinking of something else. "You never thought of what?" she demanded.

"You and I together in the courts," smiled Larry—"cross-examining witnesses, off and on, when you take a notion to, for the rest of our natural lives. What about it, Kitsie? Say!"

"Oh, let's!" laughed Kitsie.

And so they did—and do.

Pure Northern Wool from sheep that thrive in the snow

YOU ARE first attracted to a Patrick-Duluth overcoat by the wonderful texture of the cloth, the distinctiveness of the pattern. You try it on. It fits you easily, comfortably. You feel at home in it.

Your mirror reveals a style that enhances your appearance. It is pleasing and correct, with all the subtleties of fine tailoring that appeal to the well-dressed man.

You pronounce it the finest overcoat you have ever had. And as months grow into months and years melt into years, your enthusiasm turns to pride, for there is no garment that wears quite so long or quite so well or always looks so good as a Patrick-Duluth overcoat.

Some overcoats look well—and nothing more. Others sacrifice style for long wear. Patrick-Duluth overcoats have both style and long wear.

And therein is the economy of Patrick-Duluth overcoats.

Sometimes your pocketbook is a false friend. It may lead you to choose clothes by *price*, when *quality* is the real economy.

There is no cloth like Patrick cloth. It is as distinctive to America as friezes to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland, tweeds to England. Patrick-Duluth overcoats are sold through the best dealers only.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

DULUTH *F. A. Patrick & Co., Proprietors* MINNESOTA

Sole manufacturers of both Cloth and Garments

Model shown is the famous Patrick-Duluth "Liverpool"

The Common
Air Valved Radiator

Always squanders Coal, yet may be only half hot or perhaps it spouts water or hammers and bangs. It is always troublesome.

The HOFFMAN
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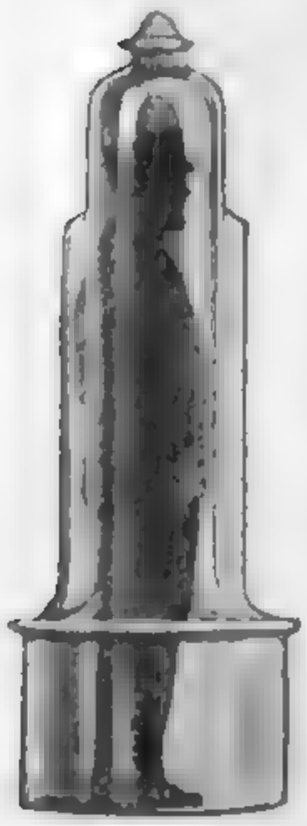
Is a Coal Saver, and is always hot from end to end. A source of comfort because it is quiet and yet fully efficient. Requires no attention.

Coal costs lots of money now

This watchman guards the coal-pile



HAVE you steam heat at home? Are you dreading winter with half hot or icy cold radiators, with water and steam leaking through the air valves, with hammering and banging in the system—and in spite of a blazing fire, devouring coal, a house chilly and uncomfortable?

But don't blame the boiler, don't blame the steam system or the radiators, because nine times out of ten the cause of imperfect heating service is with the air valve.

If you *are* having trouble, have your local heating contractor equip every radiator with a No. 1 Hoffman Siphon Air Valve. They prove their worth in a day and pay for themselves in coal saving and heat comfort in one winter.

Hoffman Valves are noiseless, automatic, and absolutely non-adjustable. They will vent all the cold air from the pipes and radiators and automatically close tight against the passage of steam or water.

Satisfactory service from Hoffman Valves is guaranteed in writing for Five Full Years.

"MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL" is a booklet that tells all about Hoffman Valves and about the waste of coal in steam heating and how this waste can be eliminated. It is yours for the asking. Write for it today.

A sample Hoffman Valve will be sent you from our Waterbury Office for $2.15. Try it on your worst working radiator and if it does not prove to be a remedy for your heating trouble, your money will be returned without quibble.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, *Inc.*
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

RAISING BUMPER CROPS WITH POISON GAS

(Continued from Page 21)

the rye grain against 85 per cent. If both water and minerals—between 1 and 2 per cent—are left out of account, 49 per cent of the average plant consists of carbon, against 43.5 per cent oxygen, 6.3 per cent hydrogen and 1.2 per cent nitrogen. Of carbon, that means, is used forty times as much as of nitrogen, for which in the form of nitrates every farmer provides as a matter of course. Of cellulose 44.4 per cent is carbon; of lignin, the wood matter, 55 per cent; of sugar 40 per cent; of straw 45 to 50 per cent; of albumen 50 to 54 per cent; and of oils and fat actually 76 per cent. Carbon supplies from nearly one-half to two-thirds of the substance of every plant material which has value as food or in industrial use.

For growth, in addition to the four chief elements mentioned, every plant requires nine other elements. It requires sulphur, silicium, chlorium, sodium, magnesium, iron, calcium, potassium and phosphorus. Of these, with the exception of calcium, potassium and phosphorus, all soils contain enough. The practical farmer recognizes this when he applies lime, potash salts and phosphates; and having applied also nitrates he has done, he holds, his duty to the full. The duty of supplying carbon is performed, he is convinced, by the atmosphere. The quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, it is true, is small. Measured by volume it is .03 per cent, or three parts in 10,000, against 78.04 per cent of nitrogen, 20.99 per cent of oxygen, .94 per cent of argon, and traces of four other gases.

That is average country air; tests taken outside Munich forty years ago showed only .02 per cent of CO_2, or two-thirds of normal; and a London December day once revealed 14.1 per cent, or nearly five hundred times the normal. At most, the quantity is small. But the quantity of CO_2 actually available for plant growth is greater than the average proportion in the air. The gas is brought down to the soil dissolved in rain, and evaporation releases it. The quantity released varies according to the height of the cloud and the slowness and fineness of the rain. The organic matter in a humous soil is continually decomposed by bacteria, worms and minute animals, and the carbonic-acid gas is set free. Organic, in particular animal, fertilizers are decomposed by the same means with the same result. Like all living cells, plant roots breathe and release CO_2. These four additional supplies of the gas play a great rôle in crop growth. The tests of Professor Bornemann show that between one-sixth and one-seventh of the carbon contained in a normal crop is derived from gas exhaled from the soil.

Plant Digestion

Plants, as every farmer knows, assimilate the atmospheric and the exhaled carbonic-acid gas, and apply the carbon therein for production of their organic substance. By the leaves the gas is decomposed into its two constituents, carbon and oxygen, and the oxygen is exhaled. The path to acquirement of this elementary knowledge was long. A Swiss, Charles Bonnet, first discovered that leaves give off a gas; Priestley, an Englishman, identified this gas as oxygen; a Swiss, Senebier, discovered that the oxygen is the rejected element of inhaled carbonic-acid gas; and Senebier's famous pupil, Theodore Saussure, member of a family which produced three first-rank scientists, developed the doctrine, and proved it by feeding plants with carbonic-acid gas. The gas enters the slit-shaped leaf pores—of which a single cabbage leaf contains 11,000,000; it is dissolved in a liquid which saturates the delicate walls of the green or chlorophyll cells; it passes, so dissolved, into the interiors of the cells; and it is here decomposed into the retained useful carbon and the superfluous rejected oxygen. That is assimilation. For assimilation three things are necessary: A living green plant substance, air containing carbonic-acid gas, and power. The power is light. Beyond that very little is known about a plant's methods of self-construction. The complicated processes by which carbon, with other materials, is worked up into cellulose, lignin, albumen, starch, sugar and fats, are not known at all. There are probable theories and plausible assumptions, but nothing more.

Without sufficient light no plant will assimilate carbon. Yet the first discovery that plant growth can be increased by an extra supply of CO_2 was made, a hundred years back, in the dim and smoky English city of Manchester. That plants do not grow well in industrial cities is not due to the excess of gas, but to bad lighting, and to sulphuric acid, smoke, dust and other impurities in the air. Saussure proved this by comparative experiments with plants in ordinary air, in air enriched with varying extra doses of carbonic-acid gas, and in pure carbonic-acid gas. Given very good lighting, he showed, plants grow best in an atmosphere containing 8 per cent of CO_2, or 260 times the normal; no light, however strong, he proved further, increases assimilation if the supply of CO_2 is insufficient; and finally, even with the strongest lighting, more than 8 per cent of the gas is injurious. A later experiment showed that the yellow light rays best foster assimilation; orange and red are less effective; and blue and violet rays produce practically no assimilation at all.

Striking Results

On the eve of the experiments of Fischer, Bornemann and Riedel no serious doubt existed that carbon fertilization was a theoretically practicable and useful help in agriculture. But the practical results were nil. Reasons for this were, first, the supposed technical difficulties and, second, the incurable obstinacy of even acientific farmers. The technical difficulty is, however, merely a commercial one, a question of operating costs versus extra crop profits. The cost of producing and distributing carbonic-acid gas on the large scale needed even for a vegetable garden would be far greater, it was believed, than the increased value of the yield; and the cost of poison-gassing whole fields of wheat, corn and oats would be monstrously out of proportion to the additional value of the crop.

Even at first sight this opinion looks like a prejudice. The same farmers who held it found it practical to pay for carriage of potash from Europe to the central plains of the United States, for carriage of phosphates for equally great distances, and for carriage of Chile niter from a remote corner of South America to a noble's estate on the slopes of the Urals. The argument that these fertilizers are abundant and need only transportation no longer applies. For seven years past the only nitrates used by German farmers have been synthetically prepared out of the atmosphere by the costly and complicated Haber-Bosch and calcium processes. There is nothing more far-fetched in adding carbon dioxide to the air than in extracting nitrogen out of it; and fifty years ago probably every farmer would have proclaimed the second plan to be the more far-fetched and visionary of the two.

The only real unsolved problem, that means, was the problem of commercial practicability, the question of supplying carbonic-acid gas at a reasonably low cost. Fischer, the first of the recent German investigators, found the problem insoluble. He therefore ignored it, and experimented only with the expensive cylinder CO_2 of commerce. He began by treating plants with air enriched to .09 per cent of gas, or three times the normal, and he ended with .66 per cent, or twenty-two times the normal. His results, always measured by comparisons with nongassed plants grown under similar conditions, were:

Greater size and weight of the plants as a whole;

Considerably earlier blossoming and ripening of fruits;

Very much bigger and richer fruits.

His last experiments, made together with Professor Bornemann, were with the ordinary German winter wheat and winter rye, which supply the greatest part of Germany's breadstuffs. These were planted both under glass and in the open. The results of gassing were in all cases good. The gassed wheat and rye produced more and stronger shoots than the ungassed, they ripened weeks sooner, and they carried

(Continued on Page 81)

"I'se in town, Honey!"

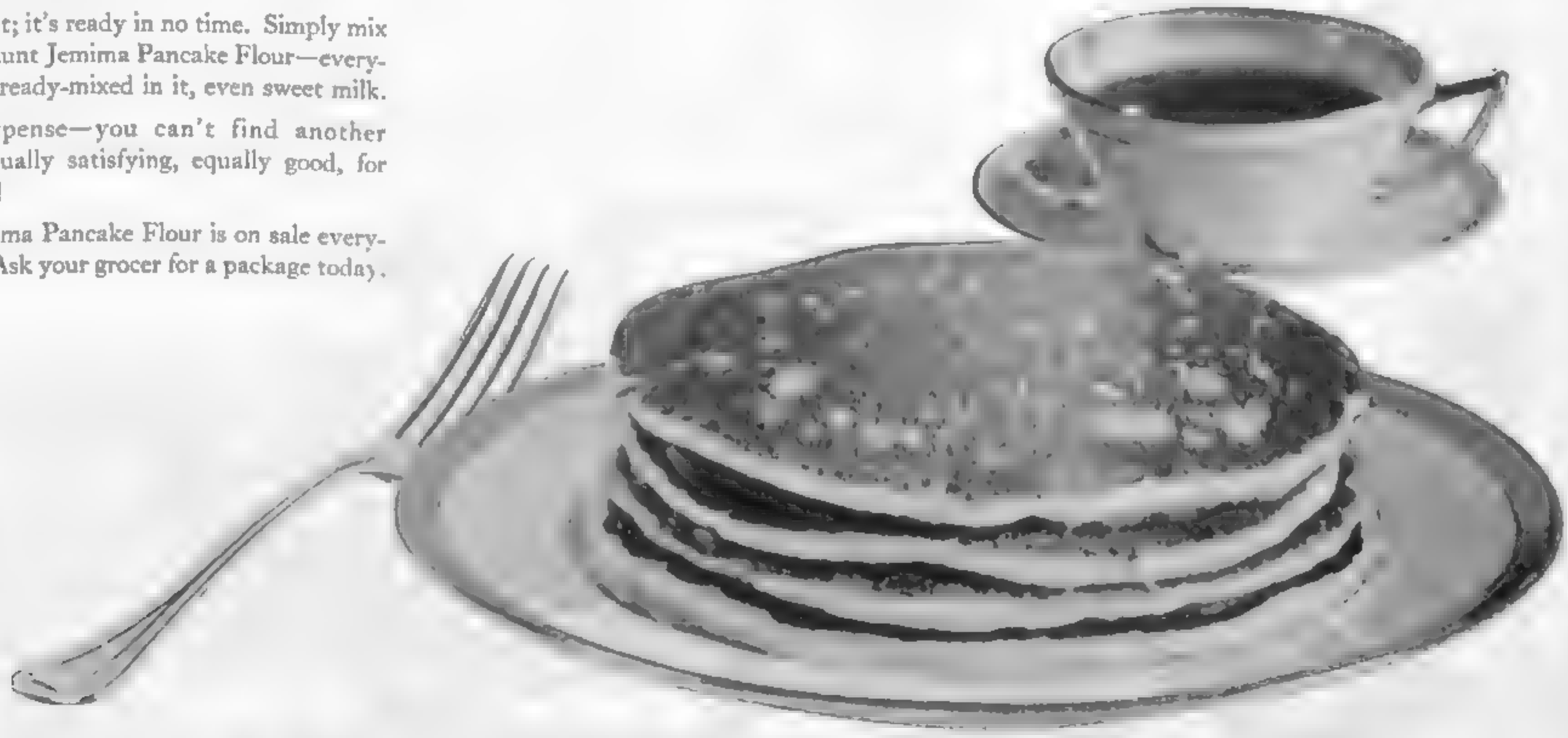
talk about scrumptious breakfasts!

A PLATEFUL of Aunt Jemima Pancakes, golden-brown and piping hot, with plenty of butter, then some syrup, honey or jelly on top—that's *the* breakfast.

Easy to get; it's ready in no time. Simply mix water with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—everything else is ready-mixed in it, even sweet milk.

About expense—you can't find another breakfast equally satisfying, equally good, for as few cents!

Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour is on sale everywhere *now*. Ask your grocer for a package today.



AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES

You've noticed how the children take to Aunt Jemima Pancakes. Fine food for them. And for *playtime* fun, have they got a set of the jolly Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls? Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the dolls.

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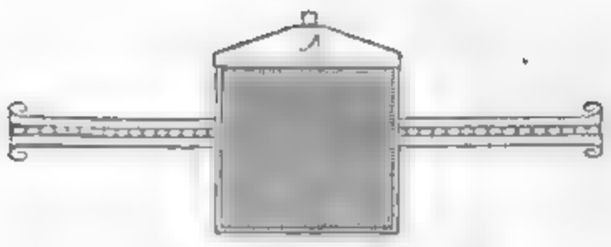


New Price $2485

F. O. B. KALAMAZOO

All models now an average of $800 less than a year ago, and we guarantee Roamer quality to be identical in every specification and detail

At $2,485 Roamer is actually back to pre-war prices but in the intervening years we have consistently embodied greater value in America's smartest car. This constant progress in mechanical efficiency and endurance was best evidenced on April 22, 1921, when a Roamer Duesenberg speedster model chassis at Daytona Beach, Florida, established and now holds six world's speed records, official time for one mile, 105.1 miles per hour.

Today at this remarkable new price of $2,485 Roamer is rightly ranked in the forefront of fine motor cars. Certain mechanical features, such as its double cantilever spring construction, are exclusive with this custom-built car. And we know of no automobile except Roamer which, without added cost, is painted and striped to suit the purchaser, with the choice of 14 colors of leather upholstery and 8 kinds of top material.

There is no disputing the clear-cut distinction of owning and driving such a distinguished car as Roamer. Roamer is set apart wherever you see it—and its unusual performance continually supplements its unusual appearance. Many people who have long wanted a Roamer are taking immediate advantage of this impressive reduction in price, so we would advise you to see your dealer at once.

Why This Price Is Possible

This radical reduction in Roamer's price is only possible because—

1 The makers of Roamer parts have reduced material prices from 10% to 30% on unfilled contracts.

2 Every Roamer dealer has agreed to accept one-fourth reduction in his regular (always conservative) selling commission for a period of six months.

3 Our financial stability has permitted us to accept a loss of thousands of dollars on our present inventory by reducing its book value to the lowest estimated worth in 1922. We have further agreed to keep Roamer quality intact; in fact, we have added certain refinements at this new price.

Dealers

The remarkable reduction in Roamer price means many new markets for this quality car. We have numerous opportunities for representative dealers. Complete details about the Roamer selling plan will interest you.

BARLEY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Actual Photograph of Roamer Car After Running Fifteen Thousand Miles

America's Smartest Car

(Continued from Page 78)

bigger ears. Seeds which, ungassed, yielded ten ear-bearing straws, yielded when gassed as many as thirty-two. The best results were obtained under glass, and the results with rye were better than with wheat.

Bornemann followed with independent open-air experiments, lasting 130 days, on winter wheat, oats, barley, beans and mustard. Gas was distributed from ordinary small lighting-gas pipes, which the later large-scale experiments of Riedel show to be unsuitable; and the other conditions, owing to poverty of resources, were unfavorable. The superiority of the gassed crops was less than Riedel attained, but it was emphatic. Gassing increased the yield of wheat 25 per cent, of oats 41 per cent, of barley 24 per cent, and of beans 63 per cent. Bornemann drew the conclusion that carbon fertilization is an indispensable part of really scientific farming. For commercial farming it was, under present conditions for producing and distributing gas, impracticable. The use of cylinder gas was out of the question. It was reserved for a young Westphalian engineer, Friedrich Riedel, to solve the problem commercially. Solution, he reasoned, lay in the utilization of the already existing unlimited supply of waste industrial gases. Confident of success, ignoring the gibes of certain professors of agriculture who told him that though he was a first-rate engineer he had yet a great deal to learn about farming, he set to work.

HugoStinnes—Prussia's Morgan, assome call him, a merchant of Mülheim, as he modestly calls himself in a Reichstag member's list—next comes on the scene. With 170 Stinnes industrial undertakings, capitalized at 5,500,000,000 marks, few German scenes can be imagined on which Stinnes does not appear. Riedel's experiments in carbon fertilization were made in connection with the Deutsch Luxemburg smelting works at Horst on the Ruhr, the first of the 170 corporations to be controlled by Stinnes and the nucleus of the vast electro-mining trust which to-day embraces most of the rest. Stinnes and his chief director Voegler granted to Riedel the use of the whole resources of the Deutsch-Luxemburg, its land, its machines, its workmen and its labor. Out of that rose the first great carbon farm in the world. The sowings and plantings were made on a grandiose scale; there were no economical obstacles of the kind that had hampered the first two investigators; and the result was a success which soon put an end to doubt in the most skeptical professorial brain.

Riedel's first work was to construct two big glass houses as near as possible to Stinnes' blast furnaces, and to prepare two fields for open-air experiments a little farther off. One glass house and one field were for ordinary cultivation; the others for cultivation in air artificially fertilized with CO_2. Minute care was taken to insure that the soil, lighting and moisture should be identical for gassed and ungassed plants. The gas was distributed from perforated tubes ten centimeters in diameter with orifices of about two centimeters in diameter, placed at regular intervals; and pressure in the tubes was maintained by electric fans. In the glass house for gassing were laid two tubes, one low down, bent into twelve-meter squares, the other higher, in shape of a main tube with radiating smaller tubes. In his fields Riedel laid perforated concrete pipes, arranged in quadrilaterals, so that equable distribution was insured in any wind.

Flue Gases Used

The gas used came directly from the blast furnaces, and contained 5 per cent of CO_2, which is less than the 8 per cent found most effective by Saussure, but is 160 times stronger in carbonic than in ordinary air. The only treatment undergone by the gas between expulsion from the blast furnaces and distribution to the plants was purification from smoke and dust. Purification from sulphuric acid was not necessary, as the iron ore is smelted with coke; and purification from carbon monoxide—CO—was needless, because this gas is harmless to plants. But as carbon monoxide is highly poisonous to human beings and animals Riedel later removed it by preliminary combustion. He remarks that as a rule this is unnecessary, as most industrial works in their own interests allow no carbon monoxide to escape.

Riedel's experience is that 5 per cent of carbonic-acid gas is the most effective on the average. But how much of this mixture is really available for the plants is not exactly known. In the open air, part of the CO_2 is speedily blown away by wind; and if there is no wind it is thinned by diffusion. In glass houses the continuous forcing in of a 5 per cent mixture under pressure keeps the whole air of the house at that strength. By that is explained the fact that in Fischer's experiments the greatest additional crop yield was obtained from plants grown under glass.

After the first year of success Riedel increased the dimensions of his experiments. He built three more glass houses and added 40,000 square yards to the area of his fields. In the new fields he laid his perforated cement tubes underground. His aim was to supply the extra dose of gas from the lowest possible level, so that it would reach the leaf pores exactly as does gas set free from the soil. This diminishes the quantity of gas diffused upwards or blown away before it is caught in the pores; and the efficiency of the fertilization is very largely increased.

Riedel's experiments embraced nearly all of the more important cultivated food plants, and also some flowers. Flower tests proved useful for study of the effects of gassing upon blossoms, and one of the first triumphs was a more than four-and-a-half-fold increase in the blooms of the heliotrope plant. In fields or in glass houses were planted—sometimes in both, and always on a sufficiently large scale to produce reliable averages—barley, potatoes, turnips, sugar beet, rape, tomatoes, gherkins, lupines, soy beans, spinach, fennel and the castor-oil plant.

Important Results

The first plantings, which covered only six of the plants mentioned, took place in 1917 in the middle of May. Four weeks later, when the first green shoots were showing above the soil, carbon fertilization began, and with it began the making of hourly and daily observations and the keeping of minute records. Within two or three days the difference between sizes and conditions of gassed and ungassed plants was seen. The difference invariably favored the gassed plants. It was at first confined to stalks and leaves; later, when blossoms and fruits appeared, the difference was equally marked; and finally the harvesting of the root and tuber crops proved that the advantage from gassing was gained by every part of the plant.

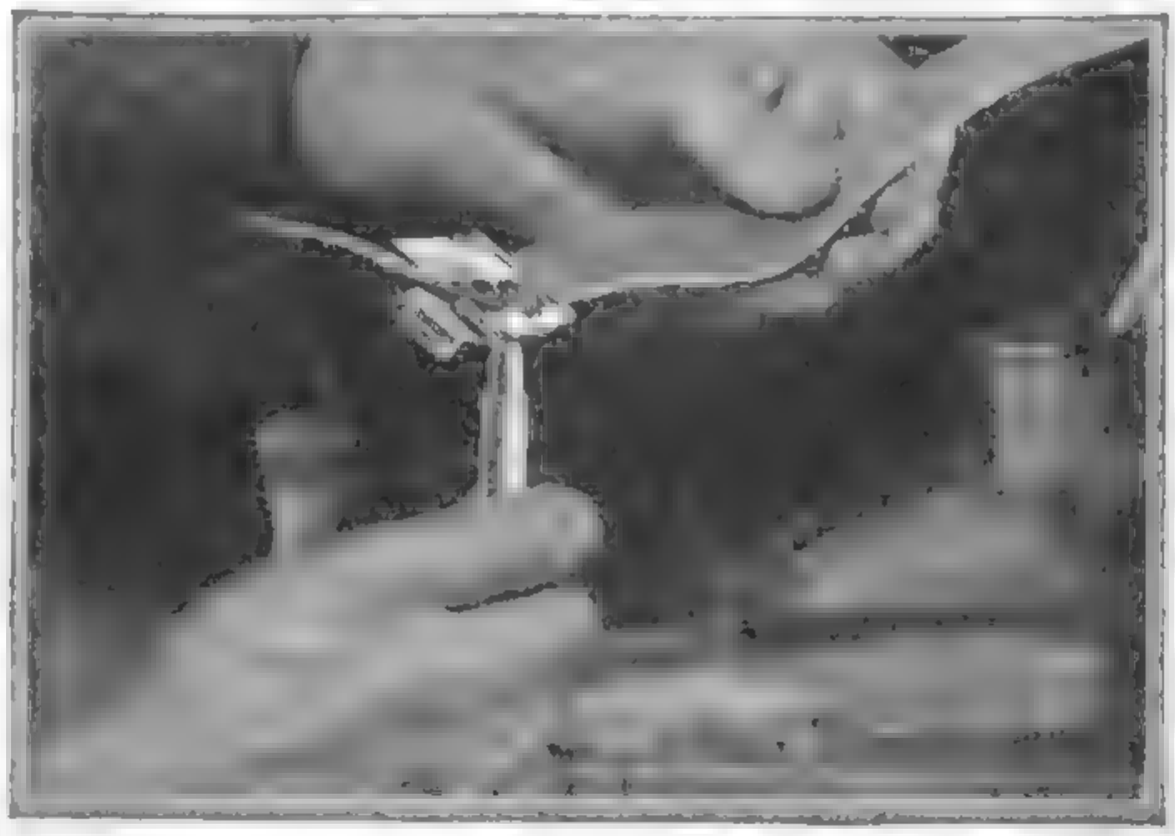
First and most important of results of gassing is the greatly increased leaf growth. The leaves of Riedel's gassed plants were larger and their stalks thicker and firmer. The leaves of mangel-wurzels gassed in the open air averaged in area 70 per cent more than the leaves of ungassed plants. Ungassed castor-oil plants had leaves 68 centimeters long; gassed plants had leaves 100 centimeters long. The gassed castor-oil leaves bore a whitish bloom similar to the bloom on grapes. Leaves of gassed plants were unusually firm and fleckless, and they were colored a deeper green, proving better assimilation and a richer production of the precious chlorophyll, the green coloring matter upon which the health of all plants, parasitic fungi excepted, depends.

This better leaf production in the early growth stage is especially important, because the leaf's ability to absorb carbonic-acid gas depends upon its size. Therefrom follows the fact—proved when Riedel interrupted the gas supply—that the young gassed plant with its abnormally big leaves extracts an extra dole of carbon also out of the ordinary air, so that carbon fertilization, even if carried on for only a few days in the early growth period, largely increases the ultimate size and weight of the crop.

Riedel found not a single exception to the rule that carbon fertilization materially increases the weight and size of fruits and roots. The smallest advantage of any gassed fruit or root crop over an ungassed crop was 15 per cent. In all other cases the advantage was at least 36 per cent; often the advantage was more than 100 per cent, and sometimes it was more than 200 per cent. These figures were for the whole crops of beds or patches of a defined size.

Riedel declares that carbon fertilization without other fertilizers promotes plant growth more effectively than all the ordinary fertilizers when these are used without artificially supplied carbon. Ordinary fertilizers, he says, used in ordinary air increase an average crop by half a kilogram per square meter, which is 18 per cent of

THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES



Slip the strop through the head —no need to remove the blade

Twenty stropping devices for safety razors on the market to-day! Yet men still suffer the discomfort of fast dulling blades and the expense of constantly buying new blades! All because these stropping devices for ordinary safety razors must be bought and used separately.

But there is *one* easy way out!

The Valet AutoStrop Razor sharpens its own blades on a straight leather strop. *In ten seconds* you get a new, keen edge for shaving morning after morning. No knack is needed. At the end of every stroke the blade slaps over of itself. Strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

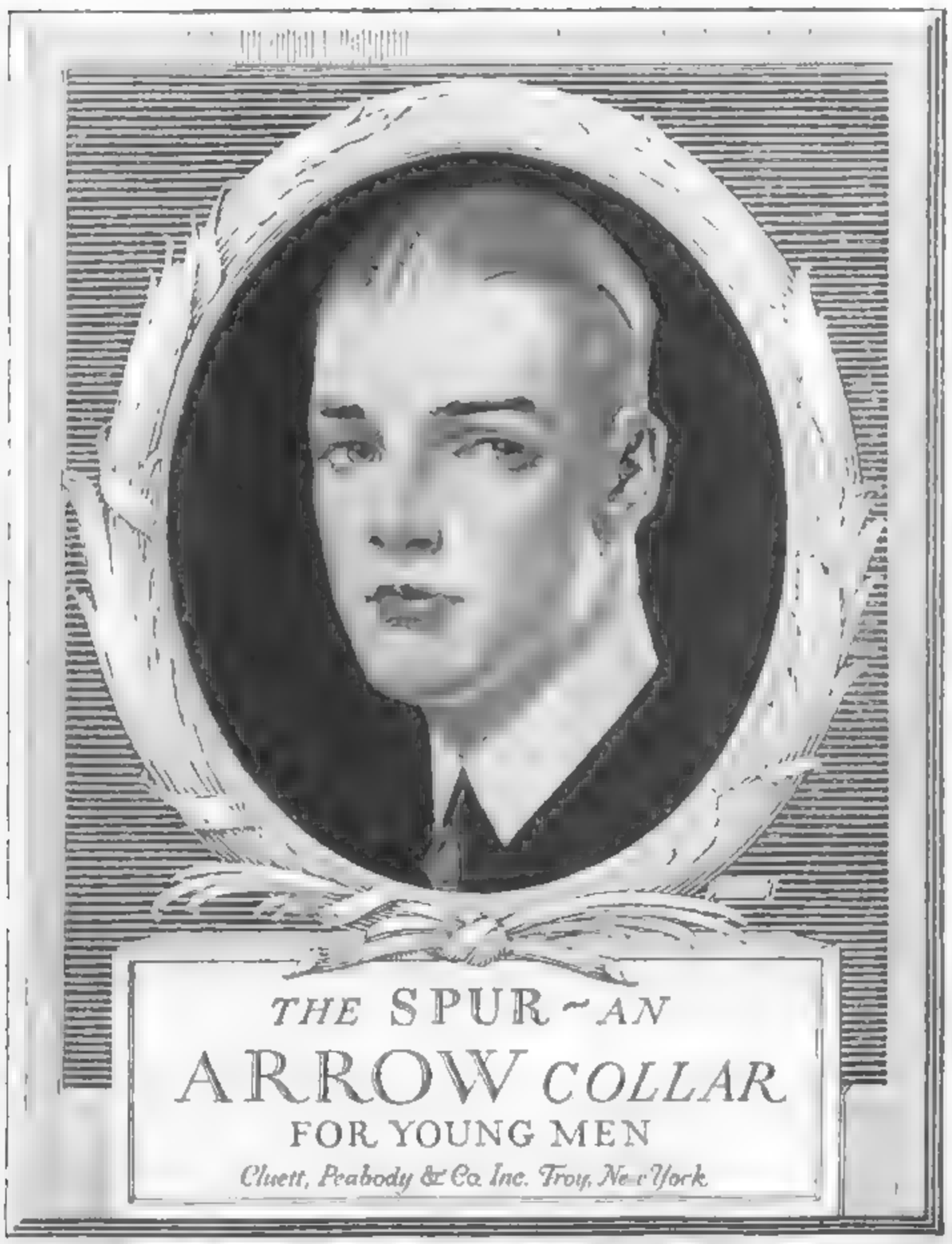
Save the money you spend on blades each year —the dozens of blades you pay for and soon throw away. With this razor you are guaranteed 500 comfortable shaves from every full package of blades. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Valet AutoStrop Razor for you. Get it into your own hands and you will see why it means greater shaving comfort and greater blade economy than you have ever known.

VALET
AutoStrop Razor

Silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in compact case $5.00

Strops and blades may also be bought separately.

Saves constant blade expense



the crop, whereas carbon fertilization applied without the ordinary fertilizers brings an average increase of 40 per cent. This is the experience in fields, where results are less favorable than under cover. If a field gets both carbon fertilization and ordinary fertilization the average increase of crop is 82 per cent.

Riedel, Bornemann and Fischer draw from this the conclusion, valuable for all farmers, that fertilization with nitrates is usually overdone, and that part of the heavy cost is needlessly incurred. The full quantity of nitrates usually used could be taken advantage of by crops; but in practice it is not taken advantage of, because the supply of carbon is relatively too small. The dissatisfied farmer, however, often adds more nitrates at a time when he should be resorting to carbon fertilization, and so helping his crops to the more active assimilation which would enable them to use an abundant nitrates supply.

At first sight this theory is of no interest to the ordinary farmer, who is not yet in a position to supply extra carbon by artificial means. But the three pioneers of the theory declare that it has a practical immediate meaning, because carbon fertilization to a limited extent is within the reach of every farmer in possession of a harrow or a spade. This limited carbon fertilization is achieved simply by insuring that the soil is well supplied with organic matter, and by keeping the surface looser than is at present the rule.

The secret of natural carbon fertilization is merely the keeping of a continually loose surface and the prevention of incrustation. Backward farmers believe vaguely that by this means they air the land, and less backward farmers imagine that they let oxygen in. The real profit from a loose and porous surface soil is that it lets the under-surface carbonic-acid gas rise freely towards the leaves. Bornemann proves from experiments lasting seventy-eight hours that the CO_2 emitted by a continually broken surface is three times as great as from an incrusted surface. The increase of crops by poison gas, it follows, is no vision of remote scientific magic; it is an aim attainable by every practical farmer at very little cost.

Carbon fertilization by artificial means on a great scale is another matter. All the three experimenters are optimistic; but they take different views as to times and practicabilities. For the present only small operations are commercially practicable, says Bornemann. Berry fruits, vines and vegetables can already be carbon fertilized with financial success. Fischer goes further. The waste gases of industry, he predicts, will soon be set streaming through young forest plantations. Riedel has no doubt that even under present conditions grain crops can be carbonized with profit. For that, he admits, the carbonic-acid gas of commerce is too dear. Of the future he says: "Just as certain as we have to-day special plants for producing electric power, so we shall some day have CO_2 works erected for the fertilization of our fields." Costly and complicated these works will be; but they will be less costly and complicated than the equipment at present needed for production of synthetic air niter.

SOME LIKE THEM COLD

(Continued from Page 19)

you was mad at me though I cannot think of any reason why you should be. If there was something I said in my last letter that offended you I wish you would tell me what it was and I will ask your pardon though I cannot remember anything I could of said that you could take offense at. But if there was something, why I assure you, Mr. Lewis, that I did not mean anything by it. I certainly did not intend to offend you in any way.

Perhaps it is nothing I wrote you, but you are worried on account of the publishers not treating you fair in regards to your song and that is why your letter sounded so distant. If that is the case I hope that by this time matters have rectified themselves and the future looks brighter. But any way, Mr. Lewis, don't allow yourself to worry over business cares as they will all come right in the end and I always think it is silly for people to worry themselves sick over temporary troubles, but the best way is to "keep smiling" and look for the "silver lining" in the cloud. That is the way I always do and no matter what happens, I manage to smile and my girl friend, Edie, calls me Sunny because I always look on the bright side.

Remember also, Mr. Lewis, that $60 is a salary that a great many men would like to be getting and are living on less than that and supporting a wife and family on it. I always say that a person can get along on whatever amount they make if they manage things in the right way.

So if it is business troubles, Mr. Lewis, I say don't worry, but look on the bright side. But if it is something I wrote in my last letter that offended you I wish you would tell me what it was so I can apologize as I assure you I meant nothing and would not say anything to hurt you for the world.

Please let me hear from you soon as I will not feel comfortable until I know I am not to blame for the sudden change.

Sincerely,
MABELLE GILLESPIE.

N. Y., Sept. 24.

DEAR MISS GILLESPIE: Just a few lines to tell you the big news or at least it is big news to me. I am engaged to be married to Paul Sear's sister and we are going to be married early next month and live in Atlantic City where the orchestra I have been playing with has got an engagement in one of the big cabarets.

I know this will be a surprise to you as it was even a surprise to me as I did not think I would ever have the nerve to ask the girlie the big question as she was always so cold and acted like I was just in the way. But she said she supposed she would have to marry somebody some time and she did not dislike me as much as most of the other men her brother brought round and she would marry me with the understanding that she would not have to be a slave and work round the house and also I would have to take her to a show or somewheres every night and if I could not take her myself she would "run wild" alone. Atlantic City will be O.K. for that as a lot of new shows opens down there and she will be able to see them before they get to the big town. As for her being a slave, I would hate to think of marrying a girl and then have them spend their lives in druggery round the house. We are going to live in a hotel till we find something better but will be in no hurry to start house keeping as we will have to buy all new furniture.

Betsy is some doll when she is all fixed up and believe me she knows how to fix herself up. I don't know what she uses but it is weather proof as I have been out in a rain storm with her and we both got drowned but her face stayed on. I would almost think it was real only she tells me different.

Well girlie I may write to you again once in a wile as Betsy says she don't give a dam if I write to all the girls in the world just so I don't make her read the answers but that is all I can think of to say now except good bye and good luck and may the right man come along soon and he will be a lucky man getting a girl that is such a good cook and got all that furniture etc.

But just let me give you a word of advice before I close and that is don't never speak to strange men who you don't know nothing about as they may get you wrong and think you are trying to make them. It just happened that I knew better so you was lucky in my case but the luck might not last. Your friend,

CHAS. F. LEWIS.

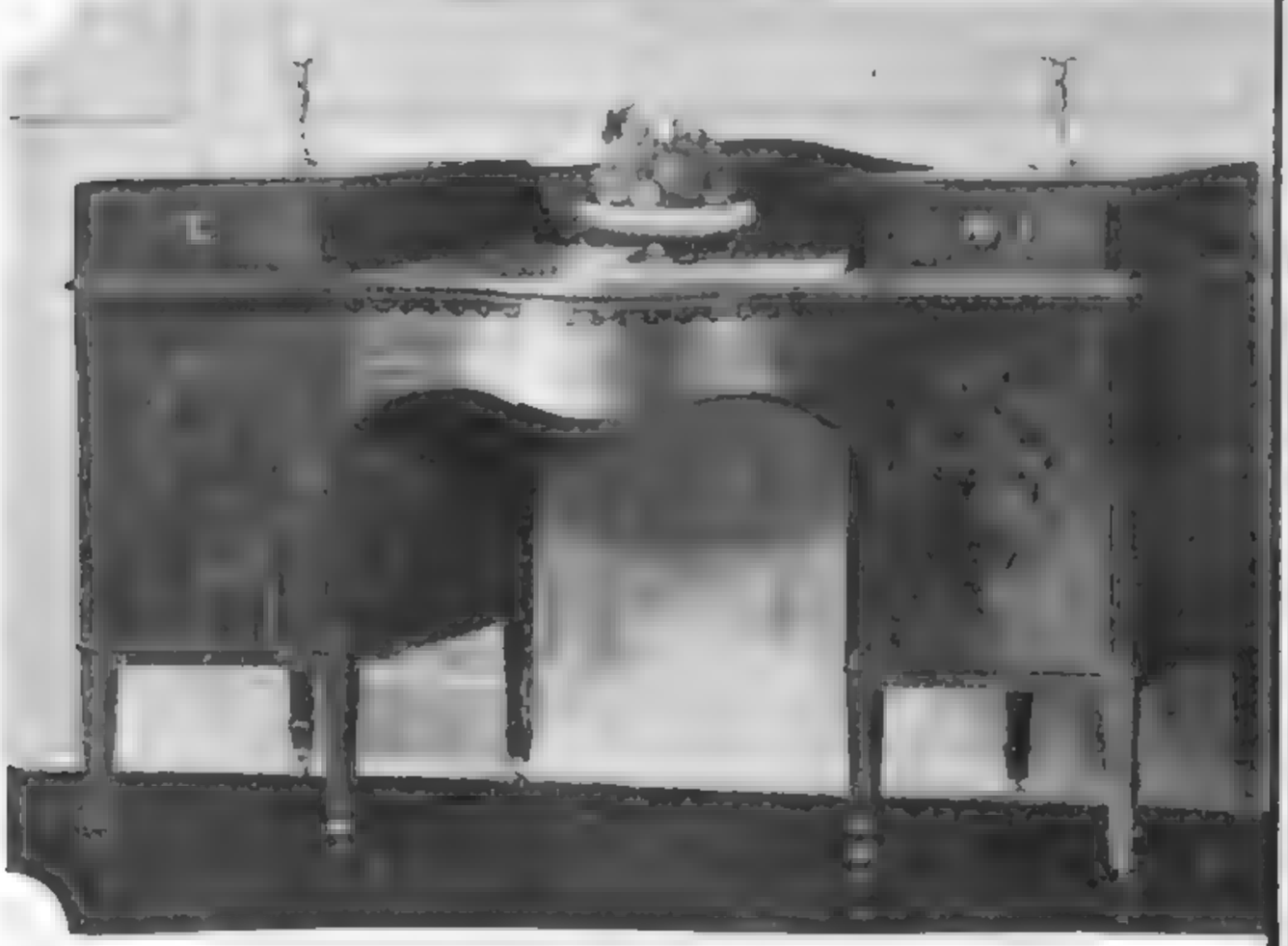
CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 27.

MY DEAR MR. LEWIS: Thanks for your advice and also thank your fiance for her generosity in allowing you to continue your correspondence with her "rivals," but personly I have no desire to take advantage of that generosity as I have something better to do than read letters from a man like you, a specially as I have a man friend who is not so generous as Miss Sears and would strongly object to my continuing a correspondence with another man. It is at his request that I am writing this note to tell you not to expect to hear from me again.

Allow me to congratulate you on your engagement to Miss Sears and I am sure she is to be congratulated too, though if I met the lady I would be tempted to ask her to tell me her secret, namely how she is going to "run wild" on $60.

Sincerely,
MABELLE GILLESPIE.

BERKEY & GAY *Furniture*



A Special October Event

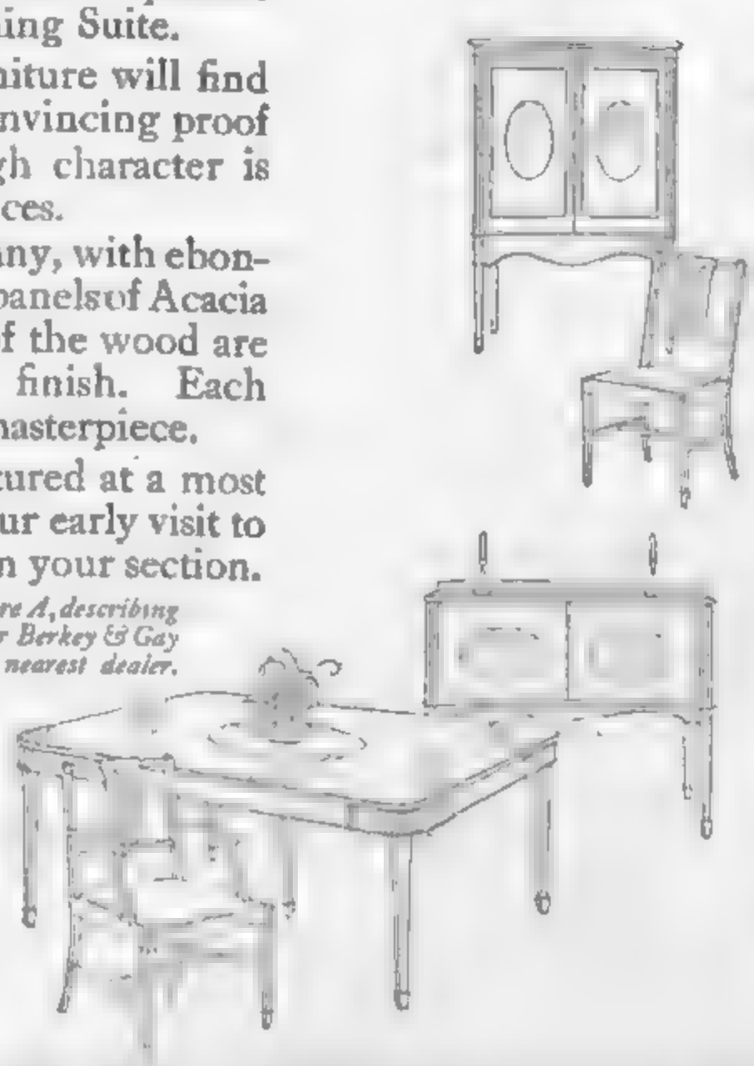
As a national demonstration of Berkey & Gay quality, we are presenting through our retail representatives an exceptional value in this exclusive Dining Suite.

Every lover of good furniture will find in this October offering convincing proof that furniture of such high character is obtainable at moderate prices.

In richly figured mahogany, with ebonized mouldings, and inlaid panels of Acacia burl, the wondrous tones of the wood are brought out by exquisite finish. Each piece is a Berkey & Gay masterpiece.

As the suite is being featured at a most attractive price, we urge your early visit to the Berkey & Gay retailer in your section.

We invite you to write for our Brochure A, describing this Special Dining Suite and other Berkey & Gay Furniture, together with name of nearest dealer.

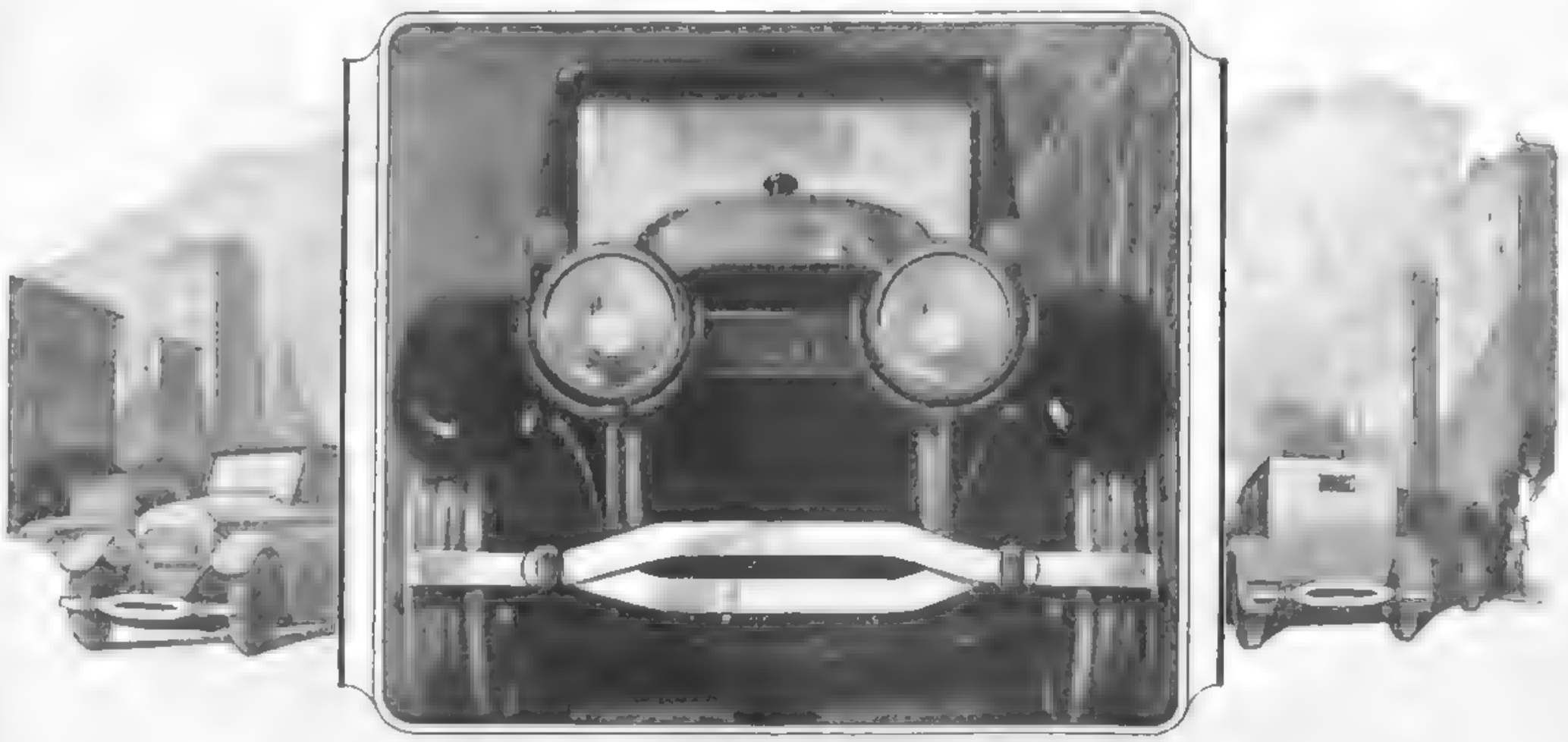


This shop-mark is inset in every Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride ever after

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH

On Display At These Stores During October

ALABAMA
Birmingham — Loveman, Joe & Loeb
ARIZONA
ARKANSAS
CALIFORNIA
COLORADO
Denver — The Daniels & Fisher Dry Goods Co
CONNECTICUT
Hartford — Brown, Thomson & Co
The Fair House Co
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
FLORIDA
GEORGIA
IDAHO
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
IOWA
KANSAS
KENTUCKY
C. F. Brower & Co
Stewart Dry Goods Co
LOUISIANA
Caldwell Furniture Co
MAINE
MARYLAND
The Holland Co
MASSACHUSETTS
MICHIGAN
MINNESOTA
MISSISSIPPI
MISSOURI
NEBRASKA
NEW HAMPSHIRE
NEW JERSEY
NEW YORK
NORTH CAROLINA
NORTH DAKOTA
OHIO
OKLAHOMA
OREGON
PENNSYLVANIA
RHODE ISLAND
SOUTH CAROLINA
SOUTH DAKOTA
TENNESSEE
TEXAS
UTAH
VERMONT
VIRGINIA
WASHINGTON
WEST VIRGINIA
WISCONSIN



WEED SPRING-BAR BUMPER

THE Weed Spring-Bar Bumper enables you to negotiate the stops and starts of congested traffic without fear of the other fellow. It gives you the satisfaction of knowing that both front and rear of the car are thoroughly protected from bump-shocks. It adds to the wholesome joy of driving, "tunes up" the appearance of the car and throws collision protection in with the deal.

The Weed Spring-Bar Bumper does all this and more because of its many individual points of excellence. Note the exceptional running width of impact area presented by its parallel spring-bars. They are so strong that your radiator, lamps, fenders, rear gas tank and general body lines are securely entrenched behind these bulwarks of bumper-safety.

A colliding car cannot thrust its bumper under, over or between these wide-spring bar buffers. "Weed" meets and puts the dead-stop on them all.

Into the making of Weed Spring-Bar Bumpers goes the strongest, shock-proof, resilient steel plus the experience and precision that have made American Chain Company Products famous for dependability—for lasting service the world over. Its powerful, shapely lines harmonize with the costliest car and add marked distinction to any car.

"Bumperize" your car with "Weeds." Get that satisfied safe and sound feeling by putting a Weed Spring-Bar Bumper on *both front and rear!* Give its triple buffing area the job of protecting you and shielding others from the serious dangers of bumperless collisions, besides saving the annoyance of having your car laid up for repairs.

The name "Weed" appears on every genuine Weed Spring-Bar Bumper.

THE PATENTS, owned or controlled by the American Chain Company, Inc., give broad control over Spring-Bar Bumpers which have between the ends of the bumper bar widened impact area protecting the radiator. They include the following:

HOOVER			FAGEOL			PANCOAST and GROTENHUIS		
1105974	1191306	1212059	1175348	1202690	1205608	1344649	1364261	1374893
	1221800			1207007	1266240			
	And Patents Pending			*And Patents Pending*			*And Patents Pending*	

The Weed Spring Bar Bumper is being manufactured by the American Chain Company, Inc., through special arrangement and under Pancoast and Grotenhuis, Hoover and Fageol patents

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AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INCORPORATED

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, NEW YORK

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LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CHAIN IN THE WORLD

THE YOUNG MAN IN JOURNALISM

(Continued from Page 13)

His work becomes so varied. It is all so new. His experiences are so interesting; and they become the more so as he gains in experience and is asked to do higher-grade work. The good reporter gets actively interested in his work. He is not sent out haphazard; he is out for a purpose and that purpose is the collection at first hand of facts and information that are supposed to interest a multitude of readers. If they are interesting to those who read them how much the more so to the young man who after investigation and verification to his own satisfaction puts his conclusions on paper.

And note, if you will, how important is the work. Since the first use of printer's type the great events of the world, the events that have moved and influenced mankind, that have made the history of the world, have been announced first of all in the newspapers. They have been proclaimed to the world not by clergymen from the pulpit or lecturers from the platform or orators in legislative halls, not through the medium of books or by writers of editorial articles—but in burning type by reporters.

It seems but yesterday, that midnight hour, when a reporter burst into the working room of the newspaper with the exclamation: "He's got it! We are going to have an electric light over every desk in this room!" He had hurried from Edison's first big test of the division of the electric current, had seen a hundred electric bulbs glowing in all their fascinating brightness with electricity transmitted over one wire. And people marveled over what he wrote about it.

Within the span of my own newspaper experience reporters have given first information to the world of the discovery and development of electric lighting, heating and propulsion; of Röntgen rays; of the telephone; of the phonograph; of the automobile; the player piano; the type-setting machine; the multiple-page printing press; the shoemaking machine; of breech-loading guns, machine-made cartridges and diabolical explosives; of the airplane and the Zeppelin; of steel construction in big buildings; of the marvels of construction in gigantic locomotives and steamships, in subways and elevated roads, bridges, and aqueducts; of bacillus treatment in medicine and the wonders of abdominal surgery; and hundreds of other developments of science. We have seen the declaration of a dozen wars and the signing of a dozen peace treaties; the announcement of the death of monarchs and the birth of princes, the assassination of rulers and the inauguration of their successors.

Long Hours and Hard Work

Some reporter has announced the discovery or the fact of every one of these things. He has been compelled to study the subject enough to write about it understandingly, and that study has brought him in contact with the men who have caused or invented it.

The reporter mingles constantly with the men who control the affairs of the world, and this commingling is not only fascinating to him but it gives him confidence in himself, gives him personal address, ease of manner of conversation, manliness of presence. It sharpens his wits. It takes away that paralyzing emotion so often felt by youth in the presence of greatness. Nothing can be more stimulating to the intellect than association with intellectual men.

The reporter who writes of an important event usually is asked to continue on that case as long as it continues to be of public interest. The man who wrote of the murder of Stanford White by Harry Thaw wrote of Thaw's publicities for a long time afterward. The man who reports a big labor strike is called on to report the next strike. He makes strikes a study and becomes office authority on the relations of labor and capital. In this way, as time goes on, the reporter comes to be a sort of specialist in several topics, and the knowledge thus acquired is of great value to him when he comes to editorial writing or authorship or when he goes into the law or the public service or any other business. There is not any other employment, probably, in which a young man may gather so extensive a general contemporaneous knowledge as in newspaper reporting in a big city.

The speakers at a public banquet may drone for an hour or two without giving utterance to a sentence worth reporting, and then something of supreme importance may be said. The good reporter recognizes its worth instantly; the poor one does not.

Fascinating as the reporter's life may be, it nevertheless has its unpleasant moments, its many hardships. The hours of work are irregular and unlimited. Men on the big metropolitan morning newspapers report for duty at noon, one or two o'clock; those of the evening staffs at seven or eight, A.M.; and all are supposed to work as long as their services are required—not infrequently for fifteen hours.

Newspaper making is a continuous performance, especially for reporters. Those employed in it frequently suffer great discomforts through physical fatigue, lack of food and sleep and exposure to weather conditions. In an address to Cambridge students a newspaper writer of wide experience hazarded the opinion that "the mill which a New York reporter has to grind is such that, I should say, few Harvard men can stand." But he had not reference to physical effort alone; he had in mind also the nature of the service the reporter sometimes is asked to give.

Hardship by Land and Sea

One of the court reporters of a morning newspaper in New York was finishing his work in the late evening. He had been on duty some ten hours and his work had been hard. Suddenly came the big explosion of the great munitions plant at Morgan, New Jersey, and the weary young writer was told to hustle out there. At Perth Amboy he encountered the military guard thrown out to prevent approach to the burning buildings. In his attempts to get along he was arrested six times and detained. He phoned his facts to the office and was told to stay on. He could find no place to sleep—couldn't have slept if he had—could hardly find a place to sit down even, could get nothing to eat or drink. Explosion after explosion followed hour after hour. And when at length he reached the office he was too exhausted to write a word. So they sent him to bed for six hours and then he wrote his report.

Scores of other men had a similar experience that day and night. They were in constant danger of their lives, badly fed and without rest. They were driven from place to place by the military guard, and most of them were arrested over and again. It was one of the most trying disasters to report of which we have record.

Several reporters nearly lost their lives while crossing Great South Bay in a tempest to the scene of a shipwreck on the beach. They capsized in a sailboat and the life-saving guard barely gave rescue.

Men sent to the Johnstown flood found the town wrecked, scantily provisioned and with no sleeping accommodations. They were compelled to stay there a week under most distressing conditions while the search for the dead continued.

The reporting of the great national political conventions requires unceasing effort for a week or more, the utmost vigil through night and day. Important committees are reaching decisions, new pacts and combinations are being formed, and the entire situation may be changing from hour to hour. There is no sleep for the unfortunate correspondent; he must be awake to the instant. The reporting of what is done in the public sessions of the convention is the least of his labors.

When a man of importance falls mortally ill a reporter is detailed to watch him—to obtain the earliest announcement of his death. The vigil is constant. In scores of instances reporters have sat on the man's doorstep waiting for him to die. This sort of work involves all the monotony of sentry duty, and is disagreeable in the extreme.

The newspaper boys are asked to do many unpleasant things. They are compelled to invade private homes and to ask agonized parents why a son or a daughter has committed suicide or has done a

The Faster—Style M-74

AFTER the long, long grind—then, and only then, can you fully appreciate the excellence of Florsheim materials, the perfection of Florsheim workmanship, the stamina of Florsheim style.

The Florsheim Shoe—$10 and $12
Photographic Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers Chicago

For the man who cares

"Take a tip from Winthrop Wise
Save the Surface with KYANIZE"

Kyanize WHITE ENAMEL
KY-A-NIZE

From kitchen to porch pillars your home can be made a brilliant, lustrous, sanitary white. And why not, when a white enamel like Kyanize is so easy to obtain?

Use it inside or out; durable in the extreme, it will not crack, chip, peel or soften through abuse or exposure.

Its extraordinary spreading capacity enables it to cover more square feet to the gallon. Leading architects specify Kyanize White Enamel and prominent painters prefer it.

Send for our free booklet, "The Inviting Home", illustrated in colors

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
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Kyanize Floor Varnishes and Woodwork

Why Women Say
"LAUREL" when
they want live elastic

WOMEN everywhere, in searching for live, long-living elastic, just naturally gravitate to the notion counter which displays LAUREL.

The need for live elastic is so acute! The liveness of LAUREL DeLuxe ELASTIC is so evident!

THE RUSSELL MFG. CO.
Established 1834
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Laurel
De-Luxe
Elastic

RUSCO PRODUCTS
They Speak for Themselves
TRADE MARK REG.

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR

"Oh! Boy, But Here's Comfort!"

THE average nightshirt would hike up above your knees if you raised two dumbbells over your head like this.

But a Brighton-Carlsbad is *roomy*. Here's a warm flannelette garment—wide and full, with large armholes, for comfort—long, to cover the feet and take the chill off cold sheets—and *without* the usual unnecessary and ridiculous side openings.

Ask for this *different* flannelette nightshirt *by name*—Brighton-Carlsbad. If you can't get it we'll see you are supplied.

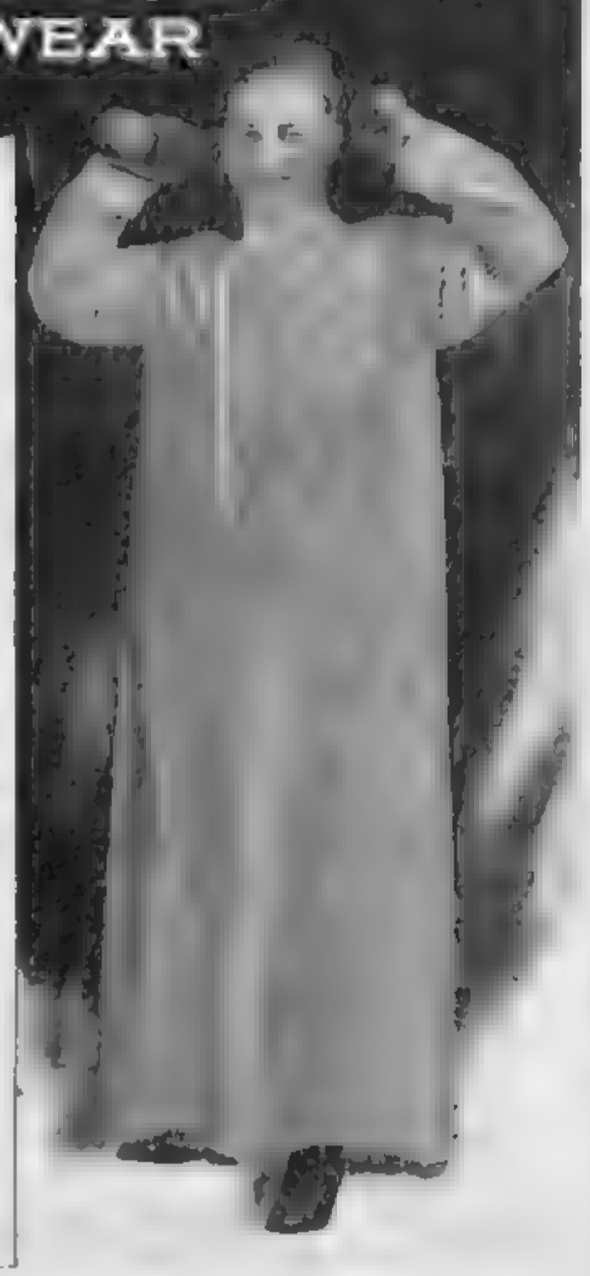
For All the Family

We make sleeping garments for men, women and children, and add distinctive little touches which are appreciated by people who are willing to pay a fair price for honest, worthy merchandise

Send for Nightie Book

Pictures and describes popular styles. Shows winter and summer models. Mailed Free.

H. B. GLOVER CO., Dept 27, Dubuque, Iowa
Also makers of Glover Flannel Shirts



disgraceful act: to ask a husband whether it is true that his wife has run away with a neighbor or ask a wife whether her husband is a fugitive from justice. The assignments that take a writer into a family that has been disgraced by one of its members are the most unpleasant, probably, of any that fall to him.

Indeed there is little of joyousness in any search for information that someone wishes to conceal. Yet every editor knows that in very many of important cases to be chronicled someone is interested in concealing the real facts. The people who want their affairs screened from public gaze constitute a multitude. Diplomats are reticent. Government officers are evasive. Political plans are kept in the shadow, for publicity has ruined many a political plot. Bank officials seek to conceal defalcations. Insurance companies try to hush great losses. Society leaders wish to minimize society scandals. Usually in these cases the inquirer is lied to deliberately and calmly, or the door is slammed in his face, or the person sought refuses to be seen, or the reporter is sent on a fool's errand elsewhere—anything to be rid of him. Someone has said that the newspaper man is asked to lie about people almost as often as he is asked to tell the truth.

The Truth Hard to Find

To obtain exact truth always has been surrounded by difficulties. Almost every historian complains of the task of establishing the truth of history. He finds the literature of the time at variance with the facts; public documents and records absolutely contradicting one another; while the recollections and reminiscences of the oldest inhabitants are fanciful dreams. It was Talleyrand, I believe, who said of a treaty that if it contained no ambiguities some should be inserted.

The young newspaper writer finds his task of telling the truth quite as difficult, not only because so many persons seek to conceal the truth but also from the well-known fact—recognized and constantly commented on in our courts of law—that two persons rarely see or hear or comprehend alike. Every honest witness gives a different version.

But the newspaper manager expects the reporter to get the exact facts, and the unfortunate writer finds himself frequently compelled to resort to trickery and all kinds of subterfuge to do so. If he fails to get the facts his advancement in the office is checked. Inquiry is made into the cause of his failure and if good reason for it appears it may be forgotten. If it is through carelessness or indolence he is discharged, and the reason for dropping him is known within twenty-four hours in every other city newspaper office. It is all very unpleasant.

If the new reporter be so unfortunate as to begin his career on a dishonest or an extremely sensational sheet he may suffer an experience yet more disagreeable, for he may be asked deliberately to distort the truth. Fortunately this is not a frequent request. Very few newspapers seek to print falsehoods or ask their men to pen untruths. Much less of that sort of thing prevails than disgraced the press of twenty-five years ago; yet a few editors remain who seem to think that exaggeration and falsification attract more readers than does the truth, and they demand that all news reports be colored with spectacular embellishment. This is unpleasant as well as unprofessional, and it is demoralizing to a young writer; and it is also disastrous to his reputation for serious, trustworthy work. Yet more serious as well as more repulsive is the necessity occasionally imposed by dishonest editors on the reporter of blackening a man's reputation or exalting the deeds of a scoundrel. But this does not happen often.

The confusion and noise of the office often annoy the young writer and lessen his ability to do himself justice. The news is usually written and handled in one large room. Twenty or thirty reporters, sub-editors and office boys are doing rush work. A noisy reporter blows in, as though carried on a whirlwind, talks all the time, shouts for an office boy, calls for reference books and newspaper files and drinking water all in one breath, and keeps it going. Hurry-up telephone bells are jingling and men are bawling through the transmitters. Typewriters resound their staccato clicking. Call bells are striking and reporters are tapping their desk tops for office boys, and the boys are tumbling over one another in response, and are darting from desk to desk with copy. Persons are coming and going all the time, talking and laughing and shuffling. The old hands are used to it, but the young man accustomed to the silence of the study room sometimes develops symptoms of insanity.

The young writer finds great discouragement frequently because of the way in which his reports are treated. In the large offices are men called copy readers, whose duty it is to revise all news articles, adorn them with headlines and prepare them for the printer. They sit in judgment on every article or item that comes to them, rejecting entirely, cutting down columns to paragraphs and paragraphs to sentences, or—infrequently—sending matter back to have it expanded. They must be influenced by the condition of the edition as to space, and often reports are cut to smaller proportions than they really deserve. The copy reader usually is adept at condensing news, and his alterations and revisions change the structure of the article as well as the verbiage of the amateur's effort, much to the discouragement of the writer.

And frequently a whirlwind of news breaks late at night or a big piece of news requiring many columns in the telling develops. Then it is that columns on columns of news are thrown away and our youngster's effort does not appear at all. A day's work has gone for nothing.

The matter prepared by all reporters is subjected to more or less cutting to suit the conditions of space and necessity, and many articles are weakened thereby. The older men become accustomed to it, but the new reporter is thrown into an agony of apprehension by the mutilation of his copy. Not knowing the reasons for the changes, it is quite natural for him to imagine that he is not doing his work to the satisfaction of the management.

Newspaper Men's Wives

Of serious consideration, also, is the fact that morning-newspaper work sadly interferes with social and home life and with a host of amusements and entertainments and pleasures enjoyed by day workers. In the big cities members of news staffs seldom dine at home. The news writers go on duty early in the afternoon if not before; the news editorial staff at six o'clock or thereabouts, all to remain until well after midnight. Dinner parties, theater parties, dancing parties—all evening social life may be enjoyed on the one day only of the seven, known as the day off. The newspaper man toils while others play—and his night's work ends somewhat dismally by his dragging home at two o'clock in the morning, maybe through storm or sleet or tempest, to a cold, cheerless, silent, dark home—a home unattractive under these conditions despite every effort to make it otherwise.

To the hard-working man of ordinary occupation there comes a certain sense of enjoyment in the relaxation following business effort, and he does not want to go immediately and stealthily to bed. The morning-newspaper man is compelled to do so. The day worker enjoys his homecoming, his leisurely evening repast, the diversions of the few hours preceding sleep. It is the bright spot in the day. The newspaper man rolls off the editorial bench into bed.

This demoralization of home and social life constitutes a very great objection to entering the newspaper business. It affects nine-tenths of the morning-newspaper staff. If the young journalist chances to marry it imposes pitiful hardships on the young wife. Usually she begins her married life by loyally and cheerfully trying to sit up until long after midnight to greet him on his return—but not for long. The coming of children and the establishing of a home compel normal rest and other attentions, and she reluctantly ceases her long waiting vigil. Instead of greeting him with a daintily prepared bit of warm food she now puts out a plate of cold stuff left over from the day before, which he mechanically masticates or not as his mood suggests; and a little later on it is decided that he better stop at a night restaurant for a bite if he is hungry. As she cannot go out in the evening unattended she stays at home, and thus she misses the social pleasures to which presumedly she had been accustomed and which she had expected in her new life. But most of all she misses his presence and his attentions.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles by Mr Lord.

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LELAND-BUILT

THE LIFE OF JEREMIAH BARTLETT

(Continued from Page 10)

It was impossible accurately to determine just what had happened to Mr. Koolidad to bring him to America. There was something about his mother and his father and a camel, and some city or potentate or national beverage which upon Selim's luscious lips sounded remarkably like Bean Juice. In some unexplainable way Bean Juice was concerned in the plot which involved a descent by night, a clash of arms and the removal of the entire Koolidad clan, excepting Selim, who lingered behind to gather up the family linen, wonderfully hand embroidered, and to pack it into the two suitcases which Judge Bartlett's tormented eyes had gazed upon that afternoon as he hung under the eaves.

After dinner, which Mr. Koolidad enjoyed ravenously amidst gustatory lip smackings and much spilling of gravy across Mrs. Bartlett's company tablecloth, the good lady made one attempt to thank him for his deed of heroism. She worded her praise rather formally, much as though she were delivering resolutions of respect; but Mr. Koolidad appeared not to understand until she came to "We hardly know how to repay you."

"Kindness makes friends," chirped the life-saver, who had undoubtedly studied his copy book.

"If only more people thought as you do!" sighed she.

"There are all too few altruists," chimed the judge.

"I know that town!" exclaimed Selim, who must have confused altruism with some place on his circuit. "Bad place for me. I was bit by a dog there—my leg."

Mrs. Bartlett made a sympathetic sound.

"But here," pursued the sweetish note, "it is so Christian. This home I like stay forever."

The last announcement had the effect of causing Mrs. Bartlett to divert the subject.

"You mentioned family valuables—did you bring any with you?"

"Sure, leddy. I sell them from my bags," Mr. Koolidad replied almost ghbly. "You like see some?"

"I should love to," smiled Martha, and almost upon her words the Oriental bounded up the stairs.

"We really ought to do something for him," mused Martha in his moment of absence.

"So I have been thinking," conceded the judge in the whisper we use when plotting philanthropy behind the back of a house guest.

As lightly as two flowers, Selim Koolidad bore his brown suitcases down the stairs and, laying them skillfully on the best hooked rug, proceeded to unstrap and display. The innumerable embroidered cloths, square, circular and oblong, which he brought forth and unfolded with many a deprecatory grunt, meant little or nothing to the judge's masculine mind. Being *per se* a gentleman of the old school, it was his affectation to put down all things pertaining to household decoration as "feminine fixin's." Had the Bartlett homestead been left to his devices it would no doubt have retained the galumphing Victorian character it showed the day they took it over. The family's esthetic taste all lay in Martha.

And it was to Martha that the persuasive Selim made his appeal. No doubt his collection was interesting, quaint and somehow pleasing to the eye. The handiwork of Selim's vanished tribe was strongly cubistic in manner; the flora and fauna of that far oasis had been expressed in the form of squares and triangles. Rectangular daisies drooped acutely against pyramidal lilies, and fabulous animals with square legs gamboled geometrically. Their striking colors somewhat suggested the old-fashioned sampler.

"Ex-quisite!" cried Martha, determined to be kind. But she felt the material with the fingers of an experienced shopper. "Isn't it a little—coarse?"

Mr. Koolidad was all childish smiles with the reply, "Yes. My mother and father make it with his hands."

"Handmade linen!" This added to the romance. Then seeing her tactful opportunity, "How much do you ask for this beautiful tablecloth, and the doilies?"

At this Mr. Koolidad again did the unexpected. His eyes were limpid as he came to his feet and bowed earnestly like a dervish.

"Mon-ey from you?" he asked in a voice that was deep with passion. "Take mon-ey from my benefactory? I could not think it. Here! Please take."

He plucked the large cloth delicately at the corners, and with a deeper obeisance than before laid it across her lap.

"But I can't ——" she began to protest, to be checked by Selim's oration.

"What is left to me but these pretty family cloths? Nothing! Every picture in that embroidery remind me of home life. Could I pass it across to vulgar pipple to eat off of, for mon-ey? No, leddy. You are a sweet, pretty Christian who has done me good. I make you this keepsake because mother and father would be glad to know I have found home among such nice pipple."

"Oh, thank you," replied gentle Martha feebly.

The judge sat and blinked while his wife admired the gaudy present with the self-conscious look of one who has accepted what she shouldn't. Then the only true diplomacy—that which is founded on kindness—came to her rescue and she suggested, "But you're selling the rest of your things, aren't you, Mr. Koolidad?"

"I must. What other ways could I do?"

"Of course," agreed Martha quickly. "Now suppose we help you."

"Oh, my benefactory!" His doelike eyes were rolling, his hands were folded across his breast.

"We know nearly everybody here," she hastened to add. "We could give you a card and I could telephone—there are quite a number of well-to-do families hereabouts."

Mr. Koolidad was still smiling, but he had made his eyes opaque again. It was plain that he had accepted with reservations.

"This place is such a home!" he announced with a sweeping gesture round the carefully colonial interior. "Everything—pictures, rogs, sweet chairs—remind me of art. So tasty!"

The Bartletts exchanged swift glances. What was the man driving at?

"And maybe," he insinuated, letting his dark eyebrows down and lifting his mustache until a hairy mantle screened his face, "you could lend a small piece of your home for my bargain sale?"

"You mean," she interpreted, a little coldly I am afraid, "you want to sell your goods in my house?"

"Your dear jodge," cooed Selim, motioning toward the silent jurist, "so generously promise me favor for little act I done. Very well, I only ask that!"

Martha thought rapidly now. This Oriental wanted part of their house—the parlor—as a showroom for his wares. The Bartletts would be called upon of course to boom his enterprise. Throughout the countryside where they had enjoyed prestige for generations the news would spread that the Bartletts had been driven by poverty to turning their proud house into a curio shop. For the fraction of a second she resented Jeremiah's helplessness which had got them into such a fix.

"That's really very little to ask," the judge suggested from his corner.

"Oh, thank!" cooed Selim, as if it were all settled.

Then Martha concluded to throw herself boldly in with the idea. After all, the matter could be arranged in the name of worthy charity, and she owed her husband's life to this beetle-browed intruder.

"This room here," rejoiced Selim, marking off the floor with his flat feet, "would look so pretty with lots of counters on it, and great pipple like you could bring in such wealth for poor seller like me."

So that was as good as settled. Before they retired for the night Martha had lent herself so ardently to the plan that it was decided when and how the Selim Koolidad benefit sale should be held. He should have the drawing-room to hawk and bargain in as he pleased on the following Thursday, beginning with the hour of three; and as she prepared for bed Martha had already invented a note to be sent broadcast, the

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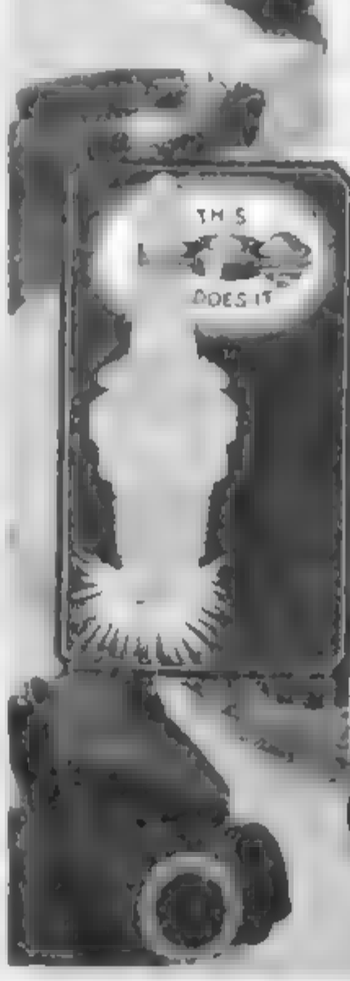

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EXECUTIVE OFFICES—NEW YORK

form so worded that her plutocratic neighbors should know that a heroic Oriental, and not the patrician Bartletts, was to be the beneficiary.

When Jeremiah came into the bedroom her ears were disturbed by the sound of running water, cascades of it, echoing from the bathroom.

"What's he doing now?" she asked, half fears disturbing her.

"Taking a bath, my dear," replied the judge. "It seems that in his country bathing in hot water is regarded as a religious duty."

"I thought he was a Christian," persisted Martha, harping again on that string.

"Cleanliness is not incompatible with the Christian faith, or it shouldn't be," he countered gently as he drew the loops of his statesmanlike necktie.

There was only one bathroom in the house, and Martha had a modern prejudice in favor of a dip at bedtime. However, she said nothing more, but crept between the sheets.

When next she awoke the clock in the village church had just boomed one. She could hear the water still running busily in the bathroom. Fumbling for a match, she slunk into the hall, lit the gas and peered. Steam was oozing forth from every chink in the bathroom door. She tiptoed a little closer, fearful that Jeremiah's rescuer had boiled himself in the tub. But above the voice of many waters she heard a deep, contented drone. Selim sang as he bathed.

"I hope he won't be too much of a nuisance," she sighed, and went back to bed.

III

THE reaction of the Selim Koolidad charitable enterprise upon the Revere summer colony somewhat justified Martha's fears, although the justification was quite beyond her hearing, therefore painless. The sort of persons at whom settled residents of Revere had at first tilted their noses, while accepting their favors in the form of local prosperity, had increased prodigiously during the past twelve years, until every hill was crowned with its palace. It didn't pay any longer for the first families to refer to plutocrats, upstarts and nobodies, because the modest colonial gentility of the original town was being overshadowed by heavy residences, grandiosely Italian.

Mrs. Emil Heligmann, heiress to a brewery that had gone prohibition and prospered mightily in soda pop, had once been rated a nobody. Then she had crept like an octopus all over Revere and claimed it as her own. An active lady, with those prominent eyes which usually proclaim the bully, she lorded it and ladied it over local society, owned three-quarters of the country club and endowed the village church with a set of ear-splitting chimes.

But Mrs. Heligmann, and all others of that sportively attired group who golfed and poloed and pokered, still paid homage to the Bartletts and their perfect colonial atmosphere. The original Josiah Bartlett may not have been a direct ancestor of anybody's—that was Nature's fault. But the Bartletts of Revere were emphatically somebody. To talk to the judge was in a way like talking to an illustrious past which few of them possessed. Rembrandts and Vandykes they may have had—some of them genuine—but on none of their expensively paneled walls did there hang the replica of a forbear so undeniable as that which frowned above Jeremiah's bookshelves, lending comfort to his days.

As a result Martha had a position in local society—not an active one, but a position. With the help of Naomi she served tea semiannually, invited whom she chose and had the satisfaction of hearing Mrs. Heligmann say "Ha-ow chawming!" an infinite number of times. Judge Bartlett's distinguished record helped considerably, and some of the middle-aged golfers who considered themselves serious called upon him occasionally and came away with the boastful air of travelers who have journeyed to Tibet and smoked a pipe with the Grand Lama.

The announcement of the Koolidad sale was, then, somewhat unfortunate, because the wording of Martha's letter allowed Revere to put upon it the very interpretation she had dreaded.

"Phyllis, my dya," exclaimed Mrs. Heligmann, looking over a morning's mail and coming upon Mrs. Bartlett's note, "those chawming Bawtletts are in trouble. Selling things! Pore dyas!"

Phyllis, who had been quarreling with a police dog, looked up from her occupation, devoured the note and declared that she'd always thought the poor Bartletts were on their last legs. Then it was all over the colony, and there was a general resolution that the Bartletts shouldn't starve, and that the sale must be a financial success. And who was this Koolidad? A blind of some sort.

The days before the sale were to Martha days of tribulation. She decided upon a general house-cleaning. She couldn't think of turning the house over to those purse-proud newcomers without showing it at its best. Naomi, notoriously sunny by nature, had developed a cloudy mood, mumbling her hatred of all male brunets whenever Selim appeared in her presence. She loathed his catlike habit of walking sock-footed in the house, and on two occasions she threatened to quit. To quit! Naomi had been with the Bartletts ever since her husband's demise through the misbehavior of a stone quarry eleven years ago.

"You ought to speak to him," became a standardized appeal with Martha, earning the invariable reply from Jeremiah, "After what he's done, my dear?"

Once in her agony of spirit she cried out, "Because he saved your life, does it make it necessary for him to prowl over the house in his socks and bathe six hours at a time and cook in his room? Ugh! A mixture of fried mutton, dates and onions all over my imported wall paper!"

"Hush!" cautioned the judge. "He'll hear you. His ways aren't ours, I'll admit."

"I'm sorry," apologized the wife, seeing his hurt expression. To criticize his rescuer seemed like holding Jeremiah at too cheap a price.

"He's really doing his best," defended the jurist, who had once been famous for his humane decisions. "You remember mentioning my cigars he'd been smoking? Well, he made restitution yesterday. He bought me a very decent box of Havanas. It showed a certain delicacy."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Martha, and hoped it didn't sound sarcastic. She failed to mention that she had found those same Havanas charged against her husband's bill at the drug store, where she had given instructions that Selim's credit should be dishonored in the future.

Speaking to Selim was no simple matter when it came to reminding him of his shortcomings and his forth-puttings. But once reminded, he never repeated the offense. He merely thought of another, and through it all he followed his benefactors with the air of a devoted slave.

In the middle of the week Ben Bartlett came motoring down from Westbury, enjoying a short holiday from his work, which consisted of editing all and writing about half the Westbury News. He came to recover his suit of clothes—his mother had seized the garments with a threat to mend them—and when Ben discovered the altered suit adorning Selim he was first annoyed, then curious. An account of Koolidad's heroic swing from the old elm tree aroused the journalist in him to such a pitch that he forgot his father's scruples.

"Oh, come off the high horse, dad!" he implored, lifting the old gentleman under one of his big arms. "It wouldn't take any Sandow to rescue you. But that's a grand news story—distinguished jurist saved by Christian refugee from Syria. We can feature it in the paper and put it on the A. P. wire. Let's have a talk with What's-his-name."

Mr. Koolidad proved an ideal subject for an interview. Lovingly he dwelt upon his mother, his father, his camel and his household goods. More than anything else, he honored his household goods, making it plain that the Thursday sale was to be nothing less than a carnival of Oriental rarities hitherto unattainable to museums.

"This sale deserves the biggest kind of boost," was the way Ben justified himself before speeding back to Westbury. "If you want to get people coming make it interesting—play it up in a big news story. And this has got what every press agent loves—news behind it."

So next morning's account of the Koolidad heroism and the Koolidad family collection and the Koolidad sale furnished a column of exciting news. There was a critical survey of art needlework which did credit to Ben's vocabulary. That this press work was effective was proved upon the morning of its appearance, for the Bartlett telephone buzzed all day.

Selim received the good tidings with the self-deprecatory air of one deserving much

(Continued on Page 92)

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"Know how to do some one thing well," I tell them. "Be a trained man. Learn by actually doing, under competent instructors, the work you would like most to do. Become an expert. Then dig in and work hard, save, and be independent, SUCCESSFUL."

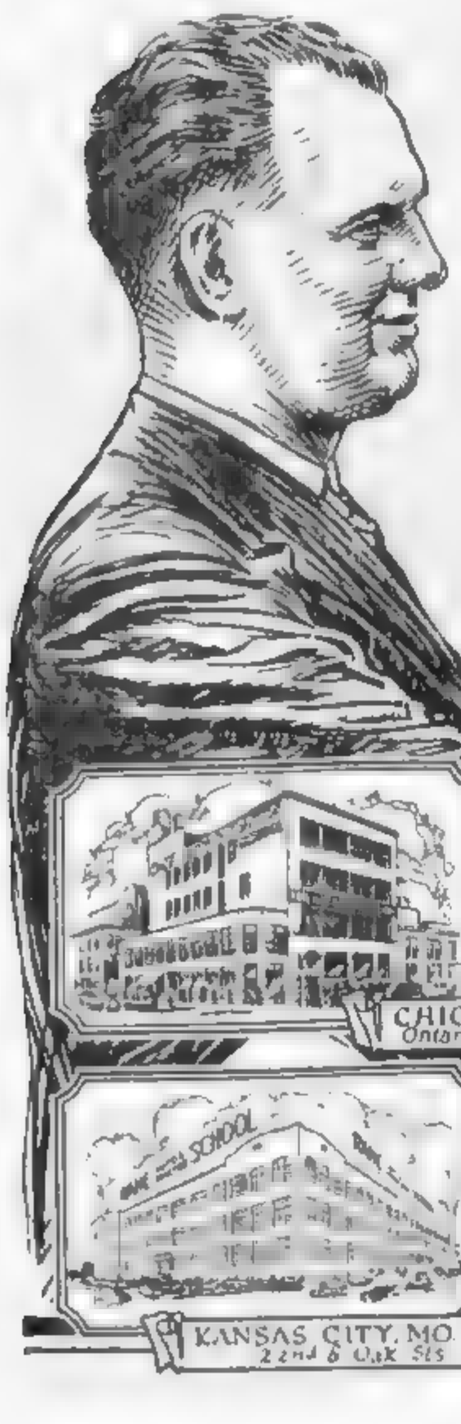
Fourteen years ago I began helping young men make more money. At Kansas City, Mo., I opened the Rahe Auto and Tractor School. I decided to make it an outstanding institution of learning—a place where ambitious men who do not have time to go to college can prepare for life, at relatively small cost. For I felt that every young man should have a chance for schooling that would directly increase his income. And he should be taught quickly—in 6 to 8 weeks. The school grew. In all, I have four large buildings at Kansas City.

Last year I decided I must further enlarge. Either more floor space at Kansas City, or establish new schools. Why not, I thought, take the Rahe-Way of Auto and Tractor training hundreds of miles closer to young men who could not come to Kansas City? The idea proved sound. I established the Cincinnati School—not a branch, but an independent, full-fledged Auto and Tractor School, teaching the famous Rahe-Way. From the day it opened its doors it has been a success. Hundreds of young men have trained there. The new Chicago School has just opened—it is ready now to teach the Rahe-Way to the thousands of young men in Chicago's big territory who have wanted for years to equip themselves with this practical training for life.

Three Billion Dollars, it is estimated, will be spent this year on motor upkeep. Few persons realize this—few think of the auto and tractor repair service and the general garage business as one of the largest in the country. Yet it is. And it is a steady, stable business. No layoffs or depressions, for the millions of motor cars and tractors in use must be kept in condition. There is this about it, too: Every year the cars already in use grow older. As they age they need more care. Of the $3,000,000,000.00 a big part goes to the owners of garages and their assistants.

This is my advice to ambitious young men, the fellows who want to get ahead, to be independent: Equip yourself the Rahe-Way. Learn Auto and Tractor mechanics **thoroughly.** Be an expert. Then pick your job from the many openings available when you leave my school. Go to work, and work hard. You will make good money, mighty good money for a young man. SAVE a good part of these earnings, put it away in the bank. In a year or so you may be **independent**—in a position to start a garage of your own. Not a large one right away perhaps, but if you know how to give good service, your business will grow. In time you will be making—well, you will set your own income. Garage owners make as high as $50,000 a year, others plug along making $3,000 or $4,000. It is all up to the man—his training, how hard he will work, his ability to save, his ambition and his initiative.

But I want you to remember this: **Thorough training pays.** And the way to get this thorough training is to work under the Master Mechanics in a Rahe School. I have spent fourteen years of my life training these Master Instructors to train YOU. I have rolled up my sleeves to take apart engines. I like to work with power machinery, just as any real man does. And so I keep in touch at all times with the training given in each one of the departments. Here is what you get under the Rahe Life Scholarship—complete Automobile and Tractor Training, including Transmissions, Engine Assembly, Starting and Lighting Systems, Storage Batteries, Carburation and "Trouble Shooting," Welding and Cutting, Forging and Soldering, Vulcanizing, Tire Repair, Rebuilding and Retreading, Complete Machine Shop Practice, Special Ford work, Special Truck and Tractor instruction.



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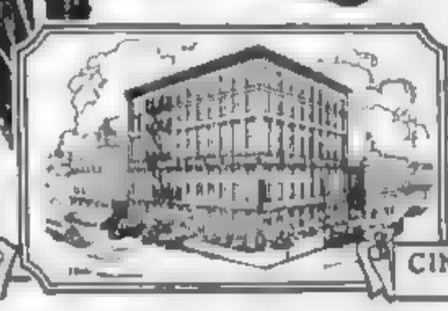

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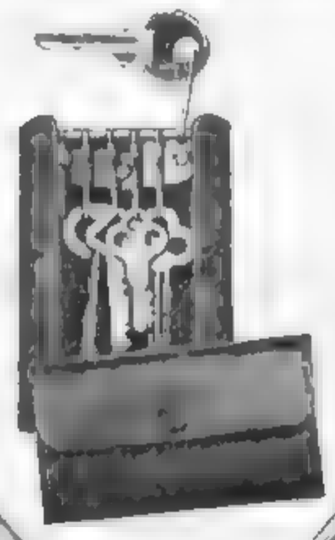

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(Continued from Page 90)

and asking little. He smiled sleepily behind his hairy mantle, and gesturing comprehensively round the Bartlett homestead exclaimed, "What fine curio store this would make!"

The remark was threatening enough, but Selim's immediate behavior was worse. At midmorning he disappeared. His temporary absence brought fresh air to Martha's lungs; but at three o'clock he came back smiling on the front seat of a giant motor truck. Two brawny laborers hustled crates and barrels through the gate to bounce them on the Bartlett porch.

"What have we here?" asked the judge.

"More curio," explained Selim pleasantly. "These few articles most finest curio I got. Ver-r-ry rare."

The heavy crates were being moved into the drawing-room when Martha came upon the scene. Her calm was admirable. She even summoned Naomi with a flatiron, to do nothing more violent than draw nails. With her own hands she spread protective newspapers across her best hooked rug. At this passive and compliant attitude on the part of his wife the judge looked a little worried. Now if ever was the time for her to explode. Women, he decided, were unstable as water, hence incapable of an intelligent vote.

Out of boxes and barrels Selim was plucking more family treasures, placing them carefully on numerous tables which Martha had produced for his display. Heavy silver ornaments, which clanged like dog chains and flashed with semiprecious stones, he strewed prodigally across the mahogany top. Quaintly wrought water bottles, jugs, jars and bowls followed in almost endless succession; and then came more linen embroideries, miles of them, tons of them, to cover every available chair and spill over on the floor.

"We hardly thought there'd be so many," suggested the judge, clearing his throat.

"Ah, you are so kind to poor seller!" replied Mr. Koolidad, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "All, all I have!"

Suddenly he picked a jangling necklace from the table and pressed it to his lips.

"Sacred!" he whispered. "Sa-cred! My poor seester Koola! That art of making such silverwork is gone now forever. And see those amber!"

He held the necklace reverently to the light and showed its tawny gems.

"Pink amber!" he cried, and strained it to his breast.

Martha took on an air of pleasant efficiency. With the help of Naomi she hustled the empty crates and strewn excelsior out of the room and set to work distributing Selim's wares to the best possible advantage. Here Mr. Koolidad was useful, so far as directing Naomi's efforts was concerned.

"Look here, mister," rebelled the hired girl after fifteen minutes of this, "I don't know what kind of niggers you hire back in the Holy Land ——"

"Naomi!" cautioned her mistress.

"Don't care a darn," confessed the suddenly demoralized family friend. "I'm quittin' to-morrow anyhow."

And this was no empty threat. After the supper dishes were washed Naomi appeared, a prehistoric patent-leather hat perked above her brows.

"I'll take my money now," said she. "I've worked faithful for you, first and last. But it's a case of him or me. And I'll not be proposed to in the kitchen, night after night, by no A-rab with more wives than King Solomon, who ain't no proper person, in or out of the Bible."

Naomi's defection caused an embarrassing void in the Bartlett home, for Martha had planned to serve tea at the Thursday sale and make an occasion of it. However, she kept her temper; and this added but another puzzle to Jeremiah's already overflowing stock.

The following afternoon when Selim was locked away, taking his six-hour bath—Martha had persuaded him to change the hour of his cleansing rite—a well-dressed stranger appeared at the door. He was of a hawk-nosed Oriental cast, not unlike that of Koolidad himself, but his faultless clothing and brisk, businesslike manner proclaimed the wonders of Americanization.

"Mrs. Bartlett?" he asked, removing a carefully blocked Panama hat.

Mrs. Bartlett admitted her identity, to be rewarded by a printed card announcing that the caller was a Mr. James B. Kulib, representing John Manakooper & Co., of New York. The power of John Manakooper's giant department store had penetrated even into Revere, where his parcels-post deliveries often blocked the morning mail. Therefore Martha received him as the ambassador from a mighty principality.

"I'm the buyer for Manakooper's Oriental-goods department," explained Mr. Kulib with an engaging smile. "I was on my way to Boston and I thought I'd stop over here and have a look at your Syrian curios."

"Oh, come in!" invited Mrs. Bartlett, and when Mr. Kulib was seated, "How did you know about our sale?"

"There was an item in the New York World. It's our business, you know, to keep posted."

He seemed a frank, likable young man, and Martha was in the showman's mood.

"They belong to Mr. Koolidad," she explained, gesturing toward the curios, "and he's taking a bath just now."

Mr. Kulib smiled, an amiable, humorous, understanding smile.

"Suppose we don't disturb his bath," he suggested. "I've only an hour or so to stop. Do you mind?"

Already he had arisen and was pawing over a pile of embroidered linen on the nearest table. He made his eyes opaque, kept on smiling and passed on to the next table. So he progressed. At last he came to the silver-mounted jewelry which Martha had displayed rather prettily on an old Paisley shawl. He chuckled aloud as he clanged down a dog-chain necklace.

"Well," he drawled pleasantly, "I think I must be going now. Thank you a thousand times for letting me see."

He took his Panama hat and delivered a courtly bow as he stood on the doorsill.

"Are you interested?" asked Martha, somewhat abandoning her reserve. "That is, would you like to make an offer for anything?"

"I'm afraid not," acknowledged Mr. Kulib, and bowed again.

His politeness had become diabolic.

"What's the matter with —with these things?" she asked, almost afraid of his reply.

"Very good—of their kind." He took another step away.

"See here!" Martha's blood was up. "I don't know anything about Oriental curios. I've taken the man's word for everything. Where does this stuff come from?"

"If you're ever in New York, my dear lady," smiled the buyer for Manakooper's, "would you ask for me at our Oriental department? I couldn't show you any of these things there. But I could lead you to the very counters—downstairs in the cheaper departments—where these goods were purchased. We had a sale of them last month—mostly shopworn or damaged. Good afternoon, Mrs. Bartlett. I'm very sorry to have taken so much of your time."

He swung away, a handsome figure, down the wide veranda. Martha stood, like Lot's wife, a pillar of salt. But it was hot salt, snapping with indignation, ready to burn into human flesh. She was aroused out of her abstraction by a shadow falling across the dining-room door. Selim, completely bathed and wearing a bath robe he had borrowed from the judge, advanced stocking-footed into the parlor.

"I saw that man," he proclaimed.

"How dare you," Martha spat out, "come here with any more excuses? You've got us in for swindling the whole colony, to make us the laughingstock and butt ——"

"I saw that man," he persisted. "I should know he would foller me. Everywhere I go he come there with lies about how I cheat and commit bunko. You know who he is?"

Martha had turned away, disgusted, doing her best not to listen. But Selim pursued with his savage supplication:

"You know who he is? He my enemy. He one of that bad gang killed my father and mother. And would you listen when he say wicked lies about poor Selim? Ah, if you not believe, take everything—do what you can with it! I belong to you. Do not send me off!"

He had sunk on his knees and was clutching at the hem of her skirt when the judge came in.

IV

AND now trouble, like a dark cloud, hung over the house of Bartlett. They had not sent Selim away, largely because his pleadings were successful in the estimation of a distinguished jurist. And he belonged to the Bartletts. He himself had said it.

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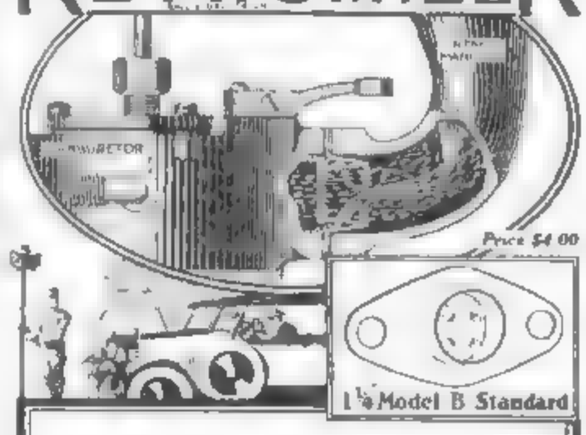

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Yet he belonged to them in something the same way that the Old Man of the Sea belonged to Sindbad. But Sindbad, being himself an Oriental, had known how to shake off the human barnacle. Selim's strangle hold on the Bartletts consisted in the undeniable fact that he had given to Jeremiah Bartlett the boon of life. Wily creditor that he was, he never mentioned the debt in so many words. But its presence was always made manifest in a slavish look or a speech of touching adoration. He belonged to them. What more was there to be said?

The evening which followed Mr. Kulib's call found Martha putting finishing touches on her temporary showroom. Thus she had lent herself to be a confederate in a somewhat extensive swindle upon her neighbors. Jeremiah, poor dear, had chosen to take Selim's word for everything—or was it knowledge of the great obligation which caused him to temporize?

The affair came to an issue at bedtime. Judge Bartlett, who, even in a nightshirt, had a frock-coated look, was standing at the washstand dabbling his artificial teeth in a glass of water when the voice of Martha caused him to restore the teeth hastily in preparation for debate.

"You might have done something," she began.

"Suppose we drop the matter, my love," he suggested with a noble Roman calm.

"If we only could!" repined Martha, her reflection gazing wearily from the mirror. "Good gracious, if it were only simple as that!"

"You've taken a dislike to him," he pointed out.

"No argument, either inductive or deductive, can change a woman's mind when she takes a dislike."

"I've borne him for your sake," she went right on. "And goodness knows, I'd bear more! I've cleaned up after him, paid his bills, made his clothes over, listened to his tarradiddles about life on the desert, let him offend Naomi, until I know what it must be like to be janitor in a harem."

"Martha!" cautioned the judge, horrified.

"Well, why in the world don't you tell him to go? To-morrow everybody in Revere will come to the sale and we'll cheat them with a smile. In a week they'll find it out."

"There's a certain something about women that makes them difficult witnesses," observed the judge out of his professional experience. "Preconceived prejudice ——"

This apparently was getting him nowhere save into hot water, so he went on defensively, "I talked with Selim the better part of the evening. He tells a straight story and gives every evidence of integrity. A remarkable story, yes; but rational and connected.

"The man Kulib, who appeared so opportunely on the scene, is undoubtedly an impostor who has no possible connection with Manakooper's department store. A plain case of conspiracy. The Orientals are devious ——"

"That's the first sensible thing you've said," snapped Martha, her gentleness gone. "And do you still believe that cock-and-bull story?"

"My dear," her judge explained, "I am not unused to analyzing evidence. I was not born yesterday. I have practiced law for many years, and occupied the bench for more ——"

"Lawyers and judges are just as easy to fool as anybody else, in private life," remarked she. "Easier, lots of times."

He sat on the edge of the bed, absolutely outdone, utterly miserable.

Never before in all their tranquil life had he heard that querulous note in Martha's voice.

"We have him with us," he muttered, "and it would be a sin against honor for me to withdraw the help I have pledged him."

His little jaw had set to a tight, stubborn knot.

"Just because he saved your life?" asked Martha coldly as she plaited her wisp of gray hair.

"That, possibly, was a small favor, considering my age and decrepitude."

He sounded so pathetically feeble that Martha softened.

"I didn't quite mean that, Jeremiah," she said. "You know I'd die for you quick as a wink." But after a pause she amended, "You know this Koolidad's a nuisance, and that he seems bound and determined to make things hard as possible ——"

"He saved my life," said the judge stubbornly as he rolled between the sheets. "I've pledged my word to repay him. A life for a life—that's older than the Roman law."

"Mercy on us!" said Martha as she turned out the gas and lay down beside him. But sleep was not for her. A gaunt procession of accusers, clad in the sportive garments of Revere's summer colony, passed before her, condemnation in their shadowy eyes. She could hear Mrs. Heligmann's synthetic London drawl, "Ha-ow var-r-ry awdin'ry!"

They were clamoring, too, to have their money refunded, and Jeremiah, slave to honor, was promising to make good, dollar for dollar.

Then through the night-dimmed bedroom rang a livelier, more earthly sound. Jeremiah was beginning to snore.

Mrs. Heligmann's bell in the local church tower was booming the hour of two when Judge Bartlett was aroused out of sleep by rough hands clutching at his shoulder. He sat up, and in the half light stared into the startled face of his wife propped against the headboard. Through the obscurity her eyes showed round with fright.

"Jeremiah!" she commanded hoarsely, and shook him again.

"My dear, I'm awake. Be calm, I beg." His teeth were not chattering for the good reason that they were still asoak on the washstand.

"Don't you smell it?" She sniffed asthmatically.

"Gas," decided the judge.

"All over the house. An awful leak somewhere."

"I'll strike a light," volunteered Jeremiah, rising, as usual, to the emergency.

"And blow us all up?" She had caught his wrist.

Judge Bartlett had scarcely time to fumble for his teeth before Martha had rushed impulsively into the hall. He followed clumsily, having maimed his gouty toe against a rocking-chair. Through the narrow corridor a newly risen moon was shedding light, and in that uncanny ray poison fumes seemed to coil snakelike, causing a not unpleasant dizziness. Addled though he was with moonlit gas, the judge was able to follow his heroic mate as far as the spare-room door, where she stopped and sniffed again. From within there came a groan, thickly maudlin.

"It's in there," she announced in an awe-struck whisper. "That fool must have blown out the light."

It was now the judge's turn to be heroic. He had no lack, as we have said, of physico-moral courage. The door, which was unlocked, yielded to a turn of the knob. A murderous stench smote him full in the face.

"Here!" screamed Martha, and wound something soft—it later proved to be a stocking—round his mouth and nose. "Pull him out! Never mind the jet! I'll fix it! Pull him out!"

He had no fear now.

Indeed he had reached the stage of asphyxiation where daring deeds seem pleasantly humorous. He giggled at Selim's squat form groaning on the bed. Somebody—it might have been himself—clutched at the bulky weight, and, developing strength, dragged it out much as an ant handles a dead caterpillar. Strangely enough, Martha had made no move to help.

He could hear her throwing open windows as he tugged mightily and at last landed the dead weight all of a heap on the hall rug.

"I think we can have a light now," said Martha calmly, after having closed the door and opened windows in the hall.

When the jet flared up it was to discover Selim, beautiful in a pink-silk nightshirt—one of the judge's best—his great chest heaving valiantly for air.

"He's dying," decided Jeremiah.

"He's not," replied Martha firmly. "Call Doctor Chase."

Doctor Chase arrived less than ten minutes later to find Selim babbling in strange tongues between spoonfuls of whipped egg which Martha administered with the practical hand of a trained nurse.

"First aid very good," smiled the little dimpled doctor.

"He's coming round all right—didn't get more than a whiff, I guess. Gas! I always told you, judge, that it would pay to put in electric lights."

Presently Selim began swearing in fair English. Then he rubbed his nose, opened

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This Young Man Is Getting the Right Start

FIRST let us tell you a few things about Delmar H. Hurd, a seventeen-year-old youngster who lives in a Michigan town. He is energetic, capable, self-dependent. He is upstanding and clean-cut and will look you straight in the eye. He is husky—an all round athlete who has played football on his high-school team for three years. And above all, he has a wholesome ambition that is certain to result in worth-while attainment. He has the right start toward that attainment now. Not long ago he applied for authority to represent our three publications in his neighborhood. He wanted to earn extra money to enter the University of Michigan next week. In his very first month he secured, in spare time, 33 subscription orders. If he keeps it up and develops as we expect, he will have a story to rival those of Edwin Kohl, Harvey Stofflet, Lloyd Hall, Raymond Starr and the others who built up profitable, permanent, subscription incomes that paid their way through college and gave them an independent start in life when graduated.

Extra Money for YOU

IF you are just starting out "on your own" there's a really worth-while suggestion for you in this paragraph about Delmar Hurd. If you are already well on your way, but feel that a sure extra income week after week would be welcome and useful, there's still a valuable suggestion offered by his story. Representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* often earn up to two or three dollars an hour for their spare time. And they earn it easily and pleasantly, with dignified work in which they can take justifiable pride. We have lawyers, doctors, engineers, successful farmers, teachers in schools and colleges—men and women in all occupations and professions on our staff of representatives—they are glad to be able to earn extra dollars in this useful work. If you have ambition to get ahead and a few hours a week to spend—never mind experience—we have an offer waiting for you. Let us tell you about it.

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THE RIGHT START—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

his soulful eyes and sat up on the sofa where they had deposited him.

"Great Scotch!" he growled. "What was it I took? Where has it happened?"

"You've been gassed, my good fellow," explained Doctor Chase.

"Gas?" asked Selim; then more sibilantly, "Gas-s-s?"

"There's a jet over your bed, you'll remember," supplied Martha somewhat dryly.

"Oh!" All too plainly Selim didn't understand.

"And I wouldn't have done you any good," laughed Doctor Chase, "if they hadn't pulled you out when they did."

"Who—pull—me—out?"

Selim's big eyes glared round the circle, something like fear in their inscrutable depths.

"My husband pulled you out," said Martha with almost painful distinctness. "He pulled you out. If he hadn't broken into your room when he did you'd have been dead. Understand? Dead!"

Selim sank back and closed his eyes wearily.

Doctor Chase had no sooner departed than the Bartletts began dressing themselves to appear, as by common consent, at the bedside of their rapidly improving patient.

"Ah, favors! Sweet Christian favors! I do not forget them," crooned Selim. "I shall remember this all the day in my life. Run about is fair play. We are such friends! See what we done to each other!"

He held out a sinewy hand, obviously to be shaken in friendship's lasting pledge, and when the judge had performed the ceremony Selim crooned on, "This make it then that we shall be associated in business forever"

"I was going to speak on that point," began the judge, clearing his throat and looking rapidly at his wife. "The doctor seems to think you shouldn't be worried by business for a few days"

"But my sale—my banafeet sale!"

"That will have to be postponed, unfortunately. And I am afraid that after to-morrow we shall have to use the drawing-room for other purposes. My son's wife and children are planning to visit us and we shall need all the rooms." He paused before adding, "The spare room included."

"I sleep in the woodshad!" insisted Selim, recovering miraculously and sitting erect.

"I should hesitate to put a guest in so false a position," decided the judge.

"We'll have vans here in the morning to take away your things," chimed Martha, her gentleness restored. "And if you need a jitney for yourself "

Perhaps it was the effect of recent asphyxiation which caused Selim's complexion to take on a royal purple. His great eyes bulged, his teeth showed like piano keys.

"Ah-h-h! I save your life! This I get for pay!"

"Exactly," cut in Martha before her husband could interpose his mild opinion. "Just as you said, run about is fair play. We're even—all bets off."

"Martha, where do you learn such terms?" gasped the judge.

In the space of an hour she had become one of those monsters he abhorred, a new woman.

It was nearing noon next day when Wendell & Brown's red moving van stood ready to depart. Martha had decided to save the expense of a jitney, so with all the affability in the world she saw Selim up on the front seat between his two brown bags. He was still wearing Ben's cut-down suit, but he had resumed his smallish derby as he puffed calmly at one of the drug-store cigars which he had procured for Jeremiah on credit.

"Goo'-by, nice pipple!" he called down, bowing like a wistful politician on election eve. "I always remember sweet charity to poor peddler man. Goo'-by, judge!"

"Good-by, Mr. Koolidad," said the judge rather formally as he reached up to shake hands.

"Nex' time I coom aroun' this way I shall have new stock pretty goods."

"I hope so," agreed Martha.

"And, judge," persisted Selim, leaning down to show the full glory of his teeth, "I congratulate your marriage. Few gentlemans got sooch ver-r-ry smart wife few gentlemans."

Then the van rolled away. For a second Martha held her breath and looked sidelong at her husband, who would always remain oblivious, she hoped, to the meaning of that last remark. With a glance at the vanishing wagon she enjoyed an inward shudder.

The eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not look into gentlemen's bedrooms," smote her conscience.

Suppose Jeremiah had caught her last night at the shameless moment when she had tiptoed up to Selim's bed and turned on the gas! What would the judge have done? Divorce her, possibly.

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Table of Contents

October 1, 1921

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Life of Jeremiah Bartlett—*Wallace Irwin*	8
Double Trouble, Delaware—*William Hamilton Osborne*	14
Some Like Them Cold—*Ring W. Lardner*	17

ARTICLES

Eating Through Europe—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	6
Preserving the Philippines—*Eleanor Franklin Egan*	11
The Young Man in Journalism—Reporters and Reporting—*Chester S. Lord*	12
Raising Bumper Crops With Poison Gas—*Robert Crozier Long*	[illegible]

SERIALS

According to His Lights (In three parts) *Kennett Harris*	3
Olga, or Russian Gold (Second part) *George Kibbe Turner*	22

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	20

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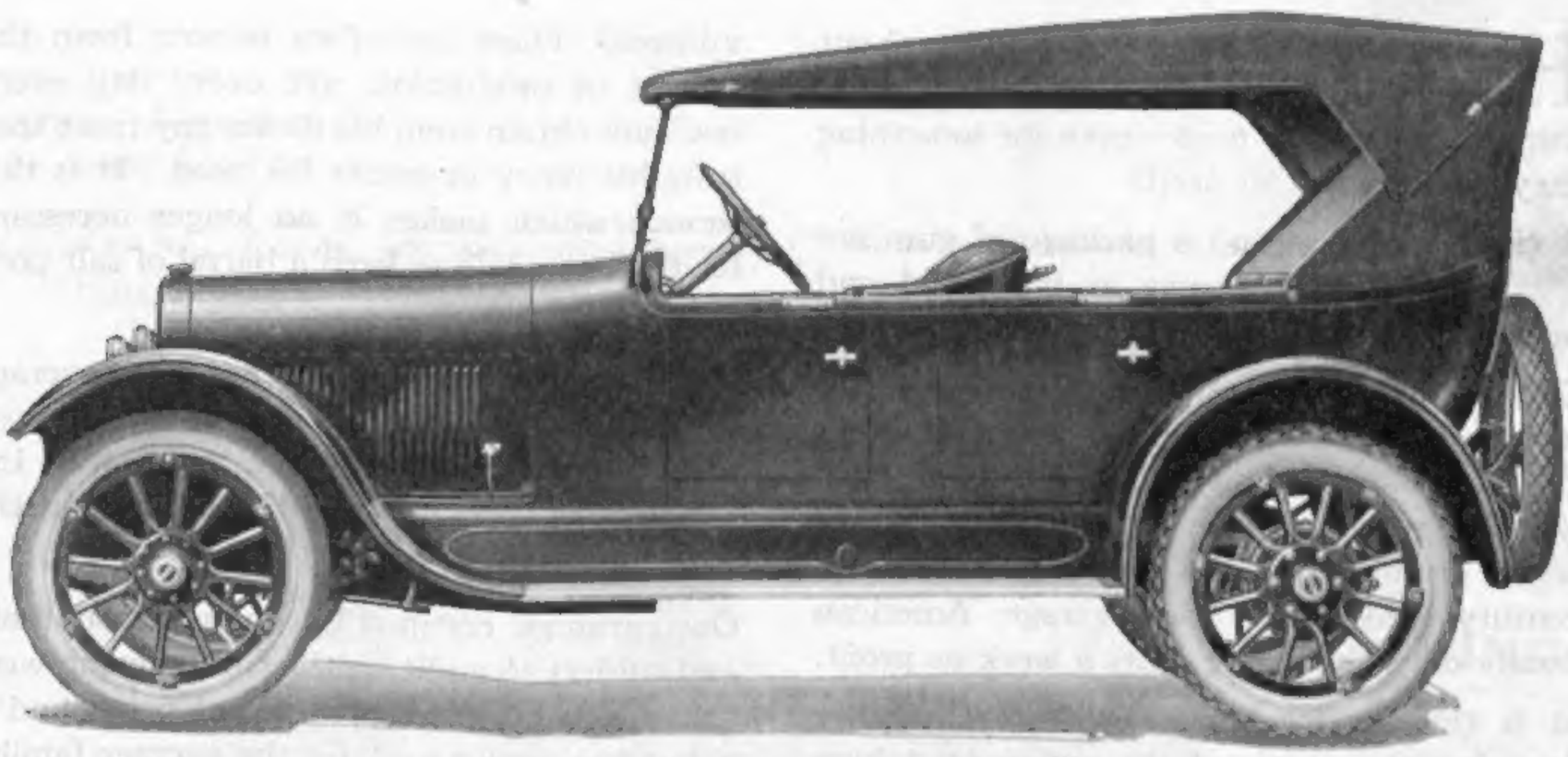

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